

3 Feb

28

NEW
OPERA's,
WITH
COMICAL STORIES,
AND
POEMS,
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

Never before Printed.

Being the remaining Pieces,

Written by Mr. D'URFEEY.

*Poets, in tricking Times, Satyrick grown,
Seldom excusing Faults their Plays have shewn,
Oft with sharp Prologues lash the foolish Town,
So Bayes, his Lyrick Opera brings to view,
And what some Actors in blunt Satyr do,
The Prologue and the Epilogue will shew.*

LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHETWOOD, at Cato's
Head in Ruffel-Street, Covent-Garden. 1721.

OPERA
W. Muirgrave
COMICAL STORIES

A M D

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

Never before Printed.

Being the remaining Pieces,

Written by Mr. D. U R F E R.

The Prologue and the Epilogue will follow.

ТОМО I:

Head in Ruff-Street, Covent-Garden. 1751
 Printed for WILLIAM CRETWOOD, at Carr's



VERSES Epistolary,

*Humbly Dedicated with this Book,
to the most Noble, his Grace,
PHILIP, Duke, Marquis,
and Earl of WHARTON, Mar-
quis of WINCHENDON, and Lord
of HARLEIGH, Lord High
Steward of MALMSBOROUGH,
Marquis of CATERLOUGH, Earl
of CATERHAVEN, Baron of
TRIM, and one of the Lords of
the Privy Council of IRELAND.*

DEscend, great Peer, t' accept my Muses
Strains,
And nobly grace my Lyrical Remains;
Let my Dramatick Whimsies entertain,
My Comick Tales too, please your sprightly Vein;
A And

The DEDICATION.

And then my Verse shall make me brisk and young
As *Maro's* once, who to *Augustus* sung.

In Verse, I then your artful Genius treat;
Verse, that I know, you can so well repeat,
With Skill superior, and with Cadence sweet;
That could from *Pegasus* a Pen be gain'd,
And from that soaring Plume your Praise extend,
I should your Fame in glorious Heights expose,
The Subject being much too great for Prose.

Sing then, *Apollo*, touch thy rapturing Lyre,
And with thy Rays my mounting Thoughts inspire,
That *Wharton's* Worth may soar beyond the Sun,
Then be my Theme seraphick * *Winchendon*;
Where if my happy Leaves are once turn'd o'er
To please my Patron with their Comick Store:
The Rural Gods that in that Garden rove,
Where beauteous *Flora* and her *Sylvæ* move;
The Walks, the Trees and Flowers can ne'er enjoy
With half the Deified Content as I.

Oh! great *Vertumnus*, God of Woods and
Bowers,
Where Hero's and sweet Beauty waste their Hours,
And Wine do's often relish blest Amours;
That bringst the *Hortans* to their Gard'ning Skill,
Who *Winchendon's* rare Banks with Odours fill,
Sound *Wharton's* Name, who do's thy Palace raise,
A Dome for Gods alone to sound his Praise!

* *His fine Country Seat.*

Fam'd

The DEDICATION.

Fam'd * (*Brimmer-Hall*) for Beauty, Musick,
Wit,
New form'd, and only for thy Godhead fit;
Command but the rare Tube which once I found,
Cælestial Spheres ne'er gave so sweet a Sound.

'Tis thus, my Lord, you revel in the Grace
Of Art and Nature, in that glorious Place;
Nature, the Maſt'ry of your Garden Shews,
And Art, your Books of Poetry expoſe;
When *Latian Virgil* gilds your *Latin* Stile,
And *Britain's Shakespear*, who adorns our Iſle.

So thoughtful *Atticus* *Rome's* Court rever'd,
But Politicks incumbent ſeldom heard;
His Tongue ne'er us'd a flattering fond Debate,
His curious Garden was his Room of State;
And whiſt dear Nature did gay Scenes expreſs,
All *Beaus* and *Belles* were ſlighted like his Dreſs.
So you, great Sir, neglect that gaudy Train,
Your Wit is ſparkling, but your Garb is plain.

And as in *Roman Drama's* of paſt Age,
When *Rofcius* and *Eſopus* trod the Stage;
Pomponius well could weigh each poignant
Thought,
And they were by his judging Action taught:
Or as when *Plautus*, or ſmart *Terence* wrote,
That artful Bard would pierce each Diſtich thro',
And tell if *Cadence*, or the Wit was true;
But yet with Order, and ſuch Calmneſs mov'd,
No Author e'er could feel he was reprov'd:

* *A fine Banqueting Houſe in his Garden.*

The DEDICATION.

So you, my Lord, with Judgment right assign'd,
In our best Actors Grace and Error find;
Can tell where *Shakespear* do's like *Jove* appear,
And where he tumbles from his lofty Sphere.
In Poems too, what droop, and what excel,
And the Distinction with such Candor tell,
That *Virgil* would not be a sham'd to soar,
Nor would *Bathillus* mean his Verse give o'er.

To reach such Merit, God-like Verse should
shine,
But pardon Failings in that vast Design,
And take (with Nobleness of Temper) mine.



P R E F A C E



P R E F A C E.



HIS Preface is only intended to give the Reader a present Discovery of the particular Passages in the Book which are related to him, or her, as follows.

First then, the Musical Farce, or Comical Opera, is a piece of Humour and Grotesque Wit, and is design'd as the second Part of the former Rehearsal, wrote by the late Duke of Buckingham, and others; but not design'd so Satyrical upon Poetry as that was against Mr. Dryden, but intended rather against the Criticks, the Poet Bayes giving it all along a cast of Banter, and at last makes himself open in the Rank of a deserving Author. It was once very near being acted, as being Rehears'd upon the Stage, but afterwards was laid by, some Accidents happening in the Playhouse. The Reader will, I hope, find Diversion in the Humour and Plot of it, and particularly in the variety of Dialogues and Songs, which I have been told, by good Judges, are not indifferent. The Prologue and Epilogue belonging

P R E F A C E.

belonging to it being somewhat Satyrical, the Town ought to relish as a Whim of Humour, and make no more of 'em than the Subject will give Occasion to bear; for if the Grandees or great Wits of the Court, by hoping to be Giants in their Wealth and Power, are become Pigmies by a City Joke or Trick, they must bear with the Matter, and if they can, make a Jest of it as well as they are able.

The next Piece is a Tragedy, written some Years ago, the Distress of the Plot that is in it, the Characters of Timoleon and Belizaria being done for Mr. Betterton and Mrs. Barry; and the Management of the whole, I hope, will speak for it self, without any other Assistance.

The third Piece is an entire Opera, exactly done to Recitative and Air, with Verses proper for the Occasion. I hope our English Judges will give it a Judgment equal with the buzzing and squeaking Trilladoes of the Italian; or else I shall condemn my own, and any Skill in Musick as long as I live.

The next that comes on is a set of Stories, two of which, viz. The Intriguing Cullies, and The Barber a Fury, for their Turns, Characters, and comical Incidents, are likely to give the Mirth that I intend. The last two being the Love of the great Socrates, and a Rarity which I never found but once in the Prose of an obsolete Author, may engage particularly in the Speeches of the Sage, and of Alcibiades and Timandra, which are all in their kind uncommon.

The

P R E F A C E.

The last Part of the Book are Elegies and Poems, of several kinds, some on Royal Subjects, and the rest on the Nobility and Gentry, and some particular Friends, the Memory of whom I could not leave out in these Remains, which I hope will entertain and give you Satisfaction

The Reader will be apt to find some Mistakes and Errata's in the following Pages, but not any thing material, (I being in the Country when a great part of it was printed) which I desire he will pass by with Patience, and please to mend as he finds occasion.



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THE

THE
Two QUEENS
OF
BRENTFORD:
OR,
BAYES NO POETASTER:
A
MUSICAL FARCE,
OR
COMICAL OPERA.
BEING

The SEQUEL of the Famous REHEARSAL,
written by the late Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

With a Comical PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE.

LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHETWOOD, at *Cato's*
Head in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.* 1721.

THE
TWO VOLUMES

OF

BRITISH RECORDS

OR

DATA FOR THE HISTORY OF

MEDICAL PRACTICE

OR

COMICAL HISTORY

BY

THE SECRETARY OF THE PARLIAMENTARY RECORDS
WRITTEN BY THE SECRETARY OF THE PARLIAMENTARY RECORDS

WITH A COMICAL HISTORY OF THE PARLIAMENTARY RECORDS

LONDON

Printed for W. L. G. & Co. by W. L. G. & Co. in the Strand

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SMITH,
CHANTER,

{ Two Witty Gentlemen
of the Town.

JOHNSON,

A Severe Critical Satyrift.

Two Kings of BRENT-
FORD,

{ King USHER
and
King PHIZ.

Prince PRETTYMAN,
Prince VOLCIUS,

{ Leading another Party,
and siding with the
PHIZGIGGS against the
KINGS.

FIREBRAND BELROPE,

{ A Publisher of News,
and a knavish Incendi-
ary, inveterate for the
USHERS against the
PHIZGIGGS.

TOKAY,

{ SECRETARY to a Noble-
man. A Foreign Spy,
who furnishes BEL-
ROPE with News.

DISCIPLINE,

{ Another News-monger,
on the Party of the
PHIZGIGGS, but secret-
ly a Popish Priest.

A Boy with COFFEE and CHOCOLATE.

WOMEN.

TWO QUEENS of BRENTFORD.

ARMORILIS,
PARTHENOPE,

} The two PRINCES
Mistresses.

THIMBLESSA,

} An old Mistress of P.
PRETTYMAN's, and for-
merly his Semptress,
very violent and jealous.

FLEABITTEN,

} Attendant and Favourite
to the QUEENS.

Singers, Dancers, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE. The inside of the Playhouse.

THE
TWO QUEENS
OF
BRENTFORD:

O R,
BAYES no POETASTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The outside of the Playhouse.*

Enter SMITH, JOHNSON and CHANTER.

Smith.



S he there, think ye?

Chant. I tell ye he is. As we were drinking our Coffee, I saw him go by, and turn down *Vinegar-Tard*, to get by the Narrow Passage; I have sent one to him, you shall see him bolt immediately.

6 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

John. Prithee *Jack Smith* excuse me, I shall ne'er have Patience, I shall rail again.

Smith. Nay, nay, a pox on thee, hast not thou promis'd to make me amends by Patience this Morning? for as *Will Chanter* has made it out, by thy hurrying me away, we lost the best part of our Diversion yesterday.

John. A Plague on him, he has given me the Spleen so, with the confounded Dialogue between the Eclipses, the Sun, the Moon, and his *Terra firma*, with the terrible noise of the Hobbyhorse Battel, that I shall only increase it; for I expect no other Diversion, but such Fooleries, therefore prithee excuse me.

Smith. Faith, Sir, I shall not, you have solemnly engaged to keep me Company this Morning; and I as solemnly expect it: Besides, *Chanter* tells me, that the last part of the Rehearsal is more divertive than all the rest.

Chan. Oh, 'tis most certain the musical part of it is most entertaining; 'tis a kind of *Comical Opera*; and the diversity of Humours, as well as other solemn Parts you'll find, will be very pleasant.

Smith. D'ye hear, *Supercillium*, d'ye hear? egad we shall be so merry — I warrant thou'lt laugh till thy Stomach akes.

John. I fear I shall rather be apt to ease my Stomach another way.

Chan. No, no, there's something in't will please, I warrant ye, if you can have Patience; I have got one of the Songs in't ready set; I think I have it about me, — you shall hear it, * od'slife I'm prevented — here he comes.

[* Searches for it.

Enter BAYES.

Bayes. Any body here would speak with me?

Chan. Your Servant, Mr. *Bayes*; yes, Sir, 'twas I that sent in t'ye.

Bayes. For what, Pray Sir?

Chan. Why, Sir, Mr. *Smith*, here and his Country Friend, desir'd me to introduce 'em once more, to beg your Pardon.

Smith. Which we do with all our Hearts, faith, Mr. *Bayes*; look sneakingly and be hang'd. * D'sdeath that damn'd squeamish Phiz will spoil all again. [* Aside to Johnson.

Bayes. Oh — your humble — Gentlemen, your Servant Mr. a — Pardon; what they are come to spoil another Rehearsal, are they? Yesterday's last Act, and the Musick were quite lost; I endeavour'd by running, to call ye back

to retrieve your Senses that were gone Post before ye; ha! ha! ha! — but 'twas in vain, ha! ha! ha! ha!

Chant. Ah — Sir! they are now extreamly sensible of it.

Bayes. Look'e, Sir, I shall require at least a Week's time to believe that; in the mean time, to my Knowledge, they have lost the Town considerable Diversion, for this Day; for the Play was to have been acted, and the Places all taken — Pray, Sir, what amends can your Country Worship * make 'em for that? [** To Johnson.*]

Smith. Ah — No, no, Sir, 'tis impossible; A plague of all Business; why you must know, Sir, that he's involv'd in an impertinent Suit of Law, and was yesterday (which he had forgot) to have a Tryal at Bar, for the Recovery of 4000 l. Was not it, *Johnson*, tell Mr. Bayes? Pox on ye, speak something. [*Aside.*]

John. What a Devil should I speak? — Tell your Lies your self, since y'are so good at it — You have begun rarely. [*Aside.*]

Smith. *Chanter*, help out —

Chant. His seeing the Law Tongue-pads has so doz'd him, that on my Conscience he has forgot his own Cause, which might have been carry'd, no doubt, as well without him — but he would now fain recover the Reputation of being counted a Wit, by a fresh Judgment of your Piece, here, Sir.

Smith. He has been begging us all this Morning to bring him, tho' he's aham'd to speak himself; has not he, *Chanter*?

Chant. Yes, Sir, he has been teizing us horribly — to be admitted.

John. So, these Rakes have given admirable Proofs, that lying will choak no body — that I'll say for 'em. [*Aside.*]

Bayes. Counted a Wit, did you say, Mr. a ha, ha, ha; No, no, let him despond, let him despair of that Ifaith; for he that to follow the Trifle of four thousand Pounds, could leave such an invaluable Enjoyment as this was, take it from me, on the Word of a Poet, will never arrive at that Title: But odso, I stand prating here, and the Players stay for me to begin: Your Servant, Gentlemen, I shall want no Judgments, no Criticks this Morning.

Smith. Nay, prithee *Bayes*, I know thou art good natur'd.

Chant. Mr. *Smith* admires the Account I gave him of the Musick that is to be: And then the Comical Songs come presently, 'tis a Musical Lecture to our Countrymen, we'll have

The two Queens of Brentford; Or,

have one of 'em that thou gav'st me, I'm sure that will put thee in Humour. [Song here.]

Bayes. Well, as the worthy and famous Sir Bernard Gascoign said, who on his Death-bed desir'd one to sing; If a Man were dying he would be pleas'd with this — Well, let's go then. Come, Critical Sir, for your Friend's Sake, once more I'll venture a Lash from your Country Satyr — tholl, loll, loll, loll, loll. [Sings.]

[Exit Smith and Johnson, Bayes and Chanter stay behind a little.]

Chanter. So, so, I told ye I would bring 'em.

Bayes. 'Tis well. And now prithee, Friend, humour the Matter as we have agreed on, and as I for my Part will comically give occasion; which ended, the Jest shall be on our side, I warrant thee.

Chanter. Never doubt me: I'm instructed. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The inside of the Playhouse.*

Enter BELROPE and TOKAY. Their Parts in their Hands.

Bel. A News-monger is a modern Character, that we are sure of; and since 'tis so, I like it well enough for Variety.

Tok. My French-man too, may prove a Jest, if 'tis rightly taken; but whether 'tis or no, I'm gone so far, I must do it now: Oh! here the Author comes.

Enter BAYES, SMITH, JOHNSON and CHANTER.

Bayes. So, Gentlemen, good morrow t'ye — Hey! Scenec-keeper, some Chairs here. [Chairs brought in.] Come, Mr. a — but Consideration. D'ye hear — This Morning's Work will admit of no trifling Questions. [To Johnson.]

Smith. Ay, ay, he'll consider, Mr. Bayes.

Johnson. Faith, I find my Consideration at this time will be very much inclin'd to repose it self, I slept ill last Night: [They sit.] And a Morning's Nap may be very convenient.

Chanter. Nay, prithee.

John. I have done, Sir —

Bayes. Come, my Friends, then since you have promis'd so fairly, you shall once more be diverted: And first, you shall hear a Comical and Satyrical Prologue — not that

BAYES no POETASTER.

of the Thunder and Lightning that I rehearsed and manag'd before, but another, which is yet in Suspense, and forbid to be spoke — A devilish shy Thing, so tickling, and yet so sharp, ha! ha! ha! but I have one Court Friend, faithful as a Cherubim, that has promis'd me to get an Order of Council to have it spoke; he says, the Town shan't lose so much Wit, let the Stockjobbers manage the Senate as they please.

Smith. Is't against them? that must please without doubt.

John. Ay, and some of the Senate will be even with this Fool, that's without doubt, too. [Aside.]

Chant. Has it any Name, Mr. Bayes? let's hear, prithee.

Prologue's INTRODUCTION

Bayes. No, Sir, we never give these Prologue Rarities Name — And yet I have one that would fit it rarely, rarely faith; why look'e, I could call it, *The Sham-Mississippi*: Or, *The Exchange-Alley-Sharpers*, ha, ha, ha; but 'tis stinging at first, but igad they grow so powerful, that I dare not venture.

Smith. Why? if it be smart, the City way, you must make a Party.

Bayes. Egad, so I should; a good Body of undone Trademen, if they would stickle hard, would do my Business; but I consider'd after I begun, and so turn'd it into Complement.

Chant. Well, prithee Friend let's hear it, there must be good Humour in't.

Bayes. Humour! ay, and pleasant Humour too; cutting as a Razor, for all its Insinuations, Gentlemen; and shaves all the Nation together: The Lords shake Hands with the Brokers, and are brotherly familiar; the Ladies smile when Stock goes well; and when they are disappointed — Ye shall hear, ye shall hear, Gentlemen; if this do's not get me Stock, and a Million or two, when the Lines are consider'd, there is no Consideration in the City, egad.

Smith. Oh — no doubt on't, no doubt on't, come begin.

Chant. [Sings] —
 The City way, you must make a Party,
 The City way, you must make a Party,
 The City way, you must make a Party,
 The City way, you must make a Party.

P R O L O G U E.

Bayes reads in a Paper.

From *Callidonian* Sense, and artful Pains,
In which th' *Oxonian* Statesman shew'd his Brains,
I, that for Murder fled, have had the Chance
By *Mississippi*, to redeem all *France*.

John. How, Sir! how, Sir! *Callidonian* Sense, Murder
and *Mississippi*: Ounz! had it not been much better to have
brought in a Scotch Pedlar, who knock'd his Hostess on
the Head, for demanding her Reckoning of nine Pence
three Farthings? Would not that have been jocose?

Chant. Nay, now the Devil's in thee, *Johnson*, to interrupt
him; he begins very well, faith; pray go on, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, nay, Sir, if you won't be quiet, the Satyr
shall sleep; 'twill grow resty, 'twill bear no purrings——
I tell ye that, Sir.

Smith. Oh, prithee don't mind him.

Bayes reads again. In spite of want, their Janglings and
their Frets,

'Tis we have crown'd their K——g and paid his Debts.
Of Bullion, tho' no Plenty did excel,
We've conjur'd Paper, that has don't as well.

John. We! We! What we, Mr. *Bayes*? Who are the
We?

Bayes. Egad, I won't tell ye—— cudgel your Brains for't,
and if you can't find it out, then—— presto I say.

Chant. Oh, he's a Madman.

Bayes reads again. And now from fulsom Rake, by tra-
ding Plots,

My nasty Maggots, all turn'd serious Thoughts,
I, and great Partner, have in *England* sped,
The grand *South Sea* we've politickly bred,
Enrich'd the Peerage, and confounded Trade.
Hum—— Mr. *Smith*, what think ye?

Smith. Strong, strong, Mr. *Bayes*, very home that.

Bayes. It must be so, Sir, it can't be help'd, egad I write
for a Place, I tell ye; I have that in my Head—— But to
go on——

Reads again. Yet thousands still are got, the Gainer's glad;
The Commons are amaz'd, the Lords are mad;
A glorious Peer, of wondrous Wealth I know,
A Million Plumb, all got, the Lord knows how,

BAYES the POETASTER. 11

Yet him the *South Sea* has so cram'd with Heaps,
A Days he never dines, a Nights he never sleeps.
Sly Brokers at all Hours his Sense controut:
Change-Alley shares his Body and his Soul.

Smith. Good again ———

Bayes reads again. The Ladies too in Coach to Bro-
kers run,

The Fair, the Brown, the freckl'd; and the Dun;
Fat Widows smile when dear Stock rises high;
But if the Vote comes that it falls, — they cry
This is the *South Sea* Fate, no Bilk, no Par;
It cannot prove a Trick, 'tis gone so far.

John. Ha! ha! ha! enough, enough — prithce, no more
on't — a Trick, why is not all the World there? All De-
grees of People, and all their Stock? How can it be a
Trick?

Bayes. Ay, but the Satyr, the Satyr, Mr. *Smith*, ha! ha!
ha! Oonz — he does not understand.

Smith. No, no — but proceed, proceed, prithce, we'll
have it all, faith —

Reads again. Yet 'tis a Farce, and by Stock-jobbers plaid,
Shopkeepers mourn, no Debts are to be paid;
Garters and Lords of Rank won't pay their Dues;
They can't be trusted for a Pair of Shoes;
If Dun crys out — my Lord, I shall be broke;
No help, crys he, my Money's all i'th' Stock;
I've scarce enough at this next Bubble-meeting
To pay my Friends, the Brokers, for their Sweating;
Oonz — what a Game is here? Cit crys, with Oaths,
No Money for your Meat, nor for your Cloaths:
Why then, tho' Bubbles spread, and Fish excels,
The Ace of Hearts doll'd off at *Tunbridge Wells*:
The *Royal-Oak*, *Hazard* and *Lotteries* past
Were ne'er such Bites as this will be at last.
There, *Tar* — d comes proud and morosely grave,
Who a superiour Wit believes to have;
Prates all the Day, then topos till he gets drunk,
And from *Change-Alley* meets *Rose-Alley* Punk,
Then *Aub* — G — to, with Assurances
Can bubble every Cully as they please,
Tho' now the Proclamation gives us Ease.
'Twas such propos'd to th' Commons, and the Lords,
Shavings and Sawdust cast to make deal Boards.

Smith. Well said, Mr. *Bayes*, that was a Rub, egad.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I think so.

Chant.

102 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

Chant. Proceed, dear Poet, go on.

Reads again. Yet tho' these Bubbles some nice Shams
produce,

The Tracts are carried best amongst the Jews,
Who work by underhand, and send their Boys,
Not twelve Years old, who spreading plaguy Lies,
Fill up the Road to *Garraway's* — and stare
With Cole-black Eyes, no Emblem of the Fair;
And busie to buy Stock, that common Evil,
With Garlick-breath the Fragrance of the Devil,
Converse with Fishing-Bubbles, and appear
As if they all had seen the fiftieth Year.

But now 'mongst Bubbles rare, let me not pass
The Quaker quaint, that bustling Babe of Grace,
That buys and sells, and spreads each odious thing
With such a Sound, he makes *Change-Alley* ring.

The *Clumsie* Broad-hat, that from *Norwich* was
Politely sent to state the Weaver's Case,
And prove flower'd Callicoes, that fill our Shoars,
And worn by Dames of Rep' as well as Whores,
Were us'd so much, it turn'd 'em out of Doors.
Nor that *East-India* Plain-man that durst try
The t'other *Spittle* Notions to deny,
'Mongst th' Commons, did not half that Clangor raise,
As he at *Jonathan's* and *Garraway's*.

No Fish-wife ever could so loudly bawl,
Our Quaker's horrid Din surpass'd 'em all.

Chant. Ha! ha! ha! faith, Mr. *Bayes*, that's very humo-
rous too.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, but now a little touch upon the *Bank*.

Reads again. The *Bank*, that does with sep'rate Interest
grow

Imagines our *South Sea* — their wily Foe
Laughs at the thriving Game they're playing there,
And wisely does not their Conclusion fear.
No Bubbles, Plots, do from their Pains arise,
The Piece they act is solid Merchandize;
And smile with the *Dutch* Fishery, who all join
To buy the Bubbles off, with their own Coin.

But if to th' *African* you turn your Eyes,
You'll view their Motions, justly known to rise,
There's something stanch, Gold-dust will please your Sight,
With Teeth of Elephants, large, sound and white,
The *South Sea* has no *Mint* for raising Sums,
'Tis a rare Whim they shew, but Bullion comes.

BAYES NO POETASTER

John. Very well, Mr. Poet, and what Place, when the *South Sea* has prefer'd ye, do you aim at Court by this, pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, if you must know, I think to be Poet Laureat.

John. What ——— and my Lord Chamberlain not your Friend, and ignorant of your Poetry? — Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Smith. Phoo, pox, prithee don't mind, but read on.

Reads again. Strange Frolicks may at last Confusion bring,

But the *Tork-buildings* is a serious Thing,
Firm, stanch, and must not be a Bubble call'd,
But by the Wise be honour'd and extoll'd;
The Substance of its Worth shall raise its Fame,
When *South Sea* with Assurances meet Shame,
Tho' now we find it gets the greater Name.

No Project manag'd, e'er had such Report,
Those out — altho' they rail — are sorry for't;
When Bubbles fell, they gen'rally were glad,
But yet, Stock-getting thousands, makes 'em mad;
The Senate is not wise enough to flight;

No Member rails, when he gets something by't.

But for the W——s, they now run down the Wind,

The T——s start the Hare, and all are join'd;

Directors, when a Stock does new begin,

Who govern all, won't let a W——g come in.

The Bullion gain'd is always too apply'd

T' indulge the Parties of their own dear Side;

So they'll have all the Money in the Land,

Whilst L—w—C—h snarls, at what the H—h—C—h gain'd.

Smith. Good, good, rarely good, Mr. *Bayes*, by my Soul!

Reads again. Affairs to, you shall see will turn their Way;

Money must rule, the Devil will have his Day.

And when a Million's by the *South Sea* got,

You'll find 'tis the Directors T——y Plot.

And now soar on, my Muse, and Prologue Vein,

Let my Conclusion prove a lofty Strain.

A Million's nam'd, but I have found out one,

A *South Sea* Patron, that so far has gone,

Five Millions to his bulk of Gain does tend,

Which must be clear, at the fam'd Dividend;

If great *Change-Alley* can shew more such Men,

The Governour must his Commission end,

Rich *England* will have forty Millions Store,

A Sum, egad, I ne'er knew in't before,

And

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And all this got the *Mississippi* way,
For nothing now gets something every Day;
And solid Sums give the whole Town Content,
As being confirm'd by Act of Parliament.

Smith. Gad a merry Friend, 'faith, thou hast ended nobly.

Chant. Bold, and to the Purpose, and, as thou say'st, with
a Whim too.

John. Oh the Devil, if all this Stuff be a Prologue, what
will the Play be? Oh——

Bayes. Stuff! prithee pray for a help to thy Understanding:
now, Friend *Smith*, how the Town will be amaz'd, when
they consult whether this Prologue be a Satyr or a Comple-
ment, ha! ha! ha! there will be the Jest of all, ha! ha!
ha! ha! And now pray see if the Kings are dress'd [*To*
the Actors who go out] and begin. This Act, you must know,
Gentlemen, opens with some other new Characters, which
by the way, let me tell ye, is one of the chiefest Embellish-
ments a good Play can have; for as nothing is more divertive
than Variety; so to bring in often fine new Characters——
Mr. Smith——hum——

Smith. Must infallibly, infallibly please, *Mr. Bayes*.

Chant. Oh, most certainly.

John. Yes, yes, a good Character will doubtless please;
but——

Bayes. But, pray, Sir, no Buts, no Boundings, I be-
seech ye; if these are not divertive Characters, why look'st
then I have no Skill in Dramaticks, which the insensible part
of Mankind will hardly allow, I suppose——Come, *Mr. Smith*,
you are a Man of Candor, you shall judge; for your part,
you will do well to hear Reason, Sir—— [*To Johnson*]

John. Yes, Sir——

Chant. Ha! ha! ha!

Bayes. Why then, *Mr. Smith*, to let ye fairly into the Se-
cret of these new Characters; if you remember Yesterday
in the fourth Act, just before the pleasant Omen of the E-
clipses, and the horrible bloody Battel, which egad were two
excellent Decorations, as ever adorn'd a Tragedy, there was
a notable blustering Scene between Prince *Volcius* and Prince
Prettiman.

Smith. Ay, ay, *Mr. Bayes*, I remember the Scene very
well.

Chant. And I, the Rant was about a Mistress.

Bayes. A Mistress, ah! y'are both weak sighted Inspectors,
'faith——No, no, 'twas evident there was a deeper Design
than a Mistress a foot.

John.

John. Ay, and which considering these are two Conjurers, they might easily enough have found out.

Bayes. For 'twas as plain as the Sun, that those ambitious Princes had plotted the deposing the Usurpers, King *Usher*, and King *Phiz*, to set up themselves; and were then mystically arguing in Heat, though they talk'd of Mistresses of their Methods in Stratagem.

Smith. Say ye so, I confess that was beyond my Reach, indeed.

Bayes. Ay, like enough——'tis not every one has this Head.

John. No, no, one that has so little in't, 'tis suppos'd.

Bayes. Now this Conspiracy, like the rest of the World, has not proved very lucky you must know, for it was soon after discovered to the two Kings——but by who, think ye? ha! ha! ha! why by their subtle and sharp-witted Queens——which said Queens——a——a——

Smith. Hold, hold, pray, Mr. *Bayes*——the Queens——I don't remember through the whole course of your Play, that the two Kings were ever married.

Bayes. Why, no Sir, it may be so, there's a Surprise for ye then, to chew upon first, for perhaps I did not design you should know——But married they are; and have Children too, a Son, and a Daughter.

John. Ay, ay, and one of the Queens big again.

Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir; the Son a very hopeful young Prince, the Daughter marvelously fair too, but somewhat unfortunate in her Shape.

John. What hump, crooked, or so?

Bayes. Ay, Sir——her Mother long'd to be grubbing in a Molehill, and she was born with one upon her Back——

Smith. This is surprizing truly, did you expect any Queens, *Chanter*?

Chanter. Not I, faith, I took the Kings for a couple of good honest toping Fellows, that I rather thought inclin'd to keep two Mistresses.

Bayes. Oh! did you so, Sir; but you must know that Virtue in Poetry is my constant Standard; I build and uphold Legitimate Royalty, I am ever against all spurious Pretenders.

John. A devilish Politician, this Poet, 'twas such as he I believe that *Plato* banish'd the Commonwealth.

Bayes. Besides, I call my Play here by their very Titles, *The two Queens of Brentford*; that's enough, I think, to introduce

16 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

produce 'em --- And now, Sir, to explain the Catastrophe, and to come to my Characters, the *Ushers* and the *Phizgigs*, two strong Parties, though no body knows yet who they will declare for, (whether the right Kings, the Usurpers, or the Princes) grow popular, and want a Mouth to vent themselves by, or else to write for 'em, which Mouth, or a knavish Scribe, is this first new Character, and he that can say 'tis a bad one ---

Chant. Oh --- a bad one, the Devil's in any one that can
John. Oh --- confounded --- tholl, loll, loll! *[Sings a Piece of a Tune.]*

Bayes. In short my Design, ha! ha! ha! ha! is Satyr upon the News-mongers; besides, there's like to be a good Plot into the Bargain.

Smith. Ay, Sir, that's as plain as the Sun, as you say.

Chant. And that's a very material Thing.

Bayes. Right, Mr. *Chanter*, 'tis so --- Oh! here they are come; pray begin the Scene; *[Enter Firebrand Belrope, and Monsieur Tokay, with Papers in their Hands.]* Look'e, you may chance to find, Gentlemen, especially if I give a little hint, that this *Firebrand Belrope*, has something Enigmatical in his very Name. Come --- I won't pump for a Question, for I'm sure you have it by your smiling.

John. The Devil take me if ever I looked graver in my Life.

Bayes. As to his Character, he formerly was a Bookworm, but is now a Merchant in Politicks, beneficially spreading 'em weekly abroad in Penny Papers; a damn'd shrewd Fellow you'll find him --- and privately in the Interest of the two Princes.

Smith. Very well, Sir.

John. Oh ---

Bayes. The t'other there with black Whiskers, is a Foreign Spy, Secretary here to a Nobleman, and feeds *Belrope* there with Foreign Intelligence, to furnish the comcomby part of the Town with News; a devilish Fellow in his Way too, and pumps the Wager-layers and Stock-jobbers in the City confoundedly; ha! ha! ha! --- but now let 'em shew themselves --- come, speak.

Bel. Why there's nothing in this at all, Monsieur, we shall be duller than the worst of Libels, the *Flying Post* --- Sure I Politicks from the *Baltick* dwindle mightily.

Bayes. D'ye hear --- observe that, the *Baltick*,

BAYES no POETASTER.

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Tok. Look you, Sire, de grand Politique lika de Sea— have de Ebb, and de Flow—Dere is no Mischeife dat have stirr from mon Maitre de Embassador here, nor our Party all de last Week; Patiance, Monsieur, we must have de Patiance.

Bayes. We must have de Patiance—very well, Mr. a— Hemimicks the Frehch Jargon well enough—Go on, Sir—

Bel. Pize on't, this dull Story foisted in here, won't do neither; odsnigs I must take my old way, and mawl 'em by an impudent Lye or two; I must not let our Party cease wond'ring, for want of something to amuse 'em; therefore if ye are drawn dry, we must invent: I have told 'em lately of a design'd Invasion, but a pox on 'em, the Phizgiggs laugh at that; but however, I must set out more News, true or false, 'tis all one by Jingoe.

Bayes. By Jingoe—ah—that's pretty well; but Mr. a—give me leave to put in a Word; you speak mighty well, Sir, and are a very pretty Fellow, but methinks you don't look your part enough.

Bel. No, Sir—

Bayes. No, Sir; methinks you seem to fail in your Grimace; keep that up, pray, Sir, look it right whatever you do; that is, to be plain, look as much like a Rogue as ever you can—Ah! Sir, if you don't look your part, you spoil it, what say you, Gentlemen?

Smith. Faith I think as he orders it, his Face becomes his Character extreamly.

Chant. Oh! very well, extreamly well; do's it not, *Johnson?*

John. A pox! prithee don't ask me.

Bayes. Do's it? why then I beg your Pardon, Sir, and pray go on Monsieur; but hark you, mon Amis.

Tok. But hark you, mon Amis, you know de two Prince have entertain us on dere Side, you know likewise, Broder—

Bel. Well, well, I know likewise, the two Kings having Notice of their Treason, have sent for 'em, to be examin'd; but I'll have a Paper out to morrow, to ridicule 'em for't damnably. The Town shall have its Regalia: The Coffee-house Gapers, I'm resolv'd, shan't want their Diversion.

Bayes. Ha, ha, ha, d'ye hear him, Sir, d'ye hear him? Is not that a Character now of a rare Rogue?

Smith. A very fine Fellow, truly.

Chant. Now, *Johnson.*

C

John.

18 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

John. Oh Superfine! oh Quintiffence! — Pox on ye. [*Afide.*]

Tokay. De Treason den being discover, de Prince must be vor certain pute in de Prison.

Bayes. Now, now mind, here's a Choakpear for ye.

Bel. Without doubt, their Female Majesties, by notable Subtlety, having discovered their Plot to their Husbands — but —

Bayes. But — here's a Secret coming, shall cause a Disappointment for all that. — Oonz, where's Mr. *Discipline*? — Now — oh! quick, quick, pray, Mr. a — [*Enter Discipline, with a Pen and Paper.*] You quite ruin the Scene, if you don't enter Soufe upon the Matter — Quick, quick — pray speak.

Discip. So, Brother Incendiary, is this your Place for Politicks, where the two Kings are within three Yards of ye, sitting in Judgment? 'Dslife, I could hear ye plain into the Lobby, where I was Writing — Out upon ye, is this the Discretion of Deputy Statesmen? — Ha, ha, ha; well, egad I shall have some fresh Matter for my Paper to morrow however by it: ha, ha, ha, — You Politicians! ha, ha, ha, [*Points and laughs at 'em.* Exit.]

Smith. Humph — Very odd and whimsical; prithee, what snip snip Fellow is this?

Bayes. Why this you must know is a notable Observer on the King's Party against *Belrope* — A word in your Ear softly, he's really a Popish Priest, tho' he goes here for a true Royalist.

Chant. Oh! the fitter for Politicks, that's certain; but hark'e; prithee, Friend, what's this Secret, that must hinder the Prince's Conviction?

Smith. Ay that, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Why that, Sir, I brought this Fellow in, because you and the Audience should not know — There's decorum now, there's Management for ye; that Discovery is not ripe yet; every thing must have its Time, Mr. *Smith*: Go, go, sneak off, Conspirators. [*Exeunt Belrope and Tokay.*] And now for the first Musick, a little Masque to amuse the Audience, whose Minds must be harass'd with this Scene of Politicks — The Design is some Humours in a Camp — Come flourish, Violins; and then enter a General Officer, who is suppos'd to be deeply in Love — Oh! your Servant, Mr. — Come, Sir, pray let's hear your Noble Voice.

Here the Mask begins.

SONG I.

When *Semele* with Luster shone
 All her Virgin Glories on,
 Brighter than the God of Day,
 When the sparkling Atoms play;
 Or when *Danae*, rapt with Gain,
 Smil'd to see the Golden Rain;
 Or as *Leda* to be proving
 Her fair Swans Luxuriant Loving,
 Scatter'd Beauty's Darts around him,
 Healing still as they did wound him:
 So fresh Beauty still I chang'd,
 So, like Jove, I lov'd and rang'd.
 But since my *Celia* blest our *Albion's* Shore,
 All, all these joyful Freedoms are no more.
Celia's exalted Wit and Beauty joyn'd,
Celia's triumphant Greatness of the Mind:
Celia in her lovely State,
 Rare as Nature could create,
 Charms me from what I should be
 To the Slave of Constancy.

Second MOVEMENT.

But I'll break the rough Chain,
 And turn Rover again;
 'Tis a Shame for a Man,
 With a Sword in his Hand;
 That has Hundreds in Store,
 To take less than a Score.

I'll plunder the Race; to be constant to one;
 Must make me a Coward, and then I'm undone.

Bayes Sings after him.] Must make me a Coward, &c.
 — Your humble-Servant, dear Mr. *Leveridge* — And so
 pray go off, Sir. [Exit. *Singer*]

And now enter Robin the Sutler.

Smith. Well, what think ye now, *Johnson*?

John. A plague, this is none of his, I'll be damn'd if he
 wrote a Line on't — No, no, this must be stole.

Chant. Ha, ha, if you should be mistaken now — Well, let's hear the rest, what's this *Robin* he's calling for?

Bayes. Why *Robin, Robin*; Good-fellow *Robin*, the Devil, a-pox, where are ye? — Come, come, Sir, the Stage stays for ye — Now, Gentlemen, to vary the Humour, [*Enter a Singer.*] and consequently improve Variety; as the last was lofty, this here is a little light, low Fancy, which Method of Diversion I resolve to take; high and low, high and low, low and high, perpetually, like a —

John. Like a Sowgelder's Horn; there I've helpt ye to a good Simile, egad,

Smith. Ha, ha, ha, — Oh, a confounded Simile, don't mind him, prithee let the Musick go on.

Bayes. Sir, I don't mind ye, that's in short — And therefore, Gentlemen, as I said, this is to be a low Humour — he's Sutler, you must know, to the Camp; besides, lately made a Serjeant; and his merry Song is to give ye a Comical Account of himself, and some of his Family; come begin, *Robin* —

Enter Serjeant.

S O N G.

I.

Serj. Sings. Three Daughters I had by my Spouse,
A black, a brown, a yellow,
That for a Season plagu'd my House
As they by Years grew mellow,
The first would scold, the second Pout,
The third would fling and flounce about,
And make all Day a hideous Rout:
Whilst each did want a Fellow.

Bayes. Good, pray mind —

II.

Three forward Fools at last they got,
That in the Town liv'd near 'em,
That were for Wedlock piping hot,
So had no cause to fear 'em.

BAYES no POETASTER.

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The first a *Chanter* of Renown,
A rank Sweet Singer in the Town,
A Taylor and a grazing Clown,
Soon won 'em, and must wear 'em.

Bayes.

So, observe, pray.

III.

My eldest Romp with Kid was grown,
E'er scarce her Husband kist her,
The Quean came just three Months too soon,
And faith, so did her Sister.

The third that was the *Chanter's* Spouse,
Was such a plaguy toping Blouze,
She'd sit and Quart by Quart Carowse,
Whilst Day and Night he mist her.

Bayes.

So, good again—

IV.

The Taylor, plagu'd with Whore and Scold,
Was once resolv'd to drown for't,
The Grazier soon his Sheep had fold,
And scamper'd up to Town for't.

The *Chanter* did so strain his Maw
To chime his tuneless Hum and Haw,
If hang himself his Brethren saw,
Not one would cut him down for't.

Bayes.

So—Ha, ha, ha.

V.

These goodly Sons of great Regard,
All just as wise as loyal,
To help Recruits may well be spar'd,
And aid the Party Royal.

My Daughters, as my Story tells,
Can stitch or knit, or something else,
And I with Pots can ring the Bells:

Thus we shall live with Joy all.

Bayes. Live with Joy all; Ha, ha, ha, — There's a merry
Rogue for ye now. [Exit. Singer.

Chant. Why, Gad, a merry Robin; I see he's a Plain-
dealer.

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Smith. *Robin* does not stand upon the Honour of his Family, when Truth's in the Case.

John. A filthy Bird, indeed! bewray his own Nest, out upon him!

Bayes. Come, come, Sir, *Robin* has a farther Reach in his Noddle, than I perceive you have in yours; You know I told you, Friend *Smith*, before the Song, that he was a Sergeant as well as a Sutler.

Smith. Right, Mr. *Bayes*, you did so — Thank'e heartily, you remember *T. Chanter*.

Chan. Ay, ay.

Bayes. Why then, to shew ye a Spice of *Robin's* good Apprehension, coming to Town himself to follow new Business; and finding his Rakehelly Sons-in-Law had left his Daughters, in Revenge procures a Friend of his to drill 'em in to list amongst the Recruits — Ha, ha, ha, as you found he gave a hint in his Song. — Odso, here comes one of 'em, the Sweet Singer, who has just taken the Money, and is coming from his Captain. — You shall hear his Humour presently. [*Enter Sweet Singer.*] Come, Sir, when you please,

I.

We Chanters of the loving Race,
Nicknam'd harmonious People,
Do far excel each Meeting-place,
Or House that bears a Steeple.
We preach in Tune, from Morn to Noon,
Of Peace, and Love, and Conscience;
We raise the Voice to swell the Song,
And if it be but loud and long,
'Tis ne'er the worse for Nonsense,

II.

We crow, when we the Sisters move,
Like Cock that Hen do's tread, Sir:
And when the Union Note does move,
We sing 'em straight to bed, Sir.
We cant in Rhime, as loud we chime,
As St. *Sepulcher's* Ringers:
The Bagpipe with its Squeak and Drone,
Or Parish-Clerk, with noteless Tone,
Are Owls to us Sweet Singers.

[*Exit*

Bayes

BAYES no POETASTER.

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Bayes. Ah, just as I would have it——The Notes are contriv'd so between the Tune of a Psalm, and the old venerable Ballad of *Chevy Chase*, that nothing can be more natural I'm sure.

Smith. Very quaint, and much out of the way, indeed, Sir.

John. Of all good Sense and Musick, that I'll say for't.

Chant. What's here, another of 'em?

Enter TAYLOR.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, they must make Haste in now, because the Act is long; and now, my crusty Sir, I will make bold to entertain you, as well as Mr. *Smith* here, whether you will or no; for this was design'd for none but those of the finest Taste: This Taylor since his coming to Town was happily lodg'd in a Garret, opposite to one of our principal Eunuchs, and having always a good Voice, has exactly learnt their manner; I have taken care to contrive the Words to be as full of Sense as any of their best *Opera's*; And don't doubt to have this darling Song frequently in the Mouths of all the Quality (that love these extream Finesses) in *England*. Come, the Recitative first, dear Mr. *Pack*.

Sings. From Shopboard rais'd on high in Cross-leg'd Posture,

From Topping off two Pots to raise new Vigour,
I, from my Wedlock am, like Insect roving,
To seek from yon Gay *Tuba* Rose fresh Odour.

Bayes. Sweet, sweet——Now the Air——Now mind,
Ah me, poor Lovesick humble Bee.

John. How! Poet, prithee read right. Lovesick humble Bee, what a Devil——

Bayes. Ay, Sir, Lovesick humble Bee——I'll justify it——Did not you hear him in the Recitative, speak of an Insect, and pray what more Musical, or capable of Passion than an humble Bee?

Smith. By a Figure something may be made on't indeed.

Chant. Ay, ay, he carps at every thing——pray go on.

Bayes reads. Ah me, poor Lovesick humble Bee,
That fly o'er Trees so tall and proper,
To meet my tuneful Cowlady,
And hear her sing an Air at Supper,

And so forth, go on, dear *Pack*.

C 4

Sings.

The two Queens of Brentford : Or,

Sings. Ah me, poor Lovesick humble Bee, &c.

Ah dearest Cow,

Ah dearest Cow,

Ah dearest, dearest, Cowlady,

Since I by Fate am thine,

Say then, sweet Hum,

Sweet Buz and Hum,

Sweet Hum and Buz, or Buz and Hum,

I ever will be thine.

[*Bayes mimicks the latter part.*]

Ah, if this does not strike the Intellect, farewell all charming Musick ifaith, — I think my self a Disciple now of old *Robin Car*, that liv'd at the *Temple-Gate*; I'm ready to weep for Joy, egad.

Smith. Now, *Johnson*, this I'm sure thou canst not carp at, for thou wert always an Admirer of the *Italian* singing.

John. Why, I like the manner on't well enough.

Chant. Ay, let the Words be what stuff they will, so there be but a Manner, any thing will go down — Ha, ha —

Bayes. There, thou hast nickt him, faith, there's the right Taste of the Town — But come, now for the third Son-in-Law, the *Grazier*, and then the *Act* ends — Come, *Grazier*, let's hear your Country Ditty, tho' you were not so happy to enjoy the Effects.

Enter GRAZIER.

S I N G S.

I.

A Country State,
Tho' void of Treasure,
Is form'd by Fate,
The chiefest Pleasure.

On flowry Downs,
Fresh Breezes blowing,
We hear sweet Sounds
Of Oxen lowing.

BAYES NO POETASTER.

Our Sheep look fair,
Our Lambs are bleating,
Which great ones share,
Such joy in Eating!

And breeding when,
Our Stock advances,
We're happier than
The King of *France* is.

II.

When hungry grown,
When wet and weary,
Then Rosie *Jone*
Comes from her Dairy.

A Feast of Curds,
A Toast and Honey,
Outvies what Lords
Can get for Money.

Good Beef does smoke
In earthen Dishes,
And from the Brook
We've store of Fishes.

A Spicy Pot
Then do's us Reason,
Would make a Cat
To talk High-Treason.

III.

Kind Harvest got,
If Ears are Cropping,
We value not
Whose Heads are Chopping.

To crown Delight,
Instead of roaring,
We waste the Night
In Love and Snoring.

The two Queens of Brentford: Or,

I come from Work,
Sweet Sleep is ready,
And gone i'th' Dark
To me's a Lady.

For when I'm close
In sound Embraces,
I laugh at Beaus
Are making Faces.

Bayes. Ay, gad, and let any of your fine Criticks laugh at that if he dares.

Smith. Mighty natural really, Mr. *Bayes*.

Chant. How *Johnson* stares at him — he's a little Nonplust at this.

Bayes sings. I laugh at Beaus are making Faces — Come now the Country Dance; and then we'll go and see how they prepare the State-Scene within. [*Dance here.*] Very well; come, Sirs, now let's walk in a little.

Smith. } Nay, nay, no finching, Faith, you shall go.

Chant. } [*Pulling along Johnson.*
John. Pox on ye, are ye never to be tir'd?

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene opens, and the two Kings appear, seated with their Queens, all comically dress'd; Prince Volcius and Prince Prettiman guarded, attending by.

Enter BAYES, SMITH, CHANTER and JOHNSON, as before.

Bayes. NOW, Gentlemen, I'll pretend to shew ye a right Scene of State. Appear Kings and Queens in your Royalty sitting in Judgment upon the Princes. — Prince *Volcius*, you are to speak first, pray begin, Sir — And therefore —

John. How! — And therefore; Zoons, did ever any Prince's Speech before begin with — And therefore.

Bayes. Prithée be quiet, Mr. What d'ye call'm — Gad-zookers, you know I have told ye already these Matters are above the Sphere of your Country understanding. Pray don't be troublesome.

Smith. Well, but under Favour, Mr. *Bayes*, as *Johnson* says, And therefore is a very odd beginning, unless they have been stating the Case before.

Bayes. Before — why they are suppos'd to have talk'd so long within, that the Examination is quite over, the Queens impeach'd 'em, the Kings discuss'd the Matter, and the Princes made so notable a Defence, that they are now upon the Huff, and will get off, you shall see presently — by another Turn. And pray was not this better contriv'd, than a damn'd long Scene of sending and proving, that would tire the Audience as well as the Actors?

Smith. Nay, if that were in his Head, *Johnson*.

John. There is not so much in his Head as this pinch of Snuff, Begad.

Bayes. Aw — never fear my making things plain, Mr.

Smith. — Go on, pray Friend, in Verse — And therefore —

P. Vol.

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P. Vol. And therefore since our Honours have been foil'd,

P. Prett. And Scandal has our florent Glory spoil'd.

Both. Depend on't, Kings — [Angrily.]

Bayes. Look'e, I told you they were upon the Huff.

Chant. This is indeed very Political, *Mr. Bayes.*

Bayes. Ay, Sir, they are no Fools, — pray mind, —
speak now, you by your self. [To P. Volcius.]

P. Vol. Depend on't, Kings, — our Breasts shall harbour
Flame,

'Till we're acquainted, whence this Scandal came.

P. Pret. 'Tis an Affront unto our Princely Race;
Greater our Birth, the greater our Disgrace.

Bayes. The greater the Disgrace; very well spoke indeed,
Mr. a. — Now hear the Kings.

1 King. Kings cannot always judge where Right is due.

2 King. You were Impeach'd by those we thought spoke
true;

And if by erring Judgment we're misled,
Stanch Satisfaction must atone the Deed.

Bayes. That's now like a Man of Honour.

1 King. Let Guilt be cleans'd, and Innocence appear,
We still as formerly shall wear you here;

2 King. Nor what we Eat or Drink, be half so dear.

Bayes. So tender, so good, I have drawn these two Kings,
the very Patterns of Clemency.

John. Thou hast drawn a couple of damn'd Ideots, that's
all I can see of 'em.

P. Vol. Bring me the Caitiff here before my Face,
Tho' made Impregnate, as *Achilles* was.

P. Pret. Or bring some Female of renown'd Idea,
Strong as the Warlike Queen *Penthesilea*.

P. Vol. Straight, in Seccoon, grim Death shall be his Lot,

P. Pret. And with my Point, in Cart, I'll lay her flat.

Bayes. My point in Cart, I'll lay her flat. — Is not that
strong? Now han't those Verses fire in 'em, hah?

Smith. Fire, ay; but pray, *Mr. Bayes*, take care it be lam-
bent, won't the heat of your Metaphor offend the Ladies,
think ye?

John. I hope it will.

Chant. Why Faith, as you say, that may be a little too
free.

Bayes. No, Sir, no; 'tis beyond their Apprehension, the
Ladies have no Notion of Fencing, none in the World, Sir.

— But now for the Turn, pray hear the Queens — Come,
Mrs. a. — Oh! Words more sweet. [Teaching her in a Tone,

1 Queen.

1 Queen. Oh! Words more sweet, than Honey that do's please

The luscious Taste, when Farmers burn their Bees.

2 Queen. Oh! graceful Person, that where'er it moves,
So charms the Eye, that she that sees it loves.

Was I enchanted—but I'll straight atone,
And what I swore against 'em—I'll disown.

1 Queen. My Tongue shall never such dear Lives betray,
What has been said—I'll turn another way.

We'll chouse our Kings,

2 Queen. And make 'em soon obey.

Begin the Musick—and let's have a Dance.

*[The Queen goes and whispers the Kings, who
thereupon rise and smile on the Princes.]*

Bayes. There's a Turn now for ye, Mr. Critick—Who
would suspect this; the Queens on a sudden fall in Love with
the Princes, and leading the poor Kings by the Nose—as
what can't Women do? for the present invalidate the Evi-
dence, and to divert 'em, call for the Musick; ha, ha, ha.

John. Ay, pray Sir, is that like Women of Honour too,
to forswear themselves?

Bayes. Forswear themselves—Oons—why did not I
tell ye they were in Love?—Honour, why they're mad,
Sir, mad for Love—and a Queen or a Commoner, in
such a Case, values an Oath no more than an Oyfter-shell—
Come, come, let's have the Musick; which to vary the Di-
version, and entertain this Royal Assembly properly, shall be
some Humours of a Court. Come, flourish there—and en-
ter Groom of the back Stairs, and my young Widow, Lady
Breakback.

Enter young Irish Beau.

SONG here in DIALOGUE.

He. I live at Court, and am in Grace,
Distinguish'd for a Shape and Face;
And blest with lucky Confidence,
As well as some degrees of Sense,
I've got a handsom Place;
Yet this won't satisfy half my Ambition,
Methinks I'm still in a sorry Condition.

I want a Coach to roul and wander,
And Twenty Thousand Pounds lies yonder;

I

I want

The two Queens of Brentford: Or,

I want the Joy that daily crowns it,
 The buxom Widow too that owns it:
 That Bliss would be true Life endearing,
 And see, the Goddess is appearing.

Enter LADY and PAGE.

Now *Irish* dear Assurance tease her,
 Inspire my Tongue to fawn and lye
 Of this, or that, or t'other Toy;
 Of Balls or Beaus,
 Or Gaudy Cloaths,
 Or any other thing to please her.

Lady. Go bid the Chairmen wait, sure I shall come
 In good time now into the Drawing Room.

He. Mine is good Time I'm sure, since now I can
 Such Excellence approach——

She. What says the Man?

He. The Man condemn'd by Love's Imperial Law,
 Says thou'rt the sweetest Woman!

Oh! thou'rt the sweetest Woman!

His Eyes yet ever faw.

Those Planets blast me, oh, that Shape and Air,
 So fine, so charming, and that Face so fair;
 Like Sea-born *Venus*, do's inchant me so,
 I cannot move, nor can I let you go.

She. Not let me go?

He. Nay, now I'm sure I can't.

My hearing that dear Note,
 As from sweet *Philomell's* melodious Throat,
 Do's more and more inchant.

She. An odd bold prating Fellow——strangely rude,
 Sure you'll not force my stay?

He. Divinely good!——

Darling of Fate! by Love inspir'd and taught!

She. What Nation you, and so much Flatt'ry brought?
 What gave you Birth?

He. Dear *Bogland*.

She. So I thought.

No other Country durst have been so bold.

He. A sign I'm made of a more mettled Mold.
 I've had a Vision, dearest Dear,
 That told me I should meet you here;

Another MOVEMENT.

Shew'd me what Wife the Fates had chose,
Just such a Face, with such a Nose,
Your Figure and your very Cloaths.
I must, must seize my own!

She. You saucy grow;
Shall I not go to Court?

He. To Court, no, no;
You must go back to Church, a Priest and Ring,
With Love and me, and a more charming Thing
Shall please ye better, than the Court or King.

She. I strive to go, and yet I hardly can,
I'm charm'd, why sure the Devil's in the Man!
His Impudence is into liking grown,
Thus, thus, poor Widows, is your Weakness shewn.

He. Now shine, my *Irish* Stars, and she's my own.

She. My dull, sickly Husband, whom late I did wed,
Three Years has enjoy'd me without e'er a Kid;
And say what we will, we can never bear that,
This Yonker, methinks, has a far better Lot.
He'll tell me a Story, would surely prevail,
And looks as his Argument never could fail.

He. You must be mine, by *Jove*, d'ye think I'll be forsworn?

She. An impudent young Rogue as ever sure was born;
And yet, to argue freely, altho' the Phrase is coarse,
I know not what do's ail me, I like him ne'er the worse.

He. Joy shall regale my Widow, we'll frolick still in Mirth.

She. And will you get me Children?

He. Three fine Boys at a Birth.

She. Away—you grand Deceiver.

He. Try, try—my Love, my Life.

She. And what if I should venture,

He. Why then, my Dear, my Wife,
Let's Wed just now, I tell ye,
It ne'er can be too soon;

I'll get thee a big Belly
Before to morrow Noon.

She. Od's Life, 'tis a Match.

He. We'll the Proverb make out,
The Marriage is happy that's not long about.

She. You Courtiers but seldom a Jointure can spare,
So I'll for a Kid give Three Thousand a Year.

He. There's

32 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

He. There's nought but thy Person can give me more Joy,
For that's what I want, 'tis a folly to Lye.

CHORUS of both. *Treble and Bass.*

He. Why then 'tis a Match, we'll the Proverb make out.

She. Why then 'tis a Match, we'll the Proverb make out.

He. The Marriage is happy that's not long about.

She. The Marriage is happy that's not long about.

He. We Courtiers but seldom a Jointure can spare.

She. You Courtiers but seldom a Jointure can spare.

He. So you'll for a Kid give Three Thousand a Year.

She. So I'll for a Kid give Three Thousand a Year.

He. There's nought but thy Person can give me more Joy.

She. There's nought but thy Person can give me more Joy.

He. For that's what I want, 'tis a Folly to Lye.

She. For that's what you want, 'tis a Folly to Lye.

Bayes. Well, now, Mr. *Smith*, pray deal faithfully with me; how dy'e like this Dialogue?

Smith. Mighty well, indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, there's nothing wanting, and without doubt you have brought *Johnson* over now.

Bayes. And what say you, Sir?

Chant. Oh! good without Exception, I like it extremely.

Bayes. As for you, Sir—

John. Ay, Sir, as for me, I say it may pass for want of better.

Bayes. Very good, troth—I think it may, Sir.—Yet, Gentlemen, to oppose ye all now—I must say—'tis not my Favourite; 'tis a good plain thing, and will down with easy Appetites; but not like our dear Cowlady, Mr. a—that was a *Non Parelio*, egad—Ah! that dear, dear Humble Bee!

John. Buz—

Chant. } Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Smith. }

Bayes. Come now for the t'other two little Songs that must be serv'd in as Pages to this Court Lady—This now, Gentlemen, is suppos'd to be a nice Character of a Maid of Honour. Come little Mrs. a—let's hear your Treble.

Enter another Singer.

S O N G here,

I.

A Virgins Life who would be leaving,
Free from Care and fond Desire;

Ne'er

BAYES NO POETASTER.

Ne'er deceiv'd, nor e'er deceiving,
 Loving none, yet all inspire.
 We sit above and Knot the live-long Day,
 A thousand pretty harmless things we say;
 But not one Word of Wedlock's frightful Noose,
 For fear we chance to think what we must lose.

II.

Our Souls are free from dire Revenges,
 Bosom's Mischief never owns;
 Our Wit's employ'd in making Fringes,
 Or embroidering our Gowns.
 If any Lover comes to play the Thief,
 Our natural dear Cunning gives Relief.
 We dance, we sing the tedious Hours away,
 And when we've nothing else to do—we pray.

Bayes. Ah, well said, my little Dear; egad I'll kiss thee
 for that. [Kisses her, and Exit Singer.]

Smith. Why God-a-mercy Poet, Faith.

Chant. Oh! she deserves—a small Fee certainly.

John. If the Audience should chance to Clap here you'd
 see him as rampant as a Colt.

Bayes. We must do so now and then to these young things
 to keep up their Spirits—Egad they'd flag in their Cadance,
 and sing out of Tune else. Come now for her Sister, ano-
 ther young Companion; or Confident, to this Court Lady.
 —Come enter little Lady *Phæbe Finesse*, she's ravingly in
 Love, you must know, with the Son of a great Duke—
 who, egad, they say, loves one of the Actresses—but
 Mum for that; and her Song is a Hue-and-cry after her
 Heart—'tis very quaint and odd you'll find; come Lady
Phæbe.

I.

O Yes, O Yes, O Yes, I cry,
 Pray tell you gentle Swains are by,
 If you a roving Heart have met,
 Did lately from my Bosom get.

II.

Some Marks to shew it I'll express,
 It comes of loyal honest Race;

34 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

By Nature kind, and prone to Love,
And constant as the Turtle Dove.

III.

Upon the out-side of the same,
You'll find the charming *Damon's* Name,
By Love ingrav'd, and plain to shew,
From which fresh Drops of Gore do flow.

IV.

'Tis tender as soft Down can be,
Or Beauty in its Infancy;
Nor Wealth can make it e'er untrue,
Such Hearts as mine you'll find but few.

V.

That 'twas confin'd, I late was told,
Amongst the Lambs in *Cupid's* Fold;
If so, pray seek that Deity,
And carry this Resolve from me:

VI.

If he'll restore my Heart agen,
I'll keep it from Deceits of Men;
From wily Wits, and am'rous Tongues,
And all that to their Sex belongs.

VII.

But if my Heart he'll me refuse,
For 'tis a Jewel few would lose;
Pray let him tell dear *Damon* this,
And in Exchange command me his.

And now for the Dance, the Dance *Ænigmatical*, Gentle-
men, 'tis as full of Satyr, egad, as an Egg; for my Design
in't, you must know, is to introduce at Court the Blessing
of Concord—You shall see come first enter Concord, in
her left Hand an Olive and a Myrtle Branch twining, in her
Right a good Goblet of Lamb's-Wool.

Enter CONCORD.

Smith. So; but why Lambs-Wool, pray?

Chant. Ay, that's a Novelty indeed.

Bayes. Why, Sir, 'tis harmless Rural, and egad I think as pretty an Emblem of Amity and Friendship as any.

John. Ay among Country Hobbs, that dance round their Appletrees at *Christmas*.

Enter Six Figures comically dress'd.

Bayes. Your Patience, pray Sir; so, now enter six foreign Figures representing Nations——Observe, pray mind this Fancy, 'tis notable I assure ye, for all of 'em have, or ought to have, Concerns with Concord there; look how they ogle her, some with Love-leers, and some with Indifference: The first in the Bear-skin there, is a damn'd cold frozen Fellow, a *Muscovite*, he cares not a Fox-tail for her.

Chant. What's he there in Buff, with a black Crape Neck-cloth on, and the blue Shirt, shewn with open Sleeves?

Bayes. Why, Sir, he's a *Swede*, a plaguy mad hot brain'd rough Fellow; but the *Muscovite* having formerly thresh'd him, he's now a little upon the Morose; besides he's over-aw'd by the *Turk* that stands by him, who some time since paid for his Diet, and lent him Money.

John. And what do's he take to now, pray?

Bayes. Oh, Sir, sets up for a King of Piracy——lends his Fleet and an Army to make a Descent upon those that aspire to new Kingdom; all, all crack-brain'd, as mad as a very Devil, you must know.

Chant. Then——the squab Fellow——that's a *Dutch* Hero, I suppose?

Bayes. Sir, a *Battavian*, if you please; pray no vulgar Words; to say Truth, Mr. *Smith*, he's a difficult Creature, and was lately damnably averse to Concord——but he is sociable at last, provided 'tis profitable, and he may dance his own way.

Smith. But pray what's he with the Whiskers?

Bayes. Odso——softly——pray Sir, a *High German*——plaguy untractable too——and very angry with the *Frenchman* that's near him, whose old Master, it seems, before the present Regency, politickly gave his Grandson a rich Manor of Land that he thought he was Heir to; the *Frenchman*'s a devilish

cunning Fellow, and keeps things plaguy close, therefore I shall say little of him.

Chant. Very well, now the last there, what's he?

Bayes. He, ha, ha, ha; I thought you might have found him out by his *Saturnine* Phiz; why, Sir, he's a whimsical *Englishman*, his Humour just like the Seasons of his own Country, hot and cold, shining and storming in the space of half an Hour.

Smith. He's a Rarity on my word.

Bayes. He represents a Race that never could keep in with Concord, not suitable to their own volatile Fancies from the beginning of the World to this present time; but he'll make one amongst 'em now, you'll see, because he thinks he can do it with Honour; for a sham Peace has lately stuck upon his Gizzard plaguily.

Chant. Methinks I long to see 'em proceed.

Bayes. Come, all stand now in a Circle—and by turns drink of the Bowl. [*They all drink.*] Well done—why there's Concord now I think, in Perfection, and now we'll have the Dance—Stay—but first the Catch in three Parts, made for the Occasion—Begin. [*Catch here.*]

A C A T C H here in three Parts.

I.

Sound it o'er *Albion*, sound it high,
Peace with Fame, or glorious War,
British Sons unite with Joy
And all defend great *George's* Crown.

II.

Raise up his Glory to the Sky,
He now invites your Arms, prepare;
Youth you can ne'er so well employ,
And drive all false Pretenders down.

III.

France is renown'd for Feats of War,
Thousands the *German* Braves have seen;
Some the bold *Muscovite* will praise,
But *English* Generals all excel.

IV. Who

IV.

Who has not heard of bold *Villars*?
 Who has not heard of great *Eugene*?
 Many the *Czar's* Renown do raise,
 But conqu'ring *Marlbrough* bears the Bell,

V.

Fill then the Glasses to the brim,
 Strong as the Wine let Courage be;
 Firm to your rightful Sovereign stand;
 For factious Foes let no one care.

VI.

Great *George's* Health, we'll drink to him,
 Then let it sound eternally:
 Three noble Bumpers in a Hand,
 Peace with Fame, or glorious War.

Bayes sings. Peace with Fame, or glorious War.—
 Hey Boys, Gentlemen, your humble Servant, ye have oblig'd
 me to a high degree, egad. [*To the Singers going off.*] Come
 now the Dance, and then go off Kings and Queens, with
 the Princes, and drink your Chocolate.

*A humours Dance here by the six Figures and Concord,
 and then Exeunt all but Bayes and the Gent.*

Smith. Most exquisite, I never saw a better Fancy.

Chant. Very fine indeed.

John. As fine as 'tis, Faith I'll go and take a Dish of Cho-
 colate with the Queens—say what you please.

Smith. We'll all go, and then come and hear the rest.

Bayes. Aloons done.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter BAYES, CHANTER and SMITH, he pulling in JOHNSON, who was going.

Bayes.



THESE toping Queens have given us a notable Touch of their Quality, egad, for they have whip'd off a Pottle of Chocolate, before a Couple of Subjects could have manag'd two Dishes——We must have Patience till more's made; therefore not to lose time, let's go on. Come, enter Princes with their Mistresses, *Armorilis* and *Parthenope*, Prince *Volcius*, you must know, has prov'd a very Roger the Constant, but as for Prince *Prettyman*, a former Love——

Enter Prince VOLCIUS, Prince PRETTYMAN, ARMORILIS and PARTHENORE.

And a high point of Honour has made him swerve a little.

Smith. Oh gad, I'm sorry for that with all my Heart.

Chant. Methinks that's ungentleman like.

John. Pish, thou art the Devil of a Fellow, hast no Mercy; have I not been tir'd enough? Oh! for a fine Spell, to hoist me through the Ceiling into the Air a little.

[*To Smith aside.*]

Bayes. There's a Necessity for't, Gentlemen, the Plot will have it so.

John. Whether you will or no, Ha!——

Bayes. Ay, Sir, ay——Come Mrs.——a——

Smith. That's very uncommon indeed.

Chant. Hark, let's hear the Mistresses.

Arm. Thus Joy is oft succeeding baleful Woe.

Bayes. They have been talking, you must know, of their late Delivery.

Arm. Thus Roses Spring, where Nettles once did grow.

Since things, Sir, go so well, by general Voice,
Let's to the Garden Grotto and rejoice.

P. Vol. And give your timely Thanks, with silent Noise.
[Exit. *Arm.*

John. Very obliging truly.

Chant. Ay—I'll warrant her a good kind hearted thing.

Smith. Ah, she has Reasons for't no doubt.

Bayes. Private Matters must be settled, there has been Kindness between 'em a great while, you know: Now the t'other you'll find will be more fullen.

John. And why so, pray?

Bayes. 'Dsdeath, Sir, I won't tell ye: Oh! the insupportable Torment of Impertinence——Why here's to be another Turn, Sir——Go on, Prince *Prettyman*.

John. The Devil take thee and thy Turns, I grow horribly Crop-sick.

P. Pret. Glory, sad Thoughts out from my Bosom root.

John. Root, why do they grow there, like the Nettles she was speaking of?

Smith. Nay, nay, *Johnson*, let the Metaphor have fair Play, don't murder it.

Bayes. O Lord! O Lord! but hang't, I won't mind him——Come, prithee answer Mrs——a——

Parth. Why is your Heart disturb'd—Why, Sir, so mute?

Let's follow to the flowry Garden,

With Tales of Love I'll soften all your Care.

Bayes. Soften all your Care——Is not that a pretty Rogue? but now observe, now for the Turn. Come, Mrs.——a——Pray mind your Cue. [Bayes mimicks her.

Enter THIMBLESSA, beckons Prince PRETTYMAN, and goes out.

P. Pret. Hah—She's here—nay then,
The Fates will have it so, I'm call'd—And I
Controul'd, by Honour's Laws, dare not deny.
Go, Madam, take of amorous Thoughts your fill,
I'll come—I'm busy—If I can—I will.

[To Parthenope.

Bayes. He's horribly disorder'd——damnably puzzled, but must have her.

Smith. Ah, Pox, this is unkind 'faith.

Bayes. 'Tis so, yet it can't be helpt, but you shall see a Salvo for't presently. Come, Enter Madam *Fleabitten*.

[She comes in.

Flea.

40 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

Flea. Their Majesties the Queens, without Delay,
Madam, desire you'll come and drink some Tea.

[*Exit Parth. and Fleabitten.*]

Bayes. Look'e there's some Honour to abate her Melancholly, however; why now you gape and stare, and I warrant wonder what this new Figure meant by her beck'ning, and why the Prince is so furly — Why in two Words then, this new Corner was his former Mistress; and when he was found to be but a Fisherman's Son — was his Sempstrefs — Kindness grew then, and Gratitude since to such a Head, that the Prince being a Man of Honour, is now in great Trouble of Mind — What's the Result you shall hear — Speak, Sir —

P. Pret. She was the first I chose to be my Mate,
Her Pains oblig'd me in my mean Estate;
Honour says then to her, be not ingrate.

I'll follow. [Exit.]

Bayes. So — very well, — let that pass; and now we must vary the Matter, by a short Scene of Politicks.

Re-enter FLEABITTEN and DISCIPLINE.

Put on a plotting look Mrs. — a — Consider you are a Piece of a Polititian — Come speak.

Smith. She a Polititian! 'Dlife, Sir, I took her for a Chambermaid.

Bayes. A Chambermaid! One of the Queens chief Women of the Bedchamber, as I hope to be fam'd — Was there ever so vile a Thought, considering the grand Family of the *Fleabitten's*? Besides, Ods Mortification, Death, and the Devil and all — Has this polite Person the sneaking Air of a Chambermaid?

Ghant. You see *Smith's* no Phisognomist, Mr. *Bayes*.

John. No, Pox on him, 'tis plain he said that to affront thy Work; faith Poet, if I were thee, I'd let him hear no more on't.

Smith. Oh hang ye, why any Man breathing may mistake.

Bayes. Mistake, ay gad, but that was a damnable one. Come speak, speak, she'll soon undeceive ye — or I'm mistaken.

Flea. Well, Mr. Observator, what Intelligence have ye brought me now — Hah — What?

Bayes. Hah — What! smart and pert, you may know by that she has been bred at Court.

Flea. I assure ye, Sir, you have very ill supply'd me of late, and I never was so ashamed in my Life, as I was last Night;
I was

I was with some Ladies of Quality, of the first Rank of Phizgigs, who were almost sick for News, and never a considerable Lye to tell 'em——Oh fie, I shall lose my Reputation of a States-woman quite at this rate.

Bayes. Very well, the Chambermaid you see, Sir, keeps pretty good Company; besides, I thought you might have found her out by some Matters that are past; why, ye dull Creatures, 'twas by her means that the Queens knew of the late Plot, the Priest there is in Love with her, and she manages his Secrets as she pleases——Ha, ha, ha.

Chant. And betrays, I suppose, the t'other Boufieu——What d'ye call 'm, Belrope——Hah!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, ay——Now ye have it; Ha, ha, ha.

John. Has it; oh notably the Rogue hunts for a Jest, like a Ferret in a Coney-borrow; he makes it bolt whether it will or no.

Discip. I heartily beg your Ladyship's Pardon, dear Madam; but I profess there has been a great Scarcity of News lately, and Invention, I think, freezes too; but however, encouraged by a Kiss from this fair Hand, I'll tell ye one ropping thing.

Smith. Sure, Mr. Bayes, this Person looks his part as you'd have him, for he gives her a very Amorous Oagle, methinks.

[Discip. kisses her Hand.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I taught him that, I had it from a Priest in Flanders; the holy Rogue would look quite through a Wench, when the Fit was on him; besides, I told ye before, he was a plaguy Toad.

Flea. Come, Sir, I wait impatiently.

Discip. Why, look'e then, dear Lady——you may put it abroad when you please; that the two inveterate Parties, the Royalists and the Phizgigs are reconcil'd by the Grandees of the Bank and Stock-jobbers; and to crown their Amity, are all to have a great Custard-feast at my Lord Mayor's.

Bayes. Ha, ha, ha,——pray hear him.

Discip. In the next place, tell 'em this for great News, that the whole Body of London Jews, at the Instance of a Rabbi, who has lately been charm'd, by an Anthem sung by Monsieur de Sol re, at the Chapel, have unanimously agreed to build White-hall by the Model of Blenheim Castle; that the Quakers will provide Painting and Arras Hangings, who being weary of their former slovenly Garb and Formality, resolve from henceforth to wear Pantaloons and Ribbons.

Bayes. Ha, ha, ha,——there's News for ye.

Flea. Thank'e, Sir, this is something; the Devil's in 'em that won't take this for a well-grown Lye.

Smith.

42 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

Smith. The Devil's in 'em indeed, why this will cram the Maw of the Town for at least a Month.

Chant. Ay, and make a strange buz in the Coffehoufes.

John. He's mad by these ten Pickers and Stealers, as *Hamlet* says.

Bayes. Shrewd, shrewd, egad. I warrant it flies about like Lightning; Ha, ha, ha. — Now pray hear her Conclusion of the Scene.

Flea. And now, Friend, observe — You shall find that I have something to inform you — Come, I intend to closet ye about it; I know you Priests love Closet-work; you shall know then, that our Politick Ladies have certain Advice, that their High Mightinesses have generously resolv'd to give us up our Herring Trade, and lend us all the Money they got by the late War, taking our Tally Bills for the Repayment. Come, Oily-fist, come in and you shall know more. [*Slaps him on the Shoulder.*]

Discip. Ay, with all my Heart, sweet Honey-suckle; ods Sugar-sops — I melt like *May* Butter; rare, rare News, and I'll spread it about ifack.

Bayes. There's a Scene now; there's Politicks and Wit together for ye.

Smith. This new Character shews Roguery enough, I confess.

Chant. Ay, there's a double entendre in't too, if we could hit it, hah, *Johnson*.

John. Pox, I was listning to the Fiddle; don't disturb me. [*Fiddle within.*]

Bayes. Oh — now for the third Entertainment: They're tuning I find; a Scene of new Variety still, which will be shewn in another little Masque, explaining the Humours of the City — Come, first enter *Discord*, a Figure very well acquainted there at present, and with him [*Enter Discord. and three Figures*] three Figures more, Bigotry, in the Habit of a Jesuit; *Faction* in the Garb of a Fanatick; and *Stubbornness* drest like a Quaker.

Smith. I marry, Sir, this gives an Idea of some Diversion indeed!

Smith. I warrant ye, Sir — [*Song begins here.*]

The first SONG, in the third Masque, represented in the Figure of DISCORD drest like a City Stock-jobber.

Bold *Discord* is my Ancient Name;
My Title too of greater Fame;

The

BAYES no POETASTER.

43

The City can it well explain;
A sly notorious Knave in Grain,
A wheadling Party Robber.
No Brain has in't more Turns of Wit,
When there is any thing to get;
More learn'd in City Politicks,
Nor can a Monkey do more Tricks,
Then I, a true Stock-jobber.
[Bigotry, Faction and Stubbornness appear.

Second MOVEMENT.

My Sons here still are worse,
A Nation's greatest Curse;
Who boldly in Disguise
Make Religion cloak their Vice,
Who boldly, &c.
When Stock does rise,
Then to the Skies,
Their airy Hopes are flying;
But if it falls,
Down goes St. Paul's,
Their Church and they are dying.
And tho' they, like Saints, will dissemble with many,
They're Devils, mere Devils, at the turning the Penny.

A dull quaking Moper,
A Mass Interloper,
With them a blew Practice of Piety Groper,
Who quarrelling and snarling,
And biting and fighting,
Would make their Commotion
A Case of Devotion,
Would make, &c.

When, oh, 'tis Money, that grand Devil,
Money, Money, that grand Devil,
Is the Root of all their Evil,
And though their ill Lot,
Their own Vices begot,

The Crown and the Government must be in Fault.
The Crown, &c.

*The next is the Comical Dialogue between BIGOTRY,
dress'd like a Jesuit; FACTION, like a Fanatick; and
STUBBORNNESS, like a Quaker.*

Big. The stubborn Sons of Alba can't agree,
Or else they sure would ne'er make use of me:
And

44 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*
And to promote their Jars I now am come,
To aid 'em like a true-bred Son of Rome:
For so, in spite of all their Laws, I'll be,
As by my shaven Crown, Friends may in private see.

FACTION comes up and observes him.

Fact. Bless me! oh bless me! if my Sight's not gone,
I see a Type o'th' Whore of Babylon.
As I'm a Protestant, 'tis so;
Tho' banish'd, yet they will not go.
He shew'd me his shorn Pate,
But I may profit by the Beast;
I'll go and peach him for a Priest,
So get the Rogue's Estate.

[Is going, and Stubbornness stops him.]

Stubb. Hold, Friend, pray hold—by what I've heard,
Thou want'st a brotherly Regard;
Thy Mind's in some Confusion;
Now plainly, if thou wilt be wise,
I may—Hum—give thee some Advice.
And bring things to Conclusion.

Big. You may, Sir, as well
Keep Noise from a Bell,
His Soul is compounded of Jargon;
For as bred among Bears,
This Rogue stops his Ears
At the ravishing Sound of an Organ.

Fact. I must confess that Pagan Tone,
Is worse to me than Bagpipe Drone.
'Tis Popish and I cannot bear it.

MOVEMENT changes.

Stubb. Nay, Friend, thou then can't err, I see;
For Soundings may harmonious be,
Through Motions of the Spirit.
And when a Sister mounts on high,
And pants and speaks with Ecstasy
Then, hum—good lack how sweet's the Voice!

Fact. When you in Revolution doze,

Big. And you are canting through the Nose,

Stubb. Our Babes of Grace rejoice,

Fact. Our stanch Opinion grounded is on Sense,
We shew nor Miracles, nor Peter Pence.

Big.

Big. Nor do we, when our Nonfense plagues the Town,
Require a buxom Lass to rub us down.

Stubb. We hate the Wantons that to snare us come,
And in our own Tribe mingle with a Hum.

Big. Fanatick, leave off your dull Stuff, and your Twang,

Fact. Sir Priest, if you're sawcy I peach and you hang.

Stubb. Nay surely you're Vipers of Satan's own Seed,
And should be destroy'd to extirpate the Breed.

I'll cause our Brethren soon to join,
And both your Sects we'll undermine;
We'll vouch you'll root out Monarchy;
For tho' not swear, we all can lye.

Stubb. I know ye all are Fiends—at grand Hypocrisy.

Big. The Canters all shall down, but plainly for thy part,
I know thou art for Masses, a Jesuit in thy Heart;
So thou shalt scape the Lash, most of thy Tribe are so.

Stubb. Plainly thou lyeest—ah me, the Spirit moves me now.
We never, we never will put up this Wrong,
The King shall comply, we are Legion and strong.

Fact. We'll manage the Court till the Jesuit we hang,

Big. We'll work, like the Mole, 'till the Canter we hang.

Stubb. We'll mutiny strongly till both of ye hang.

Fact. The Jesuit shall hang.

Stubb. The Canter shall hang.

Big. The Quaker shall hang.

Chorus of all.

We never, we never will put up this Wrong,
The King shall comply, we are Legion and strong,

[*They all fall a fighting, and so go off.*]

Bayes. There, there, a hây — Oh rare Fanatick, well
done Jesuit, oh rare Quaker — there's Mob Commotion for
ye, there's Hurry and Bustle to the Life — egad.

Discor. Halloo, halloo, halloo.

[*Shouts 'em on.*]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha —

Bayes. Come, now enter to *Discord*, *Envy* and *Jealousy*,
the one dress'd like an old superannuated Chambermaid, the
other like a supercilious *Italian*.

[*They enter.*]

Envy sings. From gloomy Realms of Night ascending,
And the fatal Lethes Shore,
Thus new Mischiefs still attending,
We are come to aid thy Power;

Envy and dire Jealousy,

With potent *Discord* ever must agree.

Discord.

46 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

Discord. Whilst baleful Fends Mankind annoy,
Hymens Rights too we'll destroy,
Women may count Love a Joy.

Smiling, Crying,
Whining, Lying,
Of another kind am I.

I am sworn Foe to all his Law do's bind,
Marriage from first Creation was design'd,
A Curse intail'd on wretched human Kind.

'Tis noble *Discord*, generous strife
That gives the truest Taste of Life.

Marriage first made Man fall,
Had I been in the Garden plac'd,
The Woman ne'er had made him taste,
'Twas foolish loving damn'd us all.

Envy. Let that Humour last for ever,
Discord's Rules to fix endeavour,
Let all Nature have a Fever.

Jealous. *Alba's* Court molest with Jarring,
All their Joys and Pleasures marring,
Let there be perpetual Warring.
Or if zealous Pangs are worse,
Vex 'em with that heavy Curse.

Discord. Let the Elements conspire,
Sea and Air, and Earth and Fire:
Let loud Thunder cleave the Sky,
Let the blasting Lightning fly;
Storms of Hail, and gusts of Rain
Deluge o'er the flowry Plain:
All things in Confusion bring,
To raise new Jars and bloody Wars;

And without Cause, in spite of Laws, join to molest the King.

I am the lofty Power Commands all these,
Imprison'd Winds can from their Bonds release,
And from *Æolian* Caverns free,

Whenever Mischief's to be done you may be sure of me.

Envy. And me.

Jealous. And me.

Discord. Search both the Globes you ne'er shall find there's
such another Three.

Chorus. Search both the Globes, &c.

Bayes. Very well; now you shall hear *Envy* give ye her
own Character.

Envy. By Fortune cross'd, and Love betray'd,
I liv'd 'till Seventy five a Maid,

And

And now in Hell have Envy's Place,
 Because condemn'd to single State,
 When all but I had got a Mate,
 It fill'd me with such mortal Hate,
 I would have poyson'd all the Race.
 Below or here, where-e'er I am,
 I study to defame;
 To Reputation mortal Foe, but constant Friend to Shame,
 I slander all Wit,
 And a Face that is sweet,
 I wish the Small-Pox, or much rather the Great,
 Sword, Fire and Ruin to those that have Wealth,
 And a Pest of Blue Plagues upon all that have Health.
 The Soldier I wish for his Laurel wore Thorns:
 And he that as Life
 Loves his beautiful Wife,
 Oh! send him, great *Pluto*, a huge pair of Horns.
 I still have a Pang when Contentment I see,
 And Merits Reward when 'tis duly prepar'd,
 Is a Torment to me, is a Torment to me.

Bayes. There's Envy for ye—there's a Touch for all old
 Maids, egad. Ha, ha, ha. Come now for Jealousy. Hark'e,
 a Word by the by; I would fain have persuaded her, you
 must know, to fall in Love, or to drink a Gallon of Vi-
 negar every Day for a Month, as the Jockeys do, to make
 her waste and grow hagg'd, that she might look her part
 well; but a Pox on her 'twou'd not do. Ha, ha, ha.

JEALOUSY *Sings.*

From hot *Italian* Progeny,
 A Mixture form'd of Blood and Phlegm,
 Of both in the extreme,
 Dame Nature first compounded me;
 In *Pluto's* Court I took my first Degree
 And Title there of *Jealousy*,
 From my suspicious Nature;
 So plagu'd I was with base Mistrust,
 And with such vile Opinions curs'd,
 I thought my Ruin doom'd by every Creature.
 Hence made I Jars in Families,
 Disturb'd the Virtuous and the Wife;
 Infested oft a happy State,
 And rais'd Commotions 'mongst the great;

And

48 *The two Queens of Breunford: Or,*

And when on Earth in Wedlock joyn'd,
Leaz'd to death a Wife, young, chaste, and kind:
Strong Fetters, Bolts and Bars
Could not secure my jealous Fears.
I had a hundred Eyes all gazing round in vain,
A thousand, and ten Thousand Plots and Whimfies in my
Brain.

A Thousand, &c.

Envy. Let's go, let's go, and human Peace destroy.

Jeal. To trouble all the World will cause our greater Joy.

Discord. If they Love we'll cause a Jangling,

If they Wed we'll force a Wrangling,

If they Friendship chuse to guard 'em,

Wealth or Women shall divide 'em.

Envy. If with Politicks infested,

Jeal. One shall t'other make suspected;

Envy. And tho' nought appears to wrong 'em,

Discord. Discord still shall reign among 'em.

[*Exeunt Singers.*]

CHORUS *of all.*

If with Politicks, &c.

Bayes. Very well; so now go off, and then enter a
Dance of Professions, and so conclude the Act. Ah—
very well done, egad. [*Dance ben.*]

Smith. 'Tis so indeed—they have acquitted themselves
extremely well.

Chant. Come—and now for another Dish, the Boy is
there by this time.

Bayes. With all my Heart—tholl, loll, loll. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the Third Act.



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter BAYES and Gentlemen, as before.

Bayes.



O W, Gentlemen, to take hold again of the Thread of my Plot: In the first place here must be a Scene of Love and Honour, between Prince *Prettiman* and his old Mistress; she beckon'd to an Affig—you remember, some time since—Come, enter Prince *Prettiman* and *Thimbleffa*. [*They come in.*] She's jealous, you must know, and will now give ye an Opportunity to see her Mettle: Come—in Verse.

P. Prett. Of all the Ills with which the World is curst, Believe me, Fair One, Jealousy's the worst; 'Tis a Disease of the most baleful kind, And therefore call'd the Jaundice of the Mind: 'Tis always spreading like a Canker sore, That eats, and eats—hum [*Boggles as out of his Part.*]
John. 'Till it can eat no more.

Bayes. Gadzookers, I'll throw down the Book—Eat no more, there's no enduring this—no, Sir.—'Till it does all devour, are my Words.

P. Pret. I beg Pardon, Sir,—'till it does all devour.

Bayes. Allusion—d'ye mind, Mr. *Smith*, a rare Figure in Poetry—eat no more—but come go on, Prince, ne'er mind.

Smith. No, no.—he's craz'd, I believe.

Chant. Ha, ha, ha.

P. Pret. Forego it, Madam, if I share your Love.

Thim. You I held dear, Witness the Powers above.
Dear as the Foal do's her indulgent Dam,
Or as the tender Ewe, the frisking Lamb.

[*Bayes repeats after her.*]

50 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

Bayes. Soft, tender, sweet.

P. Pret. And I the bright *Thimblessa*,

Dear, as kind Hostess, the frank Guest will pay,
Or the stale Maid her joyful Wedding Day.

Bayes. Or the stale Maid her joyful Wedding Day. [*Mimicking.*] O! egad there's four Similes tell him, worth the four Thousand Pound, he goes to Law for, and a better Penny.

Chant. Very passionate indeed, Mr. *Bayes*.

Smith. Oh! Very soft, very tender.

Bayes. And yet this won't do, she's damnably yellow for all this, and you'll find will do the Devil and all of Mischief.

Thim. No, Prince, to hide it, weak is your Essay,
I know your Heart is with *Parthenope*;
What has she done, that can compare with me?
Did not, when Fate and you could not agree,
These pliant Hands sow all the Pieces in
Of many a Lockram Stole, worn next your Skin?
Did not my small Steel Engine piercing through,
Oft prick these Fingers to give Ease to you?

Bayes. My small Steel Engine—Her Needle, ha, ha, ha.
—I told you, if you remember, she had been his Sempstress.

John. Ay, you did so—thank'e.

Bayes. Phoo,—pray, Gentlemen, mind this—'tis very pretty, Faith.

Thim. Was not my Person —

P. Pret. Well, I know 'twas fine.
And did I not oblige ye too with mine?
Did I not, to be grateful, every Day,
Besides Endearments, give you half my Pay?

Bayes. And honourable enough, egad; for you must know, by the by, that the Prince was no better than a Dragoon at first, tho' afterwards he came to be a great General.

Thim. You then were true, but now those Days are o'er,
You're false, * and have forget the Oaths you swore,
Like mellow Fruit, y'are rotten at the Core. [** Eagerly.*]

Parthenope—Furies and Fire—

I'll cram her Throat with burning Coals like *Portia*,
With Asps like the *Egyptian* Queen, with Daggers
Like *Roman Lucrece*: Revenge, Revenge, Justice,
And dire Revenge! — [*Rages and Exit.*]

Bayes. *Hermione* in perfection, ha, ha, ha; she's gone to plot Mischief, but 'tis opportunely enough, because I want-

ed her Absence to bring in another great Scene and Dance; for if she should know the Queens are in Love with him too, there would be no enduring her egad.

P. Pret. Oh! Women veering like to *April Weather*, Now shining, storming now, and sometimes neither.

[Exit P. Pret.]

John. That's Nonsense, begad.

Bayes. Egad, Sir, 'tis as *Tragedy Verse* should be.— Adapt and Elevate, and I'll justify it— Come, draw the Scene there.

Chant. Ay, ay, 'tis mighty well—let him say what he pleases.

The Scene opens and discovers the two Queens seated with Prince Volcius, Guards attending.

1 Queen. What turn of various Fate has chanc'd to Day, So long has kept Prince *Prettiman* away?

2 Queen. His long'd-for Company has caus'd our Fear, }
Depriv'd of having it no longer here; }

P. Vol. Than whom a braver Prince could not appear. }

Bayes. So well bred—so like a Prince.

[Re-enter P. Prettiman.]

John. So like a Sow-gelder!

1 Queen. Advance this way, fair Prince, and sit by me.

2 Queen. Sit by us both, or we shall ne'er agree.

Smith. Their Majesties are very much smitten, I find, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Oh, Sir, to the last degree.

Chant. Oh! Love, Love's a mighty Tyrant, Love makes a Queen as supple as a Sempstrefs.

P. Prettiman goes and sits on t'other side of the Queens.

1 Queen. What need you press so to invite him on?

2 Queen. Nay, what need you?—But more of that anon.

John. Oh! the Devil, can my Stomach hold yet?

Bayes. There will be a thundering Scene between 'em presently, and this is to give a Hint of it before; they are damnably jealous, I told ye; here will be rare Work; but first we must have the fine Court Dance, or Entry.

[Dance here.]

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[Dance here.]

The Dance ended they all rise, and come forward; the first Queen takes both the Princes aside and speaks.

1 Queen. Within my Cabinet a Book you'll find,
The Owner on't will not be far behind.

P. Pret. Your blest Commands do's so much Honour give,
That who delays 'em—not deserves to live.

P. Vol. Business avault, and trifling Fortune wait,
Your Pleasure is Disposer of my Fate. [*Exeunt Princes.*]

Bayes. Now here is the oddest Passage, I'll be bold to say,
Gentlemen, and the newest, that ever was seen in a Play;
they are each of 'em in Love with both the Princes—hum!
is not that new now?

Smith. Yes, truly.

John. Oh, very new—very new—a Plague on't.

Bayes. Hush—look, look; do but see how they lower
at one another.

2 Queen. Your Highness will, I hope, except my Love,
To wait ye to the Door of your Alcove;
That when you with the Princes there resort,
No other may intrude to spoil the Sport;
But think not that I mean the thing I say, [*Raising her Voice.*]
No, Wretch, 'tis I their Hearts can only sway.

1 Queen. That you can sway, you insolently think,
But if you do, 'twill be when they're in drink:
Once I remember, at a Warrior's Feast,
When raising of the Siege a Town recast,
And they of Wine, the Soldiers Recompence,
By gulping up too much, had banish'd Sense;
Their heedless staggering Steps were turn'd to you,
For which, by *Jove* my Hatred is their due;
And I'll renounce 'em—yet methinks I'm loth.

Bayes. Yet methinks I'm loth. [*Softly mimicking her.*] Pray
mind, here's a luscious Metaphor coming.

1 Queen. They are sweet Men, tho' I have made this Oath,
Their Bodies clean from Pimples and from Sores,
And *Rosa Solis*—issues from their Pores:
They kiss more soft than Nurse do's Infant fair,
Who turns its soft Posteriors to the Air.

Bayes. Ah—gad, the Image of that strikes ye through I'm
sure.

Smith. } Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Chant. }

John. Ha, ha, ha. —Gad would thou were't to kiss the Infant with the Image—that I have of it.

2 Queen. Worth of such Pleasures, I the best can tell, Since 'tis with me that only they excel.

1 Queen. With you, hah, am I then for Mildness mock'd? Madam, take care I'm not too far provok'd.

Bayes. Now—now—she's nettl'd, now they begin.

1 Queen. A burning Blush o'er all my Face has got, And glows just like an Ov'n. that's over hot.

2 Queen. Then with fresh Bavins I'll new Heat inspire, With crackling Jealousy increase the Fire;

For to my Closet know they both are gone,

And happy I too, shall be there anon:

Matters of State must be consulted there,

Affairs you too ill fated are to share;

And whilst in Politicks, commix'd with Joy,

My *Volcins* dear, my *Prettiman* and I

Regale in unexampled Ecstasy:

You like the Cooing Dove shall perch alone,

And doz'd with anxious Thought, sob, sigh, and groan.

1 Queen. I thank thee, that thou dost my Anger move. [*Raging.*

Bayes. Now, now, now.

1 Queen. To feed Revenge I'll turn again to Love.

2 Queen. You Love! sure petty Titmouse you'll not dare, [*Loudly.*

1 Queen. Yes, Steel devouring Ostrich, but I dare.

[*Starting up to her.*

Jealousy burns, and I'll be so reveng'd—I will, I will, I will—

[*Stamps and rages.*

Bayes. Ah, *Statira* for that, esfaith.

1 Queen. I'll meet the Princes—spite of all I swore, And grasp—that thou may'st never touch 'em more.

[*Exit and t'other swiftly after her.*

Bayes. Go your ways for *Non Parelio's*, egad,—There's for ye, Gentlemen, —some of the dull carping Vulgar now may think this no better than Scolding betwixt the two Queens; but let me tell 'em, 'tis one of the brightest Ornaments has been in our modern Tragedies—for many Years.

Smith. Nay I must needs say, Mr. *Bayes*, this last Scene was very brisk and spritely.

Chant. It was so.

John. Phoo, Pox, the Conceit is stole—I have seen before twenty times.

Bayes. Before! not in so fine a Dress, I hope, got Seignior Carper; a late Heroick Author, 'tis true, once air

at such a Scene, but mine is so much better, that Gadzooks I'm aham'd to speak on't—Now then, for another Surprise, which you shall have eternally in this Act—The Queens being involv'd in a violent Passion, have been so loud, that the two Kings being alarm'd by their Noise in Alt, coming into the Antichamber heard all, and order'd their Guards to seize 'em; the two Princes hearing on't have escap'd, so that now they are reckon'd as Delinquents agen—Gadzooks the Plot thickens so very much it makes me sweat. Come, enter Kings and Queens—Come.

Enter the two Kings and the Queens, guarded with Belrope, Discipline, Tokay and Fleabitten.

Oh! Wedlock!

1 *King*. Oh! Wedlock, what is worse than thy Estate?

2 *King*. What greater Plague than a deceitful Mate? Have we for this been to small Mischief's blind, With Patience born the Yoke of Womankind!

1 *King*. But a due Punishment we'll not delay, Confine 'em close 'till we have thought the Way.

John. What are these Fellows Kidnap'd already too?

[Exeunt Queens guarded.]

Bayes. Yes, Sir, and what have you to say to that? Sir, let me tell ye, there's nothing like Dispatch in a Plot; yet 'tis only the Libeller there, and the Secretary that are to be punish'd; the Priest and the Damsel have betray'd 'em, so they have impeach'd, and the others are to be maul'd. Ha, ha, ha.

1 *King*. These Criminals may now have leave to speak.

[The two Kings go and sit in Chairs.]

2 *King*. Upon our selves we will their hearing take.

1 *King*. In th' first place what are you?

2 *King*. In th' next place—you?

Bayes. Now this is formal, you must know, as judiciary Matters should be; I took this Hint from a grave Justice of Peace, who began his Examination of Criminals just so: Begin agen, pray Mr—a—

1 *King*. In th' first place what are you?

2 *King*. In th' next place—you?

Tok. Me's Catolique.

Bel. For Money—I'm a Jew.

Flea. For my part I'm a Protestant true Blue.

Discip. I'm Shorn, and should be hang'd,—had I my Due.

Bayes. Pithy and short; I make 'em confess to avoid the Inconvenience of a tedious Examination—And indeed the true

true Design of this Scene is to let the World know what plaguy Vermin some of these News-mongers are, and what Mischief they do the Government—Proceed, Mr—a—

Discip. In short, Brother Incendiary, there is no way to incline their Majesties to Mercy but plain Confession; I have done't already, and Thanks to this good Lady here, am much lighter in Conscience.

Flea. 'Tis true, Monsieur, and therefore to second him will be your best way. Are not you a Spie, Transub—heh?

Tok. Me must make no Lye at de Confession.—Yes, truly, me have bin de ver great Rascal—but me receive de Bribe from him—dat is ver true. [*Points to Belrope.*]

1 *King.* When did you publish any true News, Sirrah? [*To Belrope.*]

Bel. Egh, sick, sick—not this forty Years.—Oh! it comes up very hard.

Bayes. Some Peoples Consciences fly in their Faces; I make this Fellow's now plague his Stomach; Men and Times alter strangely, Mr. *Smith*, and the Politicks of the Coffee-house out-do those of the Council clearly.

Smith. The Lyes that are vented there, indeed, do more Mischief in a Government than the Politicians generally do it good.

Bayes. Ay, you shall hear, this is, I think, drawn to the Life.—Come out with it *Belrope*.

2 *King.* No more Delays, Vermin, but if you expect Clemency, deserve it by Confession.

Bel. Oh! if you must have it upthen,—for the Quiet of my Conscience and Ease of my Stomach, I confess I was bred up in Knavery, and born, I believe, with a Lye in my Mouth; as soon as I could speak I told it—and as soon as I could write committed it to Paper.—I have slighted the Lords, slander'd the Commons, abus'd the City, banter'd the Country, affirm'd some to be Dead were that instant playing at Picket, and others alive that I saw just before put into their Graves.

In fine, my Joy has been this forty Years,

To set the World together by the Ears.

Oh! Mercy, Mercy, I beseech your Majesties.

Bayes. There's a Fellow for ye now.—Begad if that not a topping Character, as Times go, adieu to all Genitis ifaith.

Chant. Odso, the crowding Business in this Act has put you into a Heat, Mr. *Bayes*.

56 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

Bayes. Oh! sultry, sultry; I must unbutton my Wattle-coat.

John. 'Sdeath, I have been in a Bath these two Hours,—would these Kings would give Judgment, that the Court might break up.

1 *King.* Break up the Court, we'll think on what is said,
Oh, Brother, 'tis the Queen most plagues my Head;

2 *King.* And mine too, but we'll drink, and then to Bed.

[Belrope, Discip. and Tokay are carried off.

[*Exeunt Kings and Guards.*

Bayes. I told ye these Kings were to be admir'd for their Clemency, it has been the fine way of Writing for many Years; but come, after this Glut of serious Business 'tis fit to bring in some Diversion; now therefore you shall have the fourth Entertainment, some Humours of the Country: Come, strike up; the first is an amorous Shepherd declaring the Power of Beauty and Love.—Come, Sir.

Enter a Shepherd.

S O N G.

When Beauty will its Power pursue,
What cannot charming Woman do?
The Warrior must abate his Rage,
'Twill make his Sword quite lose its Edge:
'Twill make the Students slight their Rules;
'Twill make the Statesmen look like Fools:
The greatest Prince 'twill make a Slave;
The Niggard lavish, Coward brave:

Trajan's, Nero's,

Captives, Hero's,

All must truckle and come too,
When Beauty will its Power pursue.
What cannot charming Woman do,
When Beauty, &c.

Bayes. So, now comes in his Wife to do her part; I design'd this, you must know, as a true Model of Conjugal Affection; and to be sung by all new Brides and Bridegrooms at least the first Week, for fear they should not like the Tune on't afterwards.

Enter

Enter a Shepherdess.

Smith. Happily contriv'd, indeed.

John. Oh, wonderful! the marry'd Tribe will be much oblig'd to him.

Chant. Prithee let's hear——no carping beforehand.

SONG II.

I.

Chloris Since I my *Damon's* Passion know,
And he his constant *Chloris*;
To yonder Covert let us go,
Where *Zephyr's* Breezes gently blow,
And tell our Am'rous Stories:
The Thrush and Nightingale are there,
O'er Rosie Bed is near 'em,
Who Sing and Warble without Fear,
Rejoicing that we hear 'em.

II.

Damon. There, there the fragrant Woodbine grows,
The Jessamin sweet embracing;
The Orange and the Tubarose,
Of which a Chaplet I'll compose,
My eager Love expressing.
Close by, a Silver Spring do's rise,
And purling glide at Leisure;
There will I gaze on those fair Eyes,
'Till Sense is lost in Pleasure.

Bays Sings. 'Till Sense is lost, &c.——Ah! dear Creature, egad, I'm almost in Love with thee my self, [*Exeunt Singers.*] but only here are others coming, and so I'm forc'd to divide my Love between 'em.——Come, now enter *Cre-misa*, a Country Milk-maid, who sings a right Ballad in its natural Purity; 'tis of her Sister, and how she balk'd an amorous Knight, a Courtier, who most barbarously made an Attempt to get her Maidenhead.—Here's Variety for ye still, Gentlemen: Come, my Dear.

Enter

*The two Queens of Brentford: Or,**Enter a MILK-MAID.*

S I N G S.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring,
 The Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,
 Sate on the fresh green Hawthorn Bush;
 And jug, jug, jug, and twee, twee, twee,
 Most sweetly they did sing.

I.

All you that either hear or read,
 This Ditty is for your Delight;
 'Tis of a pretty Country Maid,
 And how she serv'd a Courtly Knight.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

II.

This Courtly Knight, when Fields were green,
 And Sol did genial Warmth inspire;
 A Farmer's Daughter late had seen,
 Whose Face had set his Heart on Fire.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring.

III.

Off to her Father's House he came,
 And kindly was receiv'd there still;
 The more be added to his Shame,
 Since only 'twas to gain his Will.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

IV.

One Evening then, amongst the rest,
 He came to visit this good Man;
 But needs must know where Clara was,
 And heard she was a Milking gone.
Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

BAYES no POETASTER.

V.

Then call'd he for his pamper'd Steed,
With Pistols at his Saddle Bow;
And to the Meadow rode with Speed,
Where she was milking of her Cow.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

VI.

Then down he lights, and ties his Horse,
And swore she must his Pain remove;
If not by fair Means, yet by Force,
Since he was dying for her Love.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

VII.

The pearly Tears, now trickling fall,
And from her fair bright Eyes do flow;
But that he heeded not at all,
But do's her strait the Pistols shew.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

VIII.

But first pull'd out a fine gay Purse,
Well lin'd within, as she might see;
And cry'd, before it happens worse,
Be wise, and take a golden Fee.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

IX.

Oh! keep your Purse, reply'd the Maid,
I will not take your golden Fee;
For well you hope to be repaid,
And greater Treasure take from me.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

Bayes. So, hold, hold; enough, enough;—I consider'd the Story, tho' 'tis altogether pleasant, would be too long, and perhaps pall the Audience, and so cunningly design'd the Conclusion for the next Act.

Smith.

60 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

Smith. Oh! why so, *Mr. Bayes*;—no, no, prithee let's have it out, I don't think it tedious at all.

Chant. Oh! out with it, by all means;—tedious, 'tis very novel and divertive.

Bayes. Nay, egad, I'll be upon sure Ground;—I'll have Leave of the Audience.—If they say ay, she shall proceed, not else,—I'll not be hiss'd at for being tedious, I'm resolv'd: What say ye, Gentlemen, shall she go on or no?

X.

A thund'ring Oath then out he sent,
That she should presently be Dead,
For were his Heart not eas'd, he meant
Point blank, to shoot her thro' the Head.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

XI.

Then making Haste to seize her went,
And laid the Fire Arms at her Feet;
Whilst *Clara* seeing his Intent,
Has no recourse to Aid but Wit.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

XII.

She feigns a Smile, and clinging close,
Cry'd out, I've now your Courage try'd;
You've met no simple Country Mouse,
My Dear, you shall be satisfy'd.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

XIII.

My Father takes me for a Saint,
Tho' weary of my Maiden Geer;
That I may give you full Content,
Pray look, Sir Knight, the Coast be clear.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flow'ry Spring, &c.

XIV. Look

XIV.

Look out, and see who comes and goes,
And you shall quickly have your Will,
For if my Father nothing knows,
Then I shall be a Maiden still.

Chorus. 'Twas in the, &c.

XV.

The witlefs Knight peeps o'er the Hedge,
As one well pleas'd with what he heard,
When she do's both the Pistols snatch,
And boldly stood upon her Guard.

Chorus. 'Twas in the, &c.

XVI.

Keep off, keep off, Sir Fool, she cry'd,
And from this Spot of Ground retire,
For if one Yard to me you stride;
By my fav'd Maidenhead I fire.

Chorus. 'Twas in the, &c.

XVII.

My Father once a Soldier was,
And Maids from Ravishers would free;
His Daughter too in such a Case,
Can shoot a Gun as well as he.

Chorus. 'Twas in the, &c.

XVIII.

For Sovereign too, when Foe invades,
Can on occasion bravely kill,
Not shoot like you at harmless Maids;
That won't obey your savage Will.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

XIX.

Who when the good old Man, whose Cheer,
Shew'd welcome, tho' of little Cost,
A Rape thought on his Daughter dear,
Most grateful way to pay your Host.

Chorus. 'Twas in the, &c.

XX. Go

XX.

Go home ye Fop, where Game's not dear;
And for half Crown a Doxey get,
But seek no more a Patridge here,
You cou'dn't keep, tho' in your Net.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

XXI.

At this the Knight look'd like a Mome,
He prays, he fues, yet vain was all;
She soon convey'd the Trophies home,
And hung up in her Father's Hall.

Chorus. 'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Bayes. Very well — thank'e Sweet-heart, 'tis a little of the longest — but the Relish and Story in't shall vie with all the Opera Trillo's in *Europe*, egad — Come, now the last Dialogue — And the Dance, and so end the Act.

Smith. Why, well said, thou spar'st no Pains, I must say that.

Bayes. I think so, this now expressing another sort of Accident relating to Country Matters — is the intended Plunder of a Cottage in time of War, and sav'd from the rough Officer, by the modest Virtue of two pretty Farmers Daughters, whom I make him fall in love with — Hey — call *Robin* the Serjeant agen — there — we must use him once more — oh come, Sir.

Enter OFFICER and SERJEANT, and three or four SOLDIERS.

Officer sings.

Draw out our Foot, and flank the Horse,
The Gates of that proud Building force;
And bid the Churl his Money bring,
Whose sordid Soul, as black as Ink,
Would never make a Soldier drink;
Nor do one generous thing.

Serj. At your Command you may be sure,
They instantly will do't,
And if come Files of Foot,
A Score of Men, or fewer,

Wet

Were order'd here, where now we are,
You'd find some Bags as full and fair,
And buxom Girls to boot.

Officers. This seems a Farmer's Grange.

Serj. 'Tis so.

Those Earthworms make the Money grow,

As ripe as Beans and Peas,

And tho' himself look like a Louse,

He has two Daughters in his House,

That shine as bright

As Stars by Night,

And quick and nimble as a Mouse;

Hop up and down like Fleas.

Officer. Stand, stand away—sure these are they.

Serj. Your Honour's Right—A Sorrel and a Bay.

[Daughters come in.

Another MOVEMENT, slow.

1 Daug. Be pleas'd, Sir, to draw near,

And taste our homely Beer.

We've Manchets just now bak'd,

And Chestnuts newly rak'd;

Stout Beer, the Bottles breaking,

And Syder, our own making—Stout Beer, &c.

Officer. Oh! for your Meat and Drink I think not on't;

There's something else, Sweetheart, I want.

2 Daug. Your Honour may love Fruit:

We'll bring ye that to boot.

A Peach that charms the Puller,

And Cherries your own Colour;

Fine Plums that might regale a Queen,

With Codlings too and Cream.

Officer. The prettiest Fools that e'er were seen

By Heaven, or else I Dream.

How my Heart pants—I must—and yet I'm loth.

[Aside,

Serj. A plague, why sure he won't attack 'em both.

Officer. Sweet—can you love—

1 Daug. Oh! yes, Sir, and afford a Bargain in't with
Honesty.

Officer. A simple, simple word.

'Tis out, quite out of Fashion [takes hold of the first, and
other pulls him away] Come, I long.

2 Daug. Pray, Sir, mind me, I'll sing ye a fine Song.

Another

*The two Queens of Brentford: Or,**Another MOVEMENT.*

There was a Soldier brave intrenching,
That Honour priz'd, not Gold, nor wenching,
Was still the foremost, never flinching.

Officer. Oh Transport! how this second Fires?
Come, then, will you comply with my Desires?
[To the second Daughter.

I grow impatient.

1 *Daug.* Pray, Sir, turn this way,
I sing a little too as one may say. [Takes hold
[of the second Daughter, and the first pulls him away.

Another MOVEMENT.

The Captain from the Temple led
His kind and charming Love,
And fairly got her Maidenhead,
As she did well approve.

Serj. They've fool'd him quite, I see it in his Face.
Officer. Sweet Innocence, how charming is thy Grace!
Lust now ebbs out, and Love flows in a-pace. }

Another MOVEMENT.

2 *Daug.* Remember Honour glorious;
'Twill make you still victorious;
Which Peace of Mind providing,
Is to Fame's Temple guiding.

1 *Daug.* If you would take occasion,
To plant a lawful Passion.

[Sings the same Tune.
What Charmer but would take ye,
And ever happy make ye.

Officer. I will; my Heart, by Love and Honour won,
So much admires thee now,
I'll plight a nuptial Vow,
And for your charming fakes will save the Town.

Another.

Draw off, my Boys, your Powers,
Obey, and dare not frown,
Great Honour will be yours,

Serjeant. But Profit will be none.

[Answering in the same Tune.

Serj.

Offic. and Women. } Great Honour will be yours,
By this brave Action done.

Serj. and Soldiers. } Great Profit would be ours,
If we were let alone.

Offic. and Women. } Great Honour will be yours,

Serj. and Women. } Great Profit would be ours.

Offic. and Women. } Great Honour will be yours,
By this brave Action done.

Serj. and Soldiers. } Great Profit would be ours,
If we were let alone.

Chorus of all. Great Honour, &c.

Bayes. Great Honour will be mine, whenever this is sung:
Gentlemen and Ladies, very well done, egad—and so your
most humble. [*Exeunt Singers*] Come, now a Dance of
Dragoons and Milkmaids, and so conclude—[*Dance here.*]
Look'e, I contriv'd this Song and Dance, to influence Vir-
tue and Integrity amongst the Soldiers: And 'tis a sort of a
mute Satyr, with instructive Hints, that instead of debauch-
ing the Country Lasses, as usual, they may reform and marry.

Enter FLEABITTEN.

Flea. Sir, There was a guilded Flask order'd me to act
my part with, and Mrs. ——— has taken it for her own Use;
so that without it I can't do my next poisoning Scene.

Bayes. Odso, I must go and manage that Affair.

[*Exeunt B. and Flea.*]

Smith. Let's go too—There may be some pleasant Scuffle
amongst the Women.

The End of the Fourth Act.

F

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter BAYES, and GENTLEMEN, as before.

Bayes.  OME, Gentlemen, now you shall have my t'other Walk, and so we'll conclude honourably; which Walk I must tell ye, before-hand, will cause some Alterations in your Tempers, for 'twill raise both Terroure and Pity, the two great Incidents of a good Tragedy.

John. Neither in me, I'll give my word before-hand.

Bayes. Oh! I'll venture it——Come, where's Mischief-plotter, where's *Thimblessa*?——The Flask of Poison I'm sure is order'd now. And *Fleabitten*—where's she now?—Oh here they are—pray speak.

Enter THIMBLESSA and FLEABITTEN.

Thimb. Like fullen Spider in his Web, that lies
Watching how he may catch and poison Flies:
So have I waited for this Interview.
You told me, when we lately eas'd our Bosoms,
Of a rare Drugg was given you by a Wizzard,
That would outdo ev'n *Hecate's* Composition,
To rid us from those Letts of hopeful Greatness,
And long'd for Love—give—give it me with Speed,
I long to be in Action.

Bayes. Blank Verse, observe, by way of Variety;

Flea. 'Tis forth coming—and of so mortal, and so fell
a Nature,

'Twill seise on all the innate Intellects,
As soon as taken down.

Thimb. Oonz—let me have it.

John. Oh rare *Maudlin*—Sure this Gentlewoman has taken
another sort of Dose—by her swearing.

Smith. She's in a plaguy Passion, you must suppose.

Chant.

Chant. Oh—Love and Ambition work in her like *Aquafortis*.

Bayes. Passion — why the subtle Creature has found out now, that the two Queens, as well as *Parthenope*, are in Love with her Prince. Zoons, would not that make one Swear? besides, you know, she's but of poor Extraction, a Sempstrefs.

Chant. Nay, then, she may swear as she pleases.

John. Oh—like any drunken Carter in *Thames-street*.

Thimb. Deliver me the hellish Cordial straight;
I'll do the Deed; this is the Hand of Fate:
Keep you the Secret close, we'll both be great.

[*Exeunt.*

Chant. Why these are two dreadful Creatures, indeed,
Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Hum — Why, Sir, it may be they are, and it may be they are not—Come, proceed.

Enter ARMORILLIS and PARTHENOPE.

Parth. Is *Prettiman* then false—Oh dismal Fate:

Arm. Are all my Hopes to be a Queen, too late?

[*Bayes mimicks 'em.*

Parth. I'm sick and tortur'd with the horrid News.

Arm. Ambition, Fever-like, my Life pursues.

Parth. Oh, that a Cordial some kind God would give!

Arm. A Crown's the only Cordial I would have.

Bayes. Plaguy restless, damnably uneasy, at the Turn of State: Here comes the two Queens—they're fall'n very sick too.

John. Of a Fever, Sir!

Bayes. A Fever, Sir, — O Lord! O Lord! there he is agen—D'ye hear, Gentlemen, the Devil take him, he puzzles me so, I don't know what I do or say.

Smith. Nay, prithee, *Johnson*, this is barbarous.

Chant. At the end of a Play, too, when Business comes on thick.

Bayes. No, let him go on, I shall have it again in spite of him. A Fever!—no, Sir, they are sick for fear of being be-headed; you may well think they're in some Danger.—Ha, ha, ha; poor Creature, he has quite forgot what's past.—Come, pray come in, Queens—and very sick, d'ye hear?

Enter QUEENS.

1 Queen. No Comfort yet, oh! who will be so kind
 To ease my fearful Sickness of the Mind?
 As th' tim'rous Hare that in the open Grounds
 Close in her Form, hears the ill-boding Hounds,
 So every Word brings Fear, and Fear my Breast furrounds. }
Bayes. And Fear my Breast furrounds—in Verse again.
 Sad, but smooth as the downy plumage Swans do wear.

*[Repeating.]**John.* Or Storm opposing Fur of *Russian* Bear.*Bayes.* Ay, what you will, Sir; what you will—go on.

Smith. } Ha, ha, ha.
Chant. }

2 Queen. Guilt's fulsom Diet do's my Stomach pall,
 And ah! to whom shall I for Succour call,
 That can with Cordial Skill my Pain assuage,
 And quell my Royal angry Husband's Rage?

Bayes. Now mind.*Enter THIMBLESSA with a Flask.*

Thim. They're here, and all, as to my Purpose, met
 Like Partridge-Covey, ready for the Net; } *[Aside.]*
 I come, great Queens, to pity your fall'n State. *[To them.]*

1 Queen. What News abroad?*2 Queen.* What says the Voice of Fate?

Thim. The King do's still persist in Rage and Hate;
 Sharp Knives, and Axes, and such Butcher's Words,
 Are all the Matter their Discourse affords.

1 Queen. I may well believe we are undone.*2 Queen.* There is, alas! no way for us but one.

Bayes. No way for us but one. *[Mimicking.]* Hold, hold,
 now supposing her self in fear of Execution, and resolving
 to suffer mildly, here must be a topping Simile.

Smith. Is that absolutely necessary, Sir?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, 'tis always counted a mighty Ornament;
 a noted Bard lately, at the end of an Act, to embellish the
 Work, made his Heroine compare her self to a Bull just go-
 ing to be knock'd o'th' Head.—Now mine here, I think,
 is a more soft and natural Fancy by much; for I compare
 my Queen, to shew her Humility, to a meek, lowly Coun-
 try Cook-maid, who is just designing to flick a Pig.

John. A Pig, that's lowly and condescending indeed.*Bayes.*

Bayes reads. Thus do's the tuneful Pig in *Fotis's* Arms.

Smith. The tuneful Pig !

Bayes. Ay, Sir, with Wick, Wick, Wick, deplore en-
suing Harms ;

Mouth stop'd, and Limbs extended snowy white,

Like tender Virgin on her Bridal Night ;

Yield to the Knife which thro' its Gullet goes,

Whilst gushing Purple down the Bowl exuberantly flows.

Ah, Gadzooks, match that Simile, Mr. Critick, if you can.

Smith. Nay, Faith, *Johnson*, here I think Mr. *Bayes* has
Nonplus'd ye.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bayes. Nonplus'd 'em, ha, ha, ha. — Come, go on.

Parth. But of the Princes what do's Fame relate ?

Thim. There's Gibbets rais'd for them at the Court Gate.

Bayes. A bloody Character hers. — You must know, as
these for Pity, so I made hers to cause Terror ; besides, be-
ing all her Rivals, the subtle Queen tells this Lye, that so by
driving 'em to Despair, she may make 'em readier for her
Revenge.

1 *Queen.* What's to be done ?

2 *Queen.* Since of all Hope bereft ?

Thim. Take Heart, oh Queens, some Comfort yet is left.

[*Shews the Flask,*

This happy Flask a Cordial Draught contains,

Compos'd to ease th' afflicted of their Pains :

Not *Gallick Nantz*, nor fam'd *Hibernian* Juice,

Nor what the noble *Clary* do's produce,

Can half so much revive. — Drink and don't spare,

It is the sovereign Antidote of Care. [*Gives it the 1st Queen.*

1 *Queen.* Thou'rt kind — I'll try — 'tis good.

[*Drinks and gives it the 2^d Queen.*

2 *Queen.* None better found. [*Drinks and gives it Arm.*

Arm. Most excellent.

[*Gives it Parthenope.*

Parth. Divine, — let it go round, [*All drink.*

Bayes. If this is not a barbarous Devil, I don't know
where you will find one. — This Scene too will make
some People be afraid of being too eager for a Dram of the
Bottle.

Thim. So, now to your Repose with Pleasure go,

[*Exeunt all but Thimblessa.*

What Comforts will attend, you soon will know.

'Tis done to my Wish, and I shall fear none of these Riva's
hereafter. — Now for my t'other Fool, *Fleabitten* ; to stop
her Tale-telling I'll go to the Kings and accuse her presentl y.

70 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

The Flask they have with 'em, which being known to be hers, will do her Business effectually. [Exit.]

Chant. Oh! this Catastrophe will be too bloody, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. This, nay there's more yet.—The Princes are to take the same Dose too.—Come, quick, Prince Volcius; pray, Sir, come and poyson your self.

Enter PRINCES.

P. Vol. What have they done, ye Gods! what is't I see!

P. Pret. Oh! dreadful Sight! dead my *Parthenope*!

[They go in and bring out the Flask.]

'Tis so, and done by this, of which I'm th' Cause.

P. Vol. Since too, we've lost the Crown, why do we Pause?

Ler's follow strait to the *Elisian* Shade.

P. Prett. Which was for all such wretched Lovers made.

[They drink and Exeunt.]

Smith. Oh! horrible.

Bayes. Nay prithee, dear *Smith*, have Patience: I know these tragick Actions must needs touch thee, as they will the rest of the Audience; but prithee let the Play conclude. I tell thee still thou hast not my Head.—Come, now draw the dead Scene there, and shew them all, and then enter the two Kings hastily.

Scene draws, and the two Queens, Prince Volcius, Prince Prettiman, Armorillis and Parthenope, appear sitting in Chairs all a-row, as dead.

So; now I'll be bold to say, this excels the most famous dead Scene that ever was shewn in Tragedy.

Enter Kings, with THIMBLESSA and FLEABITTEN guarded.

1 King. Oh! baleful Sight; oh! wretched Royalty,
That cannot this amend, and yet can see.

2 King. We were resolv'd Love shou'd again take place,
And all be pardon'd by an Act of Grace.

1 King. Faithful *Thimblessa*, thy Preferment shall
Equal thy Loyalty, which we extol.

2 King.

2 *King*. But for this bloody Trait'ress——let her feel
The sharpest Pangs on the tormenting Wheel.

Flea. Barbarian! will you serve me thus? [*To Thimbleffa*,

Thim. Yes, Fool,——

'Tis just, I always us'd ye as my Tool:

Like modern Wits that deal in Policy,

Us'd for a Turn a while, and then thrown by:

Lay hold, and bind her. [*The Guards are going to bind her*.

Flea. Nay then, I'll play my Card.

Kings—they are all alive, take off your Guard.

Both *Kings*. Alive,——how can that be?

Smith. Ay, how indeed?

I'm sure we saw 'em poyson themselves fairly,

John. Ay, and they must be dead too, what a Pox!

Bayes. Oh! you shall see that presently.——D'ye hear, all
of ye, are ye dead or no?

Omnes. No, no.

Bayes. Look'e there, I hope you'll take their Words.

Chant. Well; but how is this natural, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; I have told ye agen and agen, that
the Audience, as well as your selves, shall always be sur-
priz'd with my Plots; so what you think will end one way,
I ever design another: And this, Sir, I affirm, no Poet
breathing has Wit enough to do but my self.

Smith. Ay, but a little plainer, pray, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Why then plainly, you must know, Sir, that this
Fleabitten, a better Head-piece than t'other, and a great deal
honest, finding the vicious and vindictive Nature of *Thim-*
bleffa, resolv'd to try her by a piece of Cunning; and so told
her she had that mortal Poyson, already mention'd, which
she, wanting it to dispatch her Rivals, greedily begs, and t'o-
ther as readily seems to grant, but instead of it only gives her
a Flask fill'd with Sack, with an Opiate in't, which in few
Minutes would lose its quality, and render 'em as well as
ever.——And now, pray, Sir, have you my Head or no?—
Ha, ha, ha.——Go on, dear *Fleabitten*.

Smith. This is better than I expected, *Johnson*.

Flea. Within ten Minutes she my Guilt shall clear, and
prove who did the Deed.

Kings. Then seize on her. [*Guards go to seize her, and*
[*she turns mad and raves*.

Thim. Burn, burn my Chariot.

Bayes. See, see another Turn, her Guilt has crack'd her
Brain, and she runs mad o'th' sudden.

72 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

Thim. Burn, burn my Chariot, I am *Phaeton*,
I guide the flaming Horses of the Sun;
Or rather, I'm his Spouse—*Cynthia* the Moon:
The Stars are all my Pages, see how they glitter,
Each in his Golden Coat made up of Atoms.
Their Food Coffee-Berries scorch'd by Lightning,
That burns the Souls of Monarchs into Crust;
Mingling in melted Vows instead of Water.
You Kings are my Gallants.—Come let's to bed;
But you're so old—you cough, and snore, and spit.
Royalty's rotten.—Give me sound Heart of Oak.

[*Looking on P. Prettiman.*
I shake your Leaves off. [*Shakes 'em.*] But there's a Pine, hah.
Oh, ye Gods!—he's crooked, grow straight, for Shame;
stand firmly like a Cedar—I heard him breathe, he plays Dog-
sleep to balk me.—If so, I'll dive and get a Lobster's Claw,
alive I'll get one; and so pinch his Nose, I'll make him roar
'till he leave off dissembling.—Ha, ha, ha, ha, he's mount-
ing, and Vapour like, see he's exhal'd on high:—I'll follow
and pursue him through the Sky.

Ride on a Whirlwind, make proud *Jove* obey:

I come, I come, ye Clods of Earth, give way.

[*Rushes thro' the Guards, throws some down and Exit.*
Bayes. Oh! rarely acted, finely perform'd, egad, Mrs.—
This, Gentlemen, is a Trick, you must know, often us'd by
some very great Authors; who when they don't know what
to do with a Character in their Plays, they make it, to amuse
the Audience, run stark mad; which do's the Business rare-
ly.—But now for their Majesties Act of Grace in Conclufi-
on, and then all shall end merrily.

John. So, that's well.

1-King. If Goddess *Juno* would my Spouse restore,
I would forgive, and doat on her once more. }

2 King. And I be fonder than I was before. }

1 King. These Princes, tho' disloyal, pardon too,
And in a friendly Dance new Joys pursue.

Flea. Sound Musick there, see, they begin to wake.

*The Tune of a Dance is plaid, the first Queen yawns, rises
slowly up, makes a Curtesy, and takes the first King, who
smiling kisses it.*

1 Queen. A Dance—nay then this Hand I humbly take.

2 Queen. I this, and hope I shall Atonement make.

[*Takes the second King's Hand.*
P. Vol.

P. Vol. Then this is mine.

[Takes Armorrillis.

Arm. This mine.

P. Pret. This mine.

[Takes Parthenope.

Parth. This mine.

Omnes. And all with Thanks in the Diversion join.

Here they all Dance with hugging and kissing, inspir'd by Cupid and Venus descending from the Clouds.

Bayes. Now here's the finest Dance in the World—
There's for ye now, egad, I can't forbear saluting 'em my
self in this Dance; and to make 'em finish the Play in Joy
and Peace, is beyond all other Conclusions in the World,
I think.

John. Be the rest of the Play what it will, the Conclu-
sion of it, by *Jove*, is good.—Hark'e, Friend, [To a Scene-
keeper.] prithee try if thou can'st get me a Dram of some-
thing.

Smith. I can't conclude sure 'till that Gentlewoman
[Fleabitten] is rewarded.

Chant. Ay, that indeed must be thought on, and then all's
in order.

Bayes. Why then she shall be rewarded, Sir, if you'll have
Patience. The Queens, you see, are just going to comple-
ment her; look'e there, [The Queens go and make Curtesies,
and Whisper Fleabitten.] she's happier than the Poet is, she's
to have a considerable Place at Court.

John. What, without being sent to learn *Spanish*?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, without being sent to learn *Spanish*, good
Mr. Biter; are you let into that Secret! — Well, thus far
I think we are right.—Now for the last vocal Entertainment,
and then you're welcome, Gentlemen.

John. Egad, the Entertainment must stay for me, my Sto-
mach wambles so, I must go and look after my Dram.

Smith. Why Faith, I think a Dram, as he says, will be
no false *Latin*, and then we'll come and hear the Conclu-
sion.

Bayes. Let 'em go, the Jest is coming to Discovery. [Exit
Johnson and Smith] And now we are alone, my Friend, I
give ye Thanks for your Share in't.

Chant. I think I han't been wanting to humour Matters as
you order'd me; and if your comical Action, lately rehears'd,
has been a Bite upon our Criticks, Smith and Johnson yon-
der, but especially the last, I shall find my self very well di-
verted with the Pleasure of turning the Jest upon him; not
only

only by shewing your superior Talent of Understanding, which he now very much doubts; but also by their finding the *Drama* here, which he has all along ridicul'd, to be essentially proper in its self, and writ on purpose in this manner for the Town's Diversion.

Bayes. The ill Nature of Criticism is grown to so monstrous a Degree, and the Wits of that kind are so plung'd in their own Self-opinions, that for the mere sake of condemning a whole Piece, they shall negligently overlook several Beauties in it that deserve Applause; of this inveterate kind is *Johnson*, whom, by ridiculing my self in Action, I and my Piece here have banter'd all this while; and who, for all his boasted Learning and Judgment, do's not enter into the Merit of my Cause.

Chant. There lies the Marrow of the Jest, I shall laugh at him egregiously when we bring him to own his Mistake; I have lent him the Book you gave me, your Remarks on human Learning.

Bayes. I heard so, and that it has the Luck even to controul his Criticism, for they say he commends it to the Skies.

Chant. He's ravish'd with't, calls it, The Wonderful;—swears *Aristotle* and *Pliny* were mere Dunces to the Author of that, which makes our Design the more pleasant still.

Bayes. Through all my Piece, hitherto, it has seem'd a Banter upon Poets and Poetry; now 'tis high time to let the Satyr turn upon the Criticks, and by proving the subject Matter only spurious, shew the Excellence of that charming Mystery, and curb the Rashness of those who suppose themselves Judges of Wit and Writings, and yet in reality come very short of the Matter: But here they are again,—now for the Musick, and then we shall hear the Sentence.—Come, Gentlemen.

Enter JOHNSON and SMITH.

And now to entertain you, Sir, particularly, [*To Johnson.*] I have contriv'd another Opera Rarity. It has always been a great Beauty in 'em to get a Lyon, or a Bear in, to put one of the chief Actors in Distress; who being very outrageous upon the poor Fellow that was cover'd in the Monster's Shape, and to shew his extreme Valour, has often beat and bruised him most unmercifully. Now to shew a little more Decency, and save the Scene-keeper, who generally

nerally had not above half a Crown a time for having his Bones broke, I have contriv'd something, for I confess I would have a Lyon if possible.

Smith. Oh! nothing more natural in an Opera than a Lyon, Mr. Bayes.

John. Ay, or the Creature that goes about with long Ears would do very well.

Chant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bayes. Well, well, for all that, this is purposely presented to your Parts, Faith, Mr. *Johnson*. Now my Contrivance is this,—I bring my Hero, who must be a fine Singer, you must know, upon the Stage; the seeming Lyon attacks him;—but here's the Turn now—the Opposer is only a *Scotch* Conjuror, or Magician, who puts himself into a Lyon's Shape to destroy the Hero, who is one of King *George's* Officers, and was singing in a Wood near the Camp there; but hearing his melodious and delicate *Trillo*, is so charm'd, that after two or three Flourishes and slight Buffets receiv'd, he sings the Bass part in a Dialogue with him, and afterwards a *Scotch* Song; where giving him the Victory, he saves the Breath of the one, and the Bones of the other—Ha, ha, ha.

Smith. Admirably well contriv'd, Sir.

Bayes. Well, if you like it, Gentlemen, I'll crowd it somewhere amongst the rest. Come, enter Hero, his Sword drawn for the Combat, and let the Lyon be ready to answer and sing the *Scotch* Song.

Enter Hero and Lyon.

Hero sings in Recitative.

Alas, alas, alas, what ails me,
Methinks my Strength and Courage fails me;

'Tis so, and if Fate don't restore me,

This horrid Monster may devour me:

Yet I've a Musick Spell, a *Sybil* gave me,

Is Sovereign, and perhaps may save me.

Air. Oh! Musick that with moving Art,
Inspires the Brain and charms the Heart,
In gentle Numbers now infuse
Such Strains to the harmonious Muse,
As may with Joy to Mortals shew
All they can prove Divine below.

Lyon

Lyon sings in Recitative.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, I've lost all Power.

Bayes. Egad, so methinks; is that like the roar of a Lyon, Sir? You should roar out, Oh, oh, as if you were to be heard all over the Forest.—Prithee, *Jack* what d'ye call'm, do't agen, for Shame.

Lyon. Oh, oh, oh, oh, I've lost all Power,
My Charm's out-done, and at this Hour
I cannot leap, nor lash, nor roar.

Hero. What art thou, in the name of Wonder,
With Lyon Shape, and Voice of Thunder?
Some grand Inchanter's Fiend, or what;
A Beast, a Devil, or a *Scot*?

Lyon. Hear but my Air
All will appear.

Sings a Scotch Song.

I.

Ise a *Highland Laddy*,
Muckle, stout and bold,
As e'er wore a Pladdy
Wrapping from the Cold.
A rank Union hater,
Which did us nea Gud,
And to root that Matter,
Woons Ise lease my Blood.

II.

Daddy dealt in Charming,
We'll he'd cure the Itch;
Weather too make storming,
Mammy was a Witch:
Fra these twa gud People
Came my Conj'ring Skill;
I can fire a Steeple,
Or can raise the De'el.

III. Of

III.

Oft my ſel transforming
To ſmaw Beaſt or large;
I abroad am harming,
Aw that love King George.
But your Charm is ſtronger
By a high Degree,
I can roar no longer,
You have conquer'd me.

Hero in Recitative.

Victoria, Victoria; vive le Roy, vive le Roy; Victoria.

Since Fate alone this Deed has done,
I muſt Affairs to Orders bring;
And with the King's vile Enemies,
That ever dare againſt him riſe
All ty'd in ſuch a String.

[Fetches a Cord and puts about the Lyon's Neck.]

Air. Juſt as my Muſick conquer'd thee,
So will the King each Enemy,
'Twill be but vain oppoſing:
Ye ragged *Loons* that won't obey,
And have in Hopes a ſmiling Day,
'Ware, 'ware the fatal cloſing.

[Leads out the Lyon by the Halter.]

Bayes. So, ſo; why there's the Lyon conquer'd now, and the Ladies not frighted at all with a bloody Battle. The reſt of the Entertainment, Gentlemen, are three ſeveral ſorts of Humouriſts that make their Court to a Lady; who is ſo modeſt ſhe receives all with Indifference. The firſt is an honeſt jolly Country Gentleman, that ſhe refuſes for Topping, and who reſolves not to leave his Bottle for any Beauty in Chriſtendom.

Enter Gentlemen.

SONG *here.*

I.

When I viſit proud *Celia* juſt come from my Glaſs,
She tells me I'm fluſter'd, and look like an Aſs;

When

The two Queens of Brentford: Or,

When I mean of my Passion to put her in mind,
She bids me leave drinking, or she'll ne'er be kind.
That she's charmingly handsome, I very well know,
And so is my Bottle, each Brimmer so too;
And to leave my Soul's Joy, oh, 'tis Nonsense to ask,
Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil, bring t'other half
Flask.

II.

Had she tax'd me with Gaming, and bad me forbear,
'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an Ear.
Had she found out my *Cloris*, up three pair of Stairs,
I had balk'd her, and gone to St. James's to Prayers.
Had she bad me read Homilies three times a Day,
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say.
But at Night to deny me my Flask of dear Red,
Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil, there's no more
to be said.

Smith. Ha, ha, ha, — This is a very jolly Fellow indeed.

Bayes. Well, now, Gentlemen, you shall see the Lady
and her most favour'd Gallant, who is a little upon the
Grumble—You shall hear. Come, Courtier like, a fine Air
now.

Enter well Drest Gentleman and Lady.

I.

He sings. 'Tis not a Kiss, or gentle Squeeze;
A Complement or smiling Eye,
That can my anxious Bosom ease,
Or quell the Flame that soars so high.
Each welcome Favour giving Hope,
Dear *Celia* rais'd my Joys at first;
But stinted is but like a Drop,
That's giv'n to one who dies with Thirst:

II.

Fool'd *Tantalus* in Days of old,
Had greatest Torment for his Sin,
Forbid to taste, yet still behold;
The Fruit was bobbing at his Chin.

Such luscious Plums and Grapes I view,
 Whilst all by me are highly priz'd,
 Can you a Guest invited too,
 Think fit should be so tantaliz'd?

III.

Who lets his Friend but only sip
 His Wine, is Niggard of his Store,
 So tho' I taste your rosie Lip,
 'Tis nothing if you grant no more.
 With Fragments some the Stomach please,
 And small Repast the Humour fits,
 But Love's a Lord of noble Race,
 And cannot dine on Scraps and Bits.

Bayes. Well said, you see he deals like a Man of Honour, he tells her his Mind—But now you shall hear what the Lady says.

Smith. Ay that, pray, Sir.

I.

Lady sings. When your Passion,
 On small Occasion,
 Or Inclination,
 Your Humour fires;
 Straight 'twill cause ye,
 To grow more lawcy,
 If e'er we cross ye,
 In vain Desires.

But we are not
 Such Fools, we dare not,
 And therefore fear not,
 Your Tricks to tell:
 Let it grieve ye,
 We must deceive ye,
 An Inch to give ye,
 You'll take an Ell.

II. IF

II.

If our Favours,
Of Kindness favours,
Your warm Behaviours
Soon shews ye rude:

If but civil,
It works our Evil,
For like the Devil,
We're still pursued.

Or if lending
A part pretending,

'Twill soon be ending;
In Friendship small:

You're such Creatures,
Such Virgin Haters,
'Tis in your Natures,
To plunder all.

Bayes. There, there; ha, ha, ha, I think she has given him his own agen—with Interest, egad.

Chant. She's even with him—indeed, Sir, that must be owned.

John. Ay, very well, so this is the last, is it?

Bayes. No, Sir, not yet—The Lady is not so ill lov'd—but there's a mad Fool that follows her, amongst the rest,—And now prepare your selves—for I intend to shew the very Quintessence of Humour that can be in Song—Come, dear, dear, Mr. a—Enter, and as mad as a March Hare, be sure.

Enter Madman.

Sings. From deep *Avernus*, which some call the Grave,
Blasted with Care and Pain,
By scornful Beauty slain,
O'er *Lethe's* Flood, and many a horrid Wave,
I now ascend to Plains of Light again.
I'll mount where the Celestial Signs
Are all in lofty Skies appearing,
Where Musick every Sphere refines,
And makes it worth *Apollo's* hearing.

The Fate of Tyranny.

51

Can be my dear ;
I've rang'd, I've fought her, far and near !
My Flames can tell,
She's not in Hell,
And too Divine,
On Earth to shine :

No, no, 'tis so, she must be there.
And see where *Berenice* is frowning,
Her brown dishevel'd Locks disowning ;
When she displays her Silver Hair,
And whilst her Brow's divinely fair,
Bright *Ariadne* too is crowning,
She sits in State, in *Cassiopea's* Chair.
Oh, help, ye Powers, that Lovers sway,
Help, help, some lovesick God ;
Her lovely Bosom shews the milky way,
And we can never, never miss the Road.

The Giants of old,
Made with Deities bold,
Set Hills upon Hills,
By their Force and their Skills :
My Zeal is as strong,
And I'll do so e'er long,
On high *Penmen-mawr*,
Raise like *Babel* a Tower.

But if human Art, cannot add to my Force,
I'll fly like a Dove, by a far better Course ;
For my Friends the mad Muses will lend me their
Horse.

But if, &c.

Bayes. Ah, mighty, mighty, — well, my dear Friend,
go, go, prithee make hast in, and get one of the young Girls
to rub ye down, for thou art in a plaguy Sweat, I find ;
go, go. Well, Gentlemen, what say ye, is not this conclu-
sion fine ?

[Exit Madman.]

Chant. Very entertaining, certainly, Mr. *Bayes*.

Smith. Ay, ay, — the Songs are all, no doubt on't, very
well.

Bayes. And now, pray, Sir, your Judgment of the whole
candidly.

John. Why, Sir, as to the Musical part, I have little to carp
at ; but if you ask my Opinion candidly of the whole, I must
be so free to tell ye, — that you design some Scenes here for
serious Tragedy, that are strange stuff to me.

32 *The two Queens of Brentford: Or,*

Smith. There wants, indeed, a little Elevation, *Mr. Bayes*,
Ha, ha, ha.

Bayes. Bite: Ha, ha, ha, faith, you shall give me leave
now, Sir, to laugh in my turn; Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Chant. And I too, faith,—Ha, ha, ha, ha,—for with your
Severity's Leave, my Friend Critick, he can shew very sound
Reasons for what is past: And I have been all along con-
cern'd in the Secret, to put the Trick upon ye, and brought
ye hither this Morning for that Design. In short, the piece
was writ thus humourously on purpose; and what you sup-
pos'd intended serious Tragedy was done in ridicule to ban-
ter the Criticks; so faith *Johnson* your censorious Sword has
had no edge to wound any thing here, if you consider wise-
ly of the matter.

John. Nay, if 'tis really so, I confess *Smith* and I are
both banter'd; but however, I can't help saying, a Poet for
this sort of writing cannot be preferr'd by me; if he could
come up to such a thing as this now [*pulls out a Book*]
Remarks on human Learning, if he could write such a Book
instead of Criticising, I should adore him.

Chant. Why then to confound that inveterate Humour of
thine, all at once know, that this individual Person is the
very worthy Author of that Book you value so, and now I
hope you will knock under.

John. Why art thou in earnest— Did you write this Book,
Sir? —

Bayes. If it could speak, Sir, I believe it would answer in
the affirmative.

John. Why then, Sir, with much Veneration, and more
Shame, for my Mistake of you and your Writings, I hum-
beg your Pardon; and for your sake resolve hereafter to
judge of Authors, and each particular Genius, with more
Candor than formerly. And, Sir, to make some amends, I
do also confess, that there is a natural Self-Conceit, in most
that would be thought Criticks, that infinitely sway above
their Design of doing Justice, which has made me disallow
several sprightly Thoughts and Fancies, especially in your
vocal Part: To conclude, I am now of another Opinion,
and shall be proud of your instructive Conversation.

Smith. And I, Sir; you having now ingeniously taught
us to acknowledge that we have been severe upon our selves,
not you all this while, and only begging your comical Epi-
logue, which you gave us a hint of, we desire to begin a
strict Obligation of Friendship over a Bottle.

Bayes. With all my Heart, Gentlemen.

Chant.

Chant. Then, *Johnson*, you can't help confessing the Musical Part here is well enough?

John. Yes, for *English*, but I could not help thinking it was not elevate, like the *Indian* Artists: Oh! one *Scrappick Trillo* of the Signiors. I like th' insipid Town Thought beyond—

Chant. Beyond all the good Sense in the World, Hah!

Bayes. Now, Gentlemen, you must know, that this Epilogue has a Whim in't, as well as the Prologue, it is a Triologue, and to be perform'd between *Sol*, *Rain*, and *Boreas*.

Smith. Oh! for Heaven's sake let's have it.

Bayes. On Condition that you will henceforth be reconcil'd to Plays and Stage-Poetry, you shall—always considering the Design is for specular Instruction, as I could shew you in a Piece of my own; but since that looks like Vanity, I will borrow a Piece of a Country Friend of my Acquaintance, and conclude with a Parallel.

A Country Lass, for such was she here,
(In th' City may be Stuts as well as there)
Kept clean her Hands, for those being always seen,
Had told her else how fluttish she had been.
But for her Face, 'twas dirty as the Stall
Of a Fishmonger, or a Usurer's Hall.
Begrin'd with Filth, that you might boldly say
She was a true Piece of *Prometheus's* Clay.
At last within a Pail, for Country Lasses
Have oftentimes no other Looking-glasses,
She saw her dirty Face, and fain she would
Have blush'd, if thro' so much Dirt she could:
Yet straight within that Water—that I say,
That shew'd the Dirt—the wash'd the Dirt away:
So, Comedy, as Poets do intend 'em,
Serve first to shew your Faults, and then to mend 'em.

The End of the Musical Opera.



The EPILOGUE

Spoken by Actors brought in by *Bayes*.

The EPILOGUE is a TRIALOGUE, and spoken by three Figures, in Poetical Dresses; the one Representing the Sun, the second Pluvia, or Rain, and the third Borcas, or the North Wind; who now, as in a fit of Raillery, expose worldly Hamours, and mimick a subtle Money-Game, or Trick, play'd in City Management; where People of all Degrees, who expected the Benefit of wonderful Rise of Stock, are disappointed. The Comical Names they now take, are MISSISSIPPI, DIRECTIUS, and BUBBLE. MISSISSIPPI begins.

Mississ.



Like the Sun,

Bright Beams put on;

And with Scotch Sense,

Got golden Pence

From forward-Fools that would believe me.

I spread my Rays,

Dazled their Eyes,

And tho' some gaz'd

To hear my Lyes,

I did the Rich and Poor surprize,

And no Plot-Juggler rose to grieve me.

Direct.

The EPILOGUE

[89]

Direct. Near the Exchange, where Traders gain,
I fluently began to rain,

And making full round Drops appear,

Sprinkled both *Whig* and *Tory* there.

I would not let *Scotch* Wit out-do me.

The Men at Court, tho' proud and great,

Were bubbled by my Money Cheat;

The grave Law-makers too with Pain

Went dangling in my growing Rain,

I made 'em think they all should gain

Vast Heaps if they'd pursue me.

Bubble. To make this City Chauce to grow,

And trick the Globe, as Time did shew;

I, like *North* Gust, did silly blow;

Sword Blades and Copper I'd maintain

I mingled with the Sun and Rain,

And strove by Law to make things plain;

Tork-Buildings, Fishing, many a Bubble

I manag'd well, and gain'd each Day, without much Pain
or Trouble.

Mississ. But oh! the Drowth of sultry Days.

Direct. But oh! the Floods when Rain essays.

Bubble. But oh! the Blasts when *Boreas* sways.

Mississ. I with my Radiance lull'd the P——s,

I Dissipated all their Fears;

Made *French* Crowns pass, tho' wanting Weight,

Made Plots t' involve the K——g and State,

And grew my self confounded great.

Direct. I found ye soon,

Ye bonny Loon,

And knew our *Change* Fools were in Tune;

To manage Matters in your way,

If Money Cheats could come in play,

I therefore study'd the S——Sea:

Brought Fops in first for three Pound ten,

That did not dare to pass for Men;

Soon after ten Pound, or a Score,

Which doubled Weekly as much more;

Till the Increase did so command,

I drain'd up all the Money in the Land.

This by my Showers and Rain was done,

Which gain'd me still a vast Renown.

Bubble. When Sun did glare, and Rain did flow,

Then backward I began to blow;

[G 3]

The

The Coffee-houses cram'd were seen,
 With Bubbles of all Sorts brought in;
 So great was still, so mighty then their Avarice and Folly,
 The common Ideots slighted were,
 The Brokers were employ'd so far,
 The Garter and the blazing Star
 Made posting haste to crowd *Change-Alley*.

Mississ. But late with spreading such warm Beams,
 And getting Gold by vile Extremes,
 Tho' I regal'd the Regency,
 And made the K—— as blind as he;
 Some Rabble would explode the Cause
 To know what *Mississippi* was,
 And whether having paid their Money,
 That five Years hence they should have any.
 This cursed boggle broke my State,
 'Twas first call'd Trick, and then a Cheat;
 The Mob began to gather Stones,
 And I to save my harraisd Bones,
 Finding the Persecution hard,
 Got leave at Court to have a Guard;
 And in the Palace shone once more,
 But not so dazzling as before.

Direct. You've now, dear Father of the Skies,
 Related my Calamities;
 For as your *Mississippi's* gone,
 So S—— Sea Stock no more comes on;
 I wisely flow'd; and gently rain'd,
 Nine hundred once my Mart maintain'd;
 But when a Thousand I would force
 The Gray Mare prov'd the better Horse;
 The Money-trick no more would do,
 And down it fell to one or two,
 And made more busy Ideots mad
 Than ever *Moor-Fields Bedlam* had.
 You say at Court your State you hide,
 I there must too my Person guide;
 Lest some in pieces hew my Fate
 Whom I have chous'd of an Estate;
 Some Bubbles great turn'd out of Doors,
 That in our Stock, have spent their Stores,
 Have all resolv'd to launch my Pores.
 Five Millions have been dipt, they cry,
 Tho' some o'th' Wife say that's a Lye;

The EPILOGUE

[87]

For seven there scarce is in the Nation,
So that's th' effect of Reprobation :
But when the S——re fits, if thole
That bear my Title are prov'd Foes,
And for nought bad, if they should take
The Humour to call Bullion back,
Best way to save our being undone
Is to consider where to run ;
For the Stock's heat is now to cool,
Who scap'd is Wife, who's dipt a——

Bubble. I'm glad, by Heaven, since 'tis so,
That we were snubb'd so long ago ;
My Breezings now can't please a Friend,
I fizzle such small puffs of Wind :
I cannot bring my Tricks to pass,
Of Chalk, or Horn, or crimson Glass ;
Our modern Plots are open laid,
We've chous'd the P——s, and ruin'd Trade.
Search all the Cheats of foreign Nations
That have been prone to cause Vexations,
If ever one was so notorious,
I'll give ye leave to hang up *Boreas* ;
So I'll sneak off this very Hour
Before the C——s shew the Power.

Mississ. Sol too, no more shall dazzle gay,
Nor shine the *Mississippi* way ;
I'll make no Wheedles pass for Beams,
Nor scorch the *Grandees* of *St. James* ;
Nor shew my Effigies with grace,
As, Brother, yours at *Guilford* was.

Direct. 'Tis true, with vile Subscriptions ty'd
My Shape was late there dignify'd,
And, on my Soul, had I my Due,
And Cullies would Revenge pursue,
My Corps would be suspended too :
Therefore, dear Friends, away I'll go,
In some Land foreign rain and flow,
I've Heaps of Gold—got you know how.

Bubble. The K——g's expected every Day,
But I'll not for a Pardon stay,
For I've deserv'd as much as they ;
And tho' we qualify'd our Case,
They know our Cheat's too rank to pass,
And for our Rout an Order was.

The EPILOGUE

Mississ. And now to th' *Mississippi* Sphere,
I'll post to *France*, no more mine here,
Lest *Wilson's* dreadful Ghost appear.
Bubble. Since bubble Trifles sink so low
My Blasts shall here no longer blow :
Direct. Nor shall my fruitful Showers of Rain
Change-Alley cheer, my Case is plain ;
The S——te sits, my Tribe must run,
And here the *Triologue* is done
'Twixt *PLUVIA*, *BOREAS*, and the *SUN*.

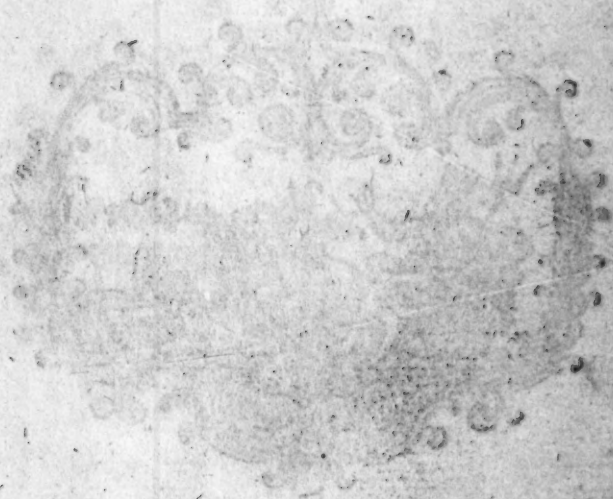
THE
GRECIAN HEROINE:
OR, THE
FATE of TYRANNY.
A
TRAGEDY,
Written 1718.



LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHETWOOD, at *Cato's*
Head in *Russel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*. 1721.

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Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

- ARISTANDER, Tyrant of CORINTH.
- TIMOLEON, { A Noble Lord; late Governour of
ÆTOLIA, and General under King
DEMETRIUS, Chief of the ELLIEN
Faction opposing ARISTANDER.
- DAMOCLES, { Captain of the Guards, and Favourite
to ARISTANDER—A Villain.
- DEMETRIUS, { A Prince of the Blood Royal of CO-
RINTH, sav'd in his Infancy by the
Queen, from the Tyrant's Cruelty
of the ELLIEN Faction, and often
consulting with 'em in Disguise, un-
der the Name of GRIMOALD, in
Love with CLORONA.
- POLLIDAMUS, { An honest Lord, Favourer of the EL-
LIEN Party.
- GOMOND, { A Noble Collonel, formerly under
TIMOLEON, and Friend to DEME-
TRIUS.
- ZIZIMO, { An honest Captain and Friend also to
DEMETRIUS.
- CILON, A Fop, Courtier, and Parasite.
- CLINDOR, { Sonto TIMOLEON, and BELIZARIA,
a Child of seven Years old.
- LONGIN,
BILBOE, { Serjeant and Corporal in the ELLIEN
Faction against the Tyrant.

WOMEN.

GILMUNDA, { Eldest Daughter to **ARISTANDER**,
Proud and Vicious.

AMIDEA, { Her Sister, Pious, Mild, and Virtuous,
both in Love with **DEMETRIUS**.

BELIZARIA, { Wife to **TIMOLEON**, the **GRECIAN**
HEROINE.

CLORONA, { Mute— Daughter to **TIMOLEON**
by a former Wife.

HELMIGE, Wife to **POLLIDAMUS**.

Several other Ladies, Priestesses of **BACCHUS**, Soldiers,
Masquers and Attendants.

The **SCENE, CORINTH.**



THE



THE
GRECIAN HEROINE;
OR, THE
FATE of TYRANNY.
A
TRAGEDY.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to a Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS in Disguise, his Sword drawn, and
GOMOND following.

Demet.



E awful Powers, must I then bear this
Villainy?

Behold, my Love, the Fair, the chaste
Clorona,

Barbarously murder'd thus, before my
Face,

Yet leave her unreveng'd?

[Raging.

Gomond.

Gomond. There is no Remedy.
 The Monster now, heading the Tyrant's Guards,
 Has sent for more, to back his Homicide:
 Whole Troops will straight be here; and now this Moment
 Some of his Creatures search through all the Rooms,
 Expecting vast Reward for taking *Grimoald*;
 The Name that you have given your Disguise:
 When you hold Council with the *Ellien* Party,
 Opprest by this fell Tyrant *Aristander*,
 If then, my Lord, instead of the false *Grimoald*,
 They find the true *Demetrius*; not you only,
 But we, the Cause, and all, are lost for ever.

[*Enter Pollidamus.*

Demet. My Eyeballs start, my Brain and Heart's on Fire,
 When I but think—Oh execrable Dog!
 To bath his brutish Phangs in that fair Bosom,
 The Angels might mistake for Paradise,
 And miss no part of their expected Happiness;
 Death, and Confusion, I'll go back and kill him,
 In th' midst of all his Hellhounds!

Pollid. Angels guard us!—What can this mean?

Gomond. Delay but of one Minute.

Sinks all your Friends into perpetual Ruin,
 And loses you irrevocably—for Heavens sake consider!
 And, gracious Prince, as ever wretched *Corinth*,
 And th' few of the old Strain were tender to ye,
 Recal your Patience; fly, and save your self.

Demet. Oh bloody, murd'rous Villain!—Oh, my *Clorona*!

Gomond. The Princesses Apartment is the nearest
 Shelter at Hand, there you have Interest;
 Not a word more as you prize all our Lives.

Demet. Give me Revenge, ye Powers,—or take this Trifle
 back;

Blow off this Bubble; 'tis not worth my Care. [*Exit.*

Pollid. Some strange Mischance, sure! what's the matter,
 Collonel?

Why is the Prince thus hurried?

Gomond. Whence come you, good my Lord,
 That you are ignorant of a dreadful Accident,
 Horrid enough to fright the Universe,
 And make all Nature's numerous Offspring tremble?

Pollid. From a lone Grotto, where I have been reading
 Some Passages, in the calm Halcyon Days
 Of our Fore-fathers, e'er curs'd Tyranny

Ruffled

Ruffled the Souls of great ones to a Storm:
But say, what Accident of Note so dreadful
Can fall o'th' suddain? I heard, indeed, that *Damocles*,
The King's proud Favourite, has this Morning made th' Go-

vernor a Visit,
His Frown I'm sure can't fright the great *Timoleon*;
Much less the Universe.

Gomond. Hear then, my Lord,
What will fright you, and every Creature else,
Whose Soul bears Sense of Honour, this great, proud
Fiend you speak of; has kill'd the Governor's Daughter.

Pollid. Hah, sure thy Brain's crack'd! what say'st thou, *Gomond*, kill'd her!

Gomond. She's dead, my Lord, the beautiful *Clorona*;
The Flower of Virgins, Pattern of true Virtue;
And in a Word, her Sex's Masterpeice;
In a curst Fret of Passion, by that *Damocles*,
That Monster *Damocles*, barbarously butcher'd.

Pollid. Immortal Gods, say how, for what? my Ears,
methinks,

Glow with Expectance of the dreadful Tale,
And my Blood stagnates, frozen up with Wonder.

Gomond. To tell the Story, from its cursed Source
Would prove too tedious, therefore the main matter,
Briefly, is thus:

You long have known the Governor
Once of *Ætolia*, under great *Demetrius*;
Our late, dread Royal Master, (till *Antigonus*,
The conqu'ring *Macedonian's* Successor,
Winning a glorious Battel where he fell,
Set up his Son, this Tyrant *Aristander*,)
Still kept to head the *Elliens*—whose rough Numbers
Have been but lately quell'd, nor do's *Timoleon*,
Whose Heart is fix'd upon this Prince's Right;
Spare yet t' incourage Parties, and in private
To own this young *Demetrius*, who has the Name
Of the old King, and nearest is related.

Pollid. I know him of that Line,
And also know that *Aristander's* Policy,
Assisted by his Engine *Damocles*,
Had in his Infancy resolv'd his Murder;
Had not the Queen, now some Years since deceas'd,
Exerting her Compassion one soft Minute,
(A Virtue wonder'd at, since Wife to him;)
Beg'd him her Page, and bred him with her Daughters.

Gomond.

Gomond. But yet so strict, that the Offence is Mortal
To name him of that Race, or own his Birthright;
Himself forbid too to converse with *Elliens*
Of any Rank, tho' here, at Lord *Timoleon's*
Under Disguise, and by the Name of *Grimoald*,
He often steals to meet the *Malecontents*;
As now this Morning.

Pollid. 'Tis whisper'd that the Tyrant's youngest Daughter
Has such Esteem for him, 'tis grown to Passion,
Tho' modest Governance keeps it in Bounds;
She being, as fame reports, a Miracle,
Considering whose Daughter, fair, wise and virtuous,
Mild and Religious—and by Consequence,
Oft in Rebellion, with her vicious Father,
But, for her Sister!

Gomond. She is the reverse;
Curst *Aristander's* own, his eldest born,
First Grafting of his damn'd Impiety,
And as her Face, by Nature, bears his Features,
Her Soul too shares his Vices,—but, nor this,
(Who 'tis thought loves him too, tho' her Pride checks her)
Nor t'other, tho' her Merits pleads so largely,
E'er mov'd the Prince, Nature's chief Work: *Clorona*
Engag'd him all; that sweet unhappy Virgin
This instant massacred.

Pollid. Give the rest Vent, and rid me of my Pain.

Gomond. This fatal Morning,
Just as the Prince had tender'd her his Vows,
As was accusom'd, rushes in proud *Damocles*,
With insolent Command from *Aristander*
To my Lord Governor, to surrender up
His Daughter to his Charge, to be a Wife
To one that he had chose, and this so positively,
That no Delay must be on pain of Death.

Pollid. A Snare, by Hell, laid for *Timoleon's* Life!
I smell it rank, they knowing he'd deny,
And give the Tyrant thus fresh cause of Quarrel.

Gomond. You may suppose, he that for fifty Years
Had led his martial Troops to glorious Battel,
Where his Command was like the Voice of Fate,
As soon as giv'n obey'd, was now confounded
At these unnatural Orders.

Pollid. Was the Prince by too?

Gomond. He was; altho' to *Damocles* unknown
By his Disguise, but yet struck dumb as Death,

As was the Governor for a while, till rousing,
As from a mortal Trance, his troubled Spirits,
He answer'd, *Aristander's Will*—was Law,
And bid the haughty Lord accost *Clorona*,
Since her Consent was necessary too,
Who did, and here now comes the sad Catastrophe.

Pollid. My Blood still bears an Ague.

Gomond. This Heir of Hell, it seems, some time before,
Had given her Notice of his brutal Love,
Which, with Dislike, being answer'd, th' haughty Insolent
Resolv'd to seize her by the Tyrant's Power;
But with a Courage, wondrous in her Sex,
Clinging about her Father, she defy'd him;
Till, from that Guard he drag'd her with such Rudeness,
That from her snowy Neck, the swelling Veins,
As if enrag'd at such strange ruffain Violence,
Spouted warm Gore in's Face, which as she saw,
Still more resolv'd her, for with bitter Terms,
Repeating the whole Mass of Infamy
In his curst Master's, and his own vile Actions,
She to the last abhor'd his amorous Passion,
And with such feminine Inveteracy,
That *Damocles*, flush'd with a Night's Debauch,
Inflam'd too with *Greek Wine*, and Hell's worst Fury,
And rais'd with her sharp words, to th' extream of Passion,
His Dagger drawing, fix'd it in her Heart,

Pollid. Before her Father's Face!

Gomond. Before her Father's and her Lover's Face,
Who straight, like Thunder, shot at *Damocles*,
And with a Weapon, which he wore conceal'd,
Had nail'd him to the Arras, had not th' Guards
Quick interpos'd, two of which perish'd instantly,
At the brave Prince's Foot; but the rest pressing,
My self, and some the Household Crys brought in,
Made shift to force him from them, and certain Ruin,
Whilst I at last alone conducted him
Out of the Crowd through a dark Passage hither;
And what past more you saw.

Polid. Ye heavenly Pow'rs! can ye view these Horrors!
Yet idle keep your Vengeance!—But, good Collonel,
Where was the Governor's Lady, wife *Belizaria*?
Soul of the *Elliens*, the brave *Grecian* Heroine,
Whilst this inhuman Scene of Death was acting.

Gomond. At her Devotion, e'er the dawn of Day,
Amongst the sacred Priestesses of *Bacchus*,
The *Greeks* fam'd Deity; paying grateful Thanks For

For the Recovery of her young Son *Clindor*,
Lare from a dangerous Sickness; the sole Gift
Of Heaven, by her, to Lord *Timoleon*,—*Glorona*
Being by a former Choice.

Pollid. Had the insulting Murderer nothing to say of her?

Gomond. Yes, to conclude, he mutter'd,
The Sting of the young Viper being blunted,
There yet remain'd a Message from the King
To th' Lady of the House, whom he would meet
At her return from Prayers.

Pollid. Mischief's old Strain, I'll lay my Life; 'twas not
some Years ago
That *Aristander* courted her.

Gomond. Most true; but for the Governor was still rejected.
Since when Love turns to Hate. But see, my Lord,
The noble Heroine we are speaking of;
Hah!—and that Devil *Damocles*; may then
This Interview must be of fatal Note:
Let's stand aside and hear; when th' Prey is mark'd
That Fiend has Claws to reach a Furlong off;
I'll keep aloof from the fell Gripe.

Pollid. And I.

[*They stand aside.*]

Enter Damocles, Belizaria guarded, and Clindor.

Damo. The Deed may seem too rash, but when th' Abuse
Of my great Master, and my self's consider'd,
The World must call it Justice; some tame Fool,
Perhaps may say, 'twas but a Woman's Anger;
Woman! whose only Weapon is the Tongue,
And Men should laugh at it, a proper Argument;
The Stings of Female Serpents are most dangerous,
And should be trod out quickly lest they breed
A Race too strong to quell; you therefore, Madam, [To Belizaria]
I have brought hither from that House of Clamour
Where now I know Rebellion's forming, *Hydra's*;
Besides my Business to ye, from my Master,
To give ye Council; and by the Example
Late shewn, to have a Care to teach this Boy here
More Loyalty and Manners than his Sister.

Beliz. Celestial Maid! of Heaven belov'd, *Glorona*,
Who now amongst the Virgin Angels yonder,
A new come Guest, receiv'st the joyful Welcomes
Of all the Dwellers in that Court of Glory,
Forgive me, since thou know'st I'm forc'd to bear

The

The Fate of Tyranny.

65

The tainted Breath of thy vile Murderer,
And since Revenge is not within my Power
To put in Act, accept, sweet Saint, the Joy
My Heart retains, to think thou shalt be crown'd
With Happiness eternal, when this Wretch,
Rebel to Heaven and Nature, stung with Pangs
Of tortur'd Conscience, howls in Hell for ever.

Damo. 'Tis well, 'tis wond'rous well; yet if that Title,
That Rebel, had been spar'd by your Sagacity,
And shar'd amongst your Politick Family,
Methinks your Speech had been more natural.

Beliz. Oh! no, it can suit none so well as thee;
The petty Crimes are drawn in Minature,
Of those rebel against inferior Princes;
But thou against the King of Kings mak'st Head,
Break'st down his Fence of Law and Divine Mandate,
And shedding innocent Blood, with thee, is Justice,
Which shews Rebellion in the largest Figures,
Rank Disobedience against Heaven's Supremacy:
Thou scorn'st to be so trivial an Offender
To mutiny about Dispute of Titles,
The Right, or Wrong, or Male-Administration
Caus'd by Ambition, in this lower Orb;
No, to a loftier Vice thy Pride do's swell,
To Murder, the superior Crime in Hell,
And equals that proud Fiend that did at first Rebel!

Damo. Good still; well then, proud as you please to
make me,

As lawless and ungovern'd, yet you shall see, I have
So calm a Temper to endure Revilings,
Bitter as these, without return. — Proceed,
Nay now I urge you to't, say all you can,
And in your work of Thought describe my Character.

Beliz. Thou dar'st not stand it, sure.

Damo. Begin, and try me.

Belz. So odious is the Theme, my trembling Tongue
Falters at th' Attempt; but since 'tis urg'd
In part, 'tis thus: First then, — That Form is horrible;
Nature, in Pain, has given such frightful Airs
Throughout thy Face, as if, instead of Union,
She meant to scare the World from Amity.
Thy Limbs too seem as if contriv'd in haste,
When she was weary of her bungling Work,
And sent 'em out, half finish'd, to the World.
Then for thy Mind, 'twould craze a Stoick's Brain

To think that Lewdness, Rapine, Cruelty,
Pride, Rancor, Avarice, Envy, Detraction,
Murd'rous Deceit, and loathsome Flattery,
Join'd with the rest, as in Contempt of Providence,
Should make the Popular Thing Men call a Favourite.
There,——do's the Picture please ye?

Damo. Not extremely; I think I've seen it fairer drawn
in Colours;

But you'd have yours be thought no flatt'ring Pencil,
Nor is it, I confess.

Beliz. No, I'll be sworn
I've drawn as near the Life as I'm able.

Damo. Well, I'll take yours yet with a kinder Hand:
Beauty is proper to exalt the Fancy;
Your Forehead, like the Front of *Venus* fair;
Your Eyes have Fire, that could kindle Nature
Were it extinct, and new create the World.
Your charming Breasts.——But oh! where am I roving.
Thus says the King.——Now then receive my Message:
The King, my Master, wills ye to discard,
And with a Heart, that wishes ye right well,
All Malecontents, and cleave to his Protection:
Your Husband is a weak misguided Dotard.

Beliz. Audacious Upstart!

Damo. Ruine is at his Heels, ready to crush him,
And would, did not your Interest with the King
Stave off the Blow; be wise then, and comply,
Dress up your Beauty with an Air of Pleasure,
And let great *Aristander* find ye grateful.

Beliz. The Ancients, when they would depict a Devil,
Still fashion'd him with monstrous Horns and Hoofs,
To make his Form more terrible to Fancy:
I had forgot that, when I drew thy Picture;
For just as that to them, to me art thou:
After this Speech, Thy Eyes are large as Bowls,
Thy Mouth Breathes Fire that blasts; Hence horrid Spectre,
But Praise be to Cælestial Providence,
Thy Power can only fright, but not compel:
No, hellish Tempter, let thy Master know,
That the chaste Soul of *Belizaria* stands
Still fix'd on its old Basis, sacred Virtue,
Whence neither Gold nor Power can e'er remove it.

Damo. Nay then, since offer'd Grace is so rejected,
'Tis dangerous to give the Liberty:
Guards, take her, and confine her to a Chamber;

And

And, on your Lives, let none, no not her Husband,
Have Speech with her 'till the King's farther Order.
The Boy—may keep her Company—I think
He's yet too young for Mischief.

Beliz. His dear Prattle
Will give me Joy amidst a thousand Sorrows.
Come, *Clindor*, come, thou Darling of my Life,
Comfort thy mourning Mother; and hereafter,
When I've infus'd more Sentiments of Honour,
Tell that bad Man her Soul's not like the Vulgar;
But of that purer Essence which the Deities
Gave to the Votaries they chose, and favour'd;
So perfect, that should Fate and Hell conspire,
The Gem is right, and it can stand the Fire.

Damo. Oh! by all means, let's try it then.—Away there.

[*Exit Damoc. Belizaria guarded off, and Clin.*

Re-enter Pollidamus and Gomond.

Gomon. No *Sybil* e'er could prophesy more right
Than you, my Lord, you've quest the Source of all.

Pollid. By all my hopes of Peace, a noble Lady,
And worthy of all Honours; nor can Fame sound
Too highly in her Praise. Oh, Fate! Oh, Heaven!
Must then this sharp-fang'd Wolf worry us all?
No, we must muzzle him, perhaps his Master too:
But hush a while,—see where the sad Procession
Appears in pompous Horror.—Heavens! this Spectacle
Wou'd teach old *Niobe* to weep anew;
Forgetting her own Woes, to mourn *Clorona*.

Here *Clorona* appears laid upon a Bier all bloody, *Timoleon*
following, bare-headed, with several *Elliens, Spectators* and
Servants.

Timol. Yet, yet, more Air; the Sorrows in my Heart
Will burst my aged Trunk; give them more vent,
That I may blow my Sighs around the Globe,
And fill yon' Azure space with mournful Clamours,
Ye mighty Powers, that dispose our Beings,
And, as your choicest Blessings, give us Children.
Me too, amongst the rest of thankful Parents,
Who paid you daily Tribute of my Gratitude,
May I not ask the Reason, without sinning,
Why I'm thus robb'd? Why my *Clorona* lies,

H

The

The darling Joy of an Indulgent Father?
 Like a sweet Flower crop'd from its Bed of Life;
 Wither'd, shrunk up, and pale? Oh my poor Girl!
 Where's now the Rosie Bloom upon those Cheeks
 That us'd to bless me at each Morning's Duty?
 Instead of taking mine, that sprightly Eye,
 Where like a Mirror I could Pride my self,
 And fancy the Meridian of my Age
 Was come again; all lost, all gone for ever! [*Weeps.*]
 A Hell-born Russian steals my Heart's chief Treasure
 Even before my Face. Hah! old *Timoleon*,
 What wilt thou not revenge?—What say ye, Friends,
 Is the curs'd State of wretched Age so miserable
 We must look on, and bear these rueful Wrongs?

Pollid. No, no, Lord Governor, should you want mortal
 Aid,

The Gods themselves, to give us Proof they cannot
 Taint their Divinities by such an Action,
 But that it was the headlong work of Fate,
 Rash and precipitate, without their Order,
 Would range, in hostile manner, to revenge ye.

Gomon. Look up, my Lord, and let your Grievs give place
 To brave Resolves of doing your self Justice:
 The Season's ripe, the Tyrant's Crimes full blown,
 And must be crop't; there's ne'er a Tongue in *Corinth*,
 Fix'd in the Head of any Man of Honour,
 But speaks my Sense; nor any weeping Eye,
 Curst with a sight of this *heart-killing Object, [** Clorona.*]
 But wou'd direct a Hand to wield a Sword
 To cut th' Inhuman Monsters from the Earth.

1 *Ellien.* Propose the way, my Lord, my Life is yours
 With Joy, so it revenge this injur'd Lady.

2 *Ellien.* And mine.

3 *Ellien.* The Lives of all here.
 Revenge, Revenge my Lord, and suddenly.

Timol. Cover her Face, and now my Friends, I thank ye.

Once more a throb of Nature: * Oh! *Clorona*! [** To them.*]
 Good Friend, I do beseech ye to forgive me; [** Kisses her.*]
 Tears are new Work with me, give me your Pardon,
 And only think what 'tis to be a Father. [*To Pollid.*]
 So then, no more of that, * what yet agen a Look? [*Wipes his Eyes.*]

[** Looks sadly on her, then starts on the sudden.*]
 Oh! thou white Liver'd meagre Traitor, Death,
 Thou now hast watch'd thy time to terrify me!

How

How oft in foremost Ranks of bloody Battle,
When, like a Field of Corn, mellow'd for Harvest,
The Soldiers were in Clusters mow'd away,
Have I, with my good Sword here clash'd thy Scyth,
And dar'd thee to the Combat, — but vain Boast,
Since when I view (thee once so slighted) * there,

[* Looking on Clorona.
I start, and shake with Horror. [Shout and alarm within.

Gomon. Something of Moment's acting in the Streets by
this Alarm.

Pollid. Go and see, good Gomon. [Exit.

Gomon. I am prevented, here comes one from Court, a
Courtier certainly; I know him by his State Sneer, and his
wrigling.

Enter CILON.

Cilon. My Lord, I come t'inform ye from his Majesty,
that having Knowledge of an Insurrection design'd amongst
the People; and also of an Outrage, meant to Lord *Damo-
cles*, for his doing Justice on your Rebellious Daughter, by
some *Elliens* of your known Party; who, it seems, like-
wise oppos'd the Guards, of which are several kill'd, 'tis the
King's Pleasure the Body shall be seiz'd, to be dispos'd of as
becomes a Traitor. Your self, my Lord, he thinks fit, for
the present, to banish into *Aetolia*, amongst some Numbers
more of the Confederacy; nor suffered even to take leave of
your Wife, but to be gone within two Hours at farthest, on
pain of Death. This is the Tenor of my Commission, my
Lord. — Guards carry off the Body.

Timol. Now hold, my Heart, and Brain keep firm thy
Station;

The Air grows hot, 'twill breed a Calenture:
Furies and Hell! — My dear *Glorona* hurry'd
To be dispos'd of as becomes a Traitor;
Perhaps her beauteous Body thrown to Dogs,
Or by vile Hangman's Hands to be prophan'd,
And dragg'd about the Streets. — Hah! Patience avaunt,
This is too rank; Death, * once more I defie thee.

[* Draws and falls upon the Guards, who disarm him,
[and throw him down.

Cilon. Secure the Governour, he is old, — half craz'd we
may suppose too; we must bear with Frailty. You there that
are his Friends take care of him, d'ye hear? And that you
'scape your selves, take as my Favour.

[Exit Guards carrying off the Body.

H 2

Pollid,

Pollid. Insolent Upstart! Come, Lord Governour, rise,
Recall your manly Spirits to their Functions,
And let us all join Hands to meet our Friends
There, in *Ætolia*, for I'll thither too.

Gomon. And I, where not a Day shall have an end,
Wherein the longest Hours seem not too short,
In Consultation of the Tyrant's Ruin,
And the Destruction of that Villain *Damocles*.

Pollid. The glorious Sun, each Morn, shall gild our
Councils,

And every God propitiously direct us;

Clorona, from her heavenly Seat, shall take

A pleasing View of each Design we make,

And bless the Vengeance plotted for her sake.

Timol. Up then, old Man, from thy repulsing Grave,
[Rises up.]

Rest even disclaims thee, 'till thy Wrongs are righted;

Rouse and pursue what glorious Honour dictates;

Honour, Revenge, the Hero's bright twin Deities

Court thee once more to settle thy Renown,

And do a Deed shall gain eternal Laurels.

'Tis said, *Medea* once, by Magick Skill,

Her Father's aged Veins did with new Vigour fill.

As his, by Art, mine shall by Nature be,

And strong, as were her Charms, *Clorona's* Wrongs to me;

Her to Revenge, behold me young again,

My Blood ferments, fresh Heat warms ev'ry Vein,

Courage and Anger fire my Heart and Brain;

Monarchs Ambition, Statesmen Interest prize;

And Lovers, doating on fair Lady's Eyes,

Pursue Delight; but to a Soldier wrong'd,

Revenge, a sweet Revenge is far above

The Joys of Empire, Interest, or of Love. [Exeunt omnes.]

End of the First Act.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Demetrius undisguis'd, and Amidea.

Amid.  H! Heaven, what's to be done! the Spies
have sworn
They saw this *Grimoald* enter my Apartment:
My Sister's Agents too are searching narrowly.

Thro' all the Lodgings.—Fie, my Lord *Demetrius*,
How could you entertain such slight Regard
For my true Friendship, to expose me thus?

Demet. Call it not slight, adorable Divinity,
Nor a Presumption on those milder Graces,
That beautifie your Soul, and make ye heavenly;
But that, in my Distress, as to a Sanctuary,
I came for a Protection.—If then, gracious Lady,
My Habit be conceal'd, *Grimoald* is vanish'd,
And must deceive all Spies; if you are pleas'd
To think the worthless trifle of my Life
Fit subject for a Secret, and forgive me.

Amid. I have taken Care that your Disguise be safe
From those that search; so much was due to Honour:
If I had said to Love, it might be verify'd. [*Aside.*]
But you, my Lord, grow dangerous in your Politicks,
And honest Friendship is scarce strong enough
To stop the Current of a Daughter's Duty,
From whence there might flow Safety to her Father.

Demet. The Stream yet flows no farther than Suspicion:
Thus, Madam, you can break no Bond of Duty,
But in each Point are safe.

Amid. Were the Case mine,
Heaven knows, I could forgive ye, had your Dagger
Been busy with the Inmate of my Breast,

And made the little Bustler cease its Motion;
 Such small regard have I for the vain Follies
 Of this round Ball we breathe on, and so trifling
 Appear to me the State, the courted Pleasures
 On which the World do's place its chief Contentment.
 One thing, perhaps, worth living for, I value;
 But that, like Mysteries of Heaven to the Vulgar,
 Must be conceal'd,—unless a Blush reveal it. *[Aside.*

Demet. May that, and every other Blessing, crown
 The beauteous *Amidea*.

Amid. And tho' the sad Tale of *Clorona's* Death
 Exact extremest Justice and Revenge,
 Yet were it known that you are *Grimoald*,
 So fear'd and noted; and that I am privy
 To your close meeting of the *Ellien* Party,
 Against the King's Consent, and dread Command,
 What Ruin might not pour upon us both!

Demet. I am school'd, fair Excellence, and will no more
 Engage you in my Fate.

Amid. Perhaps 'tis Treason

You're plotting there, Treason against my Father?
 Is't fit his Daughter, then, should be your Confident?
 No, Prince, I charge ye, on your Life, no more:
 Thus far, since I've been bred up in your Councils,
 I'll keep the Secret; but if you relapse,
 Honour and Duty put it past my Power.

Demet. Your Clemency's too great, and I'm ashamed
 Of this unmanner'd Trouble.

Amid. No doubt, my Sister,
 E'er this, has told the King the whole past Matter;
 Believe then, 'tis a thing of Consequence
 T' evade her Malice, you well know her Humour;
 (Which has been late distast'd with your Conduct)
 So should be on your Guard.

Demet. I am so, Madam;
 And have a Turn of Wit too, ready at Hand,
 To throw *Grimoald's* late Action from *Demetrius*.

Amid. That has been worth your Study.—Hah! she's here.

Enter GILMUNDA.

Stol'n in unknown too, pray Heaven she has not heard us.

Gilmun. Alone, and in close Talk!—Nay then 'tis plain
 There's Love betwixt 'em. Can then that purblind Wretch,
 That Figure of a Man, that senseless Statue, *[Apart.*

Prefer

Prefer that awkward, dull, Religious Face,
With the pale Train of all her ghostly Features,
Stiffen'd by formal Zeal, even to Ugliness,
To my fresh Youth, and Flower of blooming Beauty,
Nourish'd with Empire's Sweets, and pleas'd with Power?
How I despise the Creature, and will turn
All Liking to Abhorrence!—What, are ye startled? [To them.
Some Plot then must be forming.—Where's this Grimoire?
This rank Arch-traitor, that dares seek Protection,
Thus boldly, in your Highnesses Apartment?

Amid. A Traitor seek Protection here! What mean ye?

Gilm. Good ignorant Holiness, d'ye want the Meaning?
Sure that grave Head, that has so long been poring
On mouldy Authors, for Worm-eaten Morals,
With such false Gems, dressing the Hypocrite,
To pass on Ideots for Divinity,
Must know the Definition of a Phrase
So german to her Actions. —For 'tis sworn
The Traitor enter'd here.

Amid. And freely might do so without my Knowledge.

Gilm. Or has this close combining
Another sort of Plot, call'd an Intrigue;
In which this doughty Prince of airy Castles,
Exerts his Love, in hopes the Times will turn,
And Fate ordain your Saintship for a Queen?
Is this the subject of your Privacy?
Come, Sir, the Truth, what think ye of the Lady?

Demet. Tho' this odd manner of Examination
With Reason, Madam, might excuse an Answer;
Yet since you've nam'd the Princess in particular,
And make Reflection on this Interview
Of such strange Nature, I will speak the Truth;
And tell ye I am sorry to see Beauty,
Like yours, ruffled with unbecoming Anger;
Which, in one manner, might be counted Malice,
As to my Thoughts—They're, as they ought, of both:
The Princess is a Mint of Godlike Virtues,
Where new bright Graces every Day are coin'd,
To bless all those about her; And for you, Madam,
You can be what you please, there's enough in ye
To furnish out a compleat Excellence,
You are a Royal Virgin.

Gilm. Royal Virgin!

Is that all?—By my Soul's best Joy, Ambition,
This is a rank Abuse—a pointed Satyr:

Instead of praising Female Rights of Conquest,
 Of wounding Hearts, of charming to an Ecstasy,
 And gaining Trophies by victorious Beauty,
 He tells me, with sly Malice, I'm a Virgin:
 Virgin! — the Title of a Village Milkmaid.

Amid. Between the stormy Gulphs, Love and Ambition,
 How her proud Soul is tortur'd!

Gilm. Well, witty Sir, your Jest is understood:
 But your satyrick Vein so please your Highness,
 [Flourish within.]

Or Majesty, for that I know you dream on,
 Will be of use to entertain my Father,
 Whom I hear coming, and divert this *Grimoald*
 Out of his Mind; to speed ye both, you're sure of my
 Assistance.

Enter Aristander, Damocles, Cilon, and Guards.

Arist. Can there be Truth in what I hear, of Traitors
 Sheltring their infamous abandon'd Heads/
 Here in this Cell of vile Hypocrisy?
 If I did think 'twere so, degenerate Brat;
 But why not think? What else can be the Fruit
 Of all this canting Zeal, these ghostly Groanings;
 With the long Bedroll of Fanatick Cheats,
 But Mischief, Treason, rank rebellious Villainy?
 Furies and Fire, how else is this? From whence?
 Where didst thou learn this wretched Trade of Bigotry?
 I'm sure, not from thy Father.

Damo. All your Actions
 Pursuing Methods of Imperial Greatness
 And Glory, still have prov'd your Soul too noble
 For such low Traffick.

Arist. Now, by my Crown and Dignity,
 But that I will not question my Experience,
 I should believe thy Mother plaid me false;
 And that some bigot Priest fluster'd with Wine,
 And gorg'd with the Reversions of the Temple,
 Stol'n from some high luxurious Sacrifice,
 Begot thee in the *Crisis* of his Rhapsody.

Amid. Good Sir, I do beseech ye not to blame me,
 Because my Actions, full of Innocence,
 Tend towards Piety. Piety, Royal Sir,
 Is the blest Guide of Duty, and however
 Malicious Vice may wrong me of your Favour,
 My Prayers are still devoted.

Arist.

Arist. D'ye hear?—Her Prayers!

A Girl of Fifteen's Prayers are much material;
Stuff, stuff, dissembling, nothing else, by *Bacchus*;
She that has that one Gift of strain'd Devotion,
Has twenty Mischiefs in her Head to vie with't;
By the bright Lustre of our Rosie God,
I think now 'tis affronting his Divinity,
To teaze him for more Blessings than are voluntary,
He, full of Indulgence, pressing the rich Grape
At Ease, and in good Humour, smiles upon us,
And doles his Blessings as he finds our Merit,
Without the plague of our Impertinence,
And why then must you pray?

Gilm. 'Tis Imposition

Upon his sacred Sense, and most ill Manners,
As if we would appoint his Hours of hearing,
And hop'd to flatter him into Compliance:
Besides, in Zealots 'tis all Affectation,
And, ten to one, the Fruits of rank Hypocrisy.

Arist. Ah! my Darling,

Let me embrace thee, thou art my own, I'm sure,
[Embracing her.

And shall enjoy the Sweets of Empire with me.
But to the Point still, where's this Traytor *Grimoald*?
That Villain, who for fear his Coward Treason
Should be detected by our Bosom *Damocles*,
The Ruffian made one desperate Push and fled.

—*Demet.* If ever Patience wou'd be prov'd a Virtue,
Now let it shew its Force. [Aside.

Cilon. But what's most noted

So, please your Majesty, is that the Rebel
Shou'd be dog'd hither to her Highness's side:
There was a pretty Business.

Arist. Nay, 'tis not much unlikely, he's some Retainer
Her Highness has in Pay.—Hah! is't so, Minion?
Give me to know, and let him be produc'd;
Or, by my Head, not all your windy Prayers,
No, nor your Priestesses, those holy Conjurers,
With all the Mysteries of their Incantation,
And subtlest Juggling, shall evade my Fury.

Amid. I am all yours, Sir; and as my primitive Being
Proceeded from you, if you suspect my Duty
I'm ready to surrender. [Weeps.

Arist. Whining Hypocrite!

There's now another Sign of Female Mischief,
Those

Those Tears, which would as plentifully fall
Were but her Lap-Dog lick.—Damn'd, damn'd dissembling
Gods! from a weeping and a praying Woman,
You that have Power, defend me.

Gilm. Your Majesty
Looks o'er the great *Demetrius* there, whose Knowledge
May give, perhaps, most Light into the Business,
Since he was there; *Dull Fool, neglect my Favours!

[* *Apart.*

I'll be reveng'd, tho' his Destruction follow.

[*Aside.*

Arist. What—he! the grovelling Insect I have nourish'd
From Infancy by my indulgent Smiles; 'tis impossible
That he dares speak, or think, or look towards
The rebel *Elliens*, against my known Command,
Much less assist 'em; yet 'tis buzz'd, indeed,
That some of the Rabble own him for a Prince,
And talk of Lineage. Hah! young Sir, what say ye?
Is this authentick? speak, you Prince of Poppets,
What know you of this Traytor? on your Life the Truth.

Demet. Sir, not thro' Fear, but from th' effect of Duty,
I do confess I saw a Stranger enter;
Who likewise seeing me, in a wild Hurry
Convey'd himself as quickly thro' a Window
Into the Garden, e'er I could have time
To apprehend him, or to know his Crime.

Arist. A natural Slowness upon this occasion
Possess ye, Sir, I do not like th' Excuse;
Therefore I would advise ye use your Diligence,
Your utmost Care, to find this *Grimoald*,
This Bugbear of the Herd, within three Days,
Or else your Head pays Forfeit.—Your Head, great Prince,
By *Bacchus*, I have sworn it.

Demet. Mighty King,
What lies within the reach of Human Power,
Or Wit t' effect, shall be employ'd to take him.
Be pleas'd, great Sir, to excuse Impossibilities.

Arist. Impossibilities! nothing's impossible that I command,
I'll hear no more, my Word, like Fate, ne'er alters;
Your Head—or *Grimoald's*.

Demet. Then the Gods assist me. [*Exit Demetrius.*

Arist. Let 'em, with all my Heart, and much good do ye.

Gilm. So, there's a Virgin Favour for ye, Sir.

[*Scornfully to Demetrius.*

Arist. You too;—get to your Closet, * try if Canting

[* *To Amiden.*

Can

Can cure the Green Sickness.—Hence with that Face,
Pale as a Statue in an Abbey Chapel,
I'll have another Hour for you.

Amid. Let me have Life
No longer than Obedience to my Father;
I'll to the sacred Priestesses of *Bacchus*,
And after solemn Sacrifice, invoke
The Deity to pardon all Offences,
And ever guard the King.

[*Exit Amidon.*]

Arist. Thou, my *Gilmunda*,
Joy of my Heart, and Pleasure of my Eyes,
That with the Rosie Graces of thy Look
Excell'st *Aurora* in her Morning Glory,
Go to thy lov'd Diversion, Masques and Musick;
Let thy pleas'd Fancy study for Delights,
And take my Purse and Power to procure 'em.

Cilon. go you and see if th' Order's executed,
The new Tax on the *Elliens* about Grain;
Strictly examine if it has been paid,
To Morrow I've another Game to play.

Cilon. Your Majesty shall find my Diligence swifter than
Thought, and I assure ye very proud of the Honour.

Damo. What other Game, if I may presume, Sir?

Arist. Come hither, give me thy Ear. [They whisper.]

Gilm. So much for injur'd Beauty: I think his Head's at
Stake,

And nothing less can make me Satisfaction.

My pious Sister, too, is gone to exercise
Amongst the frantick Priestesses; poor *Enthusiast*,
I'm resolv'd I'll follow in Contempt,
And laugh at their mad Ceremonies.—What are the great
More than the vulgar, but in the variety
Of their Delights? Feast then, my Soul, in Luxury,
And taste the Pleasure of unbounded Will;
Since that vile Canker, Time, must spoil our Bloom,
And Joys insipid in the Days to come,
I'll take the present Moment whilst I may,
And make best use of ev'ry happy Day.

[*Exit.*]

Damo. Sir, I confess I cannot guess your Drift,
Have you then order'd this strange Proclamation?

Arist. 'Tis done, and worded too as they desire.

Damo. And great *Pollidamus*, you say, is sent.

Arist. Sent from *Ætolia* with a Suit to me
This Morning, in the Name of all the banish'd.

Damo. To grant safe Conduet for their Wives and Children.

Arist.

Arist. Their Effects too, this I have granted all,
And publish'd it at ev'ry Market Place.

Hah!—dost thou wonder?

No matter, e'er the Night's pale Goddess yonder,
Has 'twice adorn'd herself with borrow'd Brightness,
Got from her Brother's Magazine of Lustre,
There will some Changes happen—things be done,
Will make thee own thy Master's fruitful Brain
Was wise in doing this; nay, tho' consenting
To give this Liberty to their Wives and Families,
May add to a rebellious Conspiracy,
I hear are gathering yonder,—Yet I have don't.

Dam. Prosper ye, Sir, you'll give me leave to scratch,
Bite my Nails, pore, or so, I cannot solve the Riddle.

Re-enter CILON.

Cilon. Sir, your Majesty's Commands are executed, and I
think usher'd by a new Comet; a Comet, and please ye, for
here's something without, appears as rare at Court.

Arist. What Comet mean'st thou?

Cilon. Oh, a very wonderful one, Sir! to be plain then,
Lord *Pollidamus*, Friend to the old Governour *Timoleon*,
begs an Audience of your Majesty—He, he, he, he.

[Laughs ridiculously.]

Arist. Admit him—He is welcome.

Cilon. The Devil he is! [*Aside*] My Ear sure is defective;
What, I beseech ye, Sir?

Arist. I tell thee he is welcome, bring him to me,

Cilon. The world turns round, but I am no Astrologer.

[Exit. *Cilon*.]

Dam. Nor I, 'tis not a Courtier's Business; but go, prithee
let's see this Meteor.

Arist. Two of the greatest Gifts that Fate bestow'd,
When first the human Soul was bless'd with Reason,
Were Truth and Subtlety, who tho' of different kinds,
Are jointly seated in the Heart of Man;
Where each by turns mov'd by the Wheels of Knowledge,
Perform their natural Offices—One of these
Must now be manag'd,—Put a cloudy Look on,

[To *Damocles*.]

And seem as if ye were sad—Furrow your Brow,
As if soft Conscience, curbing stubborn Nature,
Made ye uneasy; I've a reason for't.

[*Damocles* stands apart as Melancholly.]

Enter

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Enter POLLIDAMUS with CILON.

Pollid. Health to your Majesty.

Arist. Welcome *Pollidamus*—I have given Orders
About the late Request of those are banish'd,
To have a Passport for their Wives and Children;
'Tis granted Lord, and that they may not find
I am the Bugbear, counted by the Rabble,
I've ratified the Grant by Proclamation,
For them, and their Effects—A free, safe Passage
On the King's Word.

Pollid. Upon my Knees, I thank ye, Sir.

Arist. Oh, good *Pollidamus*, no Ceremony!
Wise, honest Lord, why thou hast been a Stranger
Of late, at Court, unlucky Misconstructions
Have quite unhing'd us all, some Faults have been too,
I must confess; well, Friend, they must be mended,
We are all faulty.

Pollid. 'Tis common to human Nature, Sir,
And with a Joy—unwonted to my Heart;
I must declare, I feel strange Satisfaction,
To see your Majesty so well dispos'd:
The Crowd would not believe this, as you say, Sir.

Arist. Oh, no, with them, I know I am a Monster!
With far more Horns and Heads, than e'er the *Hydra*;
But let your Wisdom judge. [*Embracing him.*]

Pollid. Sir, for your Presence,
You may be term'd Divine; I hope all answers,
In Mind, as well as Body.

Dam. This is no Court,
This is no School of Complements; 'dsdeath, I'm gravel'd still,
I thought the King had hated this old Fellow. [*Aside.*]

Arist. Methinks, I wish too, th' Father of the War,
The great *Timoleon* better grafted to me,
But some odd Matters—

Pollid. Oh, his Daughters Wrong's, great Sir!
Can never be so soon forgotten,
To make that easy.

Arist. I have thought upon't, *Pollidamus*,
Who has already had strict Reprehension
For the rash Deed, tho' 'twas his Loyalty;
But Loyalty, my Lord, should still own Reason,
Else Loyalty were Madness:—Pray look on him,
By deadly Melancholly still possess'd;

He

He ever since has droop'd his lowring Brow,
Drawn into Wrinkles by his lashing Conscience,
Shew the true Lines of Sorrow.

Dam. I shall run mad, — I cannot bear this. [*Aside.*]

Arist. He had never regain'd my Favour,
Had he not shewn the Signs of true Repentance.

Dam. Confusion! — The King's dissecting me!
Must I stand mute too? — And please your Majesty!

[*Offers to speak.*]
Arist. My Lord, my Lord, there needs no more Confession,
Be sorry, and be silent, I won't hear ye speak.

Dam. Cunning, by Heaven I find it now, — Oh, Fool!
To hit the Mark no sooner. [*Aside.*]

Arist. Without doubt, *Pollidamus*,
Th' old Governour has been stirring up his Friends;
Hah, is't not so? — Come, prithee speak, good Lord,
Be so plain with me, to relate the Truth;
Why thou may'st be a means to cause a Parly,
To explain Grievances, and make us Friends;
Say then, what Force?

Dam. Rare, rare, most artificial! [*Aside.*]

Pollid. Some Troops, 'tis said, indeed there are in Embrio,
But none so dangerous.

Arist. Yes, I shall be besieg'd, — I've had a Dream on't.

Pollid. Oh, no, I hope not, Sir!
If you are pleas'd to hold this gracious Temper,
Reflecting on past Errors — with my old Faith;
I beg leave to be free, Sir, this your kind Passport,
Will so oblige the Ladies, that their Interest
Will be like Balsam to the fell'ring Wounds
Of the griev'd *Elliens*. — Then, Sir, your late Taxation,
A little mitigated.

Arist. Oh, the Tax on Grain!
Of half in half; well, well, it shall be moderated;
They shall be full of Bread, and full of Mirth,
And we'll be Friends again; by this time the Edict
Is out to their Desire, and tell old Lyon-heart,
Timoleon, that the Grant's the Speedier,
In Complement to the fam'd *Grecian Heroine*,
His wise and virtuous Lady; so, *Pollidamus*,
Good honest Lord, farewell.

Pollid. Heavens bless your Majesty!

[*Exit. Pollidamus.*]

Arist. In good time; so much for the Politician:
Now to my self again. — Well, hast thou fathom'd?

Thy Eye seem'd to dart through me, as if wond'ring
At what I spoke; hast thou yet found the Meaning?

Dam. I must confess, Sir, not of every Circumstance;
Tho' I knew Fallacy was the main End.

Arist. Hast thou found that, — when first I favour'd thee;
'Twas for thy Heart, my *Damocles*, not thy Head-piece;
Thou art a forward, bold, quick, willing Fellow,
To execute thy Master's Will, that's something;
And then performing it without examining
The Right, the Wrong, the Virtue, the Vice on't,
Is admirable Service; a rare Quality!
Fit for a Prince's Favourite, — Give me thy Hand.
Know then, that whilst my Tongue carress'd this Rebel,
With politick King-craft gilding o'er my Medicine,
The Poison was most fatal underneath.

Dam. But, Sir, this Passport to conduct the Ladies;
Must it not greatly add to raise new Forces,
And bring 'em to a Head?

Arist. When they're there?
But when is that to be? — Oh, dull, dull *Damocles*!
Can't thou believe I meant 'em what I promis'd?

No, Fool, as soon as e'er themselves and Carriages,
For they have leave for all, — Jewels and Treasure,
Plate, and what would have been stow'd up in Holes,
Cellers and Ovens, had I try'd to find it,
Shall be upon the March; then shall my Guards —

Dam. Seize on 'em all, and make a glorious Plunder;
Oh, most divinely plotted!

Arist. Ay, now thou hast it;
Gold never fails to prune a Courtier's Wit,
And form him for the Mischiefs of its Nature.

Dam. Let me adore ye, Sir, as you are greater
Than all in Power, so are ye too in Politicks.

Arist. They'll have a glittering Shew, I make no doubt;
And I'll command that no Degree nor Age
Shall be distinguished, but all seiz'd and riss'd;
Which done, the Women shall be sent to Prison,
To ponder there at Leisure.

Dam. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

The Matron too, S^t haughty *Belizaria*,
Will now have time to curie her Insolence,
In late refusing of your offer'd Grace;
There, let her chew upon her boasted Honour,
Or try if stubborn Virtue will prevail:
Virtue that wretched thing, fit for a Goal;

This sure will low'r her Pride. — Oh, I'm transported
At the mere thought on't!

Arist. I'll give Orders instantly;
I'll make her sue to be receiv'd, and wait too,
Till I'm at Leisure.

Dam. 'Twill be double Joy,
To make the proud imperious Beauty know,
'Tis Obligation, — when you condescend.

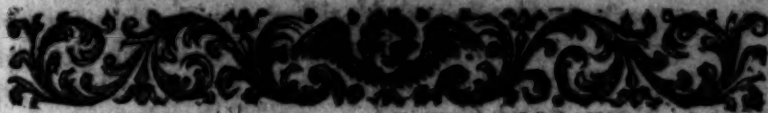
Arist. Why are we here confirm'd Gods of the Earth,
Unless our Wills have a commanding Right,
To rule the subject Creature? Let dull Monarchs,
Of frozen Climes, dispense with the Prerogative
Kings should enjoy. I'll shew no such Example,
But live Supreme — He that do's otherwise,
And the bright Circle, on base Terms receive,
Is King at Will, and governs but by Leave;
And, as the modern Satyrift denotes him,
A marbled *Cæsar* pinnion'd to a Throne,
The People regnant, and the Monarch Stone.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter TIMOLEON, and POLLIDAMUS.

Timol. **T**HROW down your hissing Bolts, ye angry Powers,

Upon my Head, since 'tis your dreadful Will;
Let fall at once, and dash me to the Earth;

For these dire Plagues, these starts of Indignation,
Are more insufferable—

Pollid. Perfidious Tyrant!

Tyrant's a Name too mild for such Barbarity,

There should be one in Hell new form'd on purpose;

Curse on my credulous and easy Folly!

Are these the Fruits of all his flattering Smiles?

Only to gain a hellish Opportunity—

For more and greater Mischiefs, Robbery, Murder?

Oh, horrid! horrid!

Timol. Murder—Damnation seize him!

That has been ever known his darling Sin,

His dear Twin-Brother, still incorporated

In his curst Infancy, some Wolf was slain,

From whom his bloody Nurse took the warm Gore,

To smear her Breasts, and make him suck in Cruelty,

With his first Nourishment: Must not then, ye Gods,

Blood be for Blood repaid? Oh, Justice! Justice!

Pollid. The dreadful Insolence too of frighting Ladies,

Wounding and bruizing Children, butchering Servants,

Then basely plundering all, is past Example.

Timol. Why Lucifer has drawn him to the Lees

Of Wickedness; the Fiend runs low in Villainy:

From the first rank of Crimes, Murder, Oppression,

Rapes, Incest, and unnumber'd Sacrileges,

He now descends in curst Variety,

To the poor, base, Meehanick Vice of Stealing!

The Ruffian's Trade to satisfy his Riot,
When Want has made him desperate.

Enter GOMOND.

Pollid. Now, good *Gomond*,
What's farther done? The worst we know already.

Gomon. A little to allay that worst then, hear
Something of Comfort.

Timol. The Word sounds as strange
As if it were *Arabick*.—Well, proceed; what Comfort?
Is my Wife past her Fears and laid in Peace;
Or my poor Boy, my sweet young tender Blossom,
Pluckt up by some rude Gripe?—Oh! execrable Dog!
These are his Comforts.

Gomon. No, brave Soldier,
Fate has not been so cruel, your Wife and Son
Are safe, tho' yet in some Disorder, being retir'd
To *Bacchus* Temple, with the rest o'th' Ladies,
T' avoid Imprisonment, threatned by the Tyrant;
Whose Guards have made such an unmanly Havock
'Mongst all that did resist, Story can't parallel.

Pollid. The helpless Women, stript of their very Ornaments,
Carriages robb'd, and all their hoarded Treasure,
Sav'd up for many Years, 'tis said, amounting
T' a Mass of Wealth——

Gomon. All which that Devil *Damocles*
Stood by to see dispos'd to the King's Use;
Besides the common Plunder given the Soldiers
For their good Service.

Timol. Oh, Devil! Devil! these are his Comforts.

Gomon. No, great *Timoleon*,
These now shall feast your Ear; this matchless Villainy
Have the *Aetolians* so possess with Horror,
Rage and Revenge, that throughout all the Country;
Nay, through the utmost Bounds of wide *Achaia*
They flock in Shoals to Arms, each Hour brings Numbers;
So that with those good Troops already rais'd,
Which are to watch the Sign from Prince *Demetrius*,
Within the Walls; we shall, e'er Morn, be ready
To form a powerful Siege.

Pollid. The News was Yesterday,
The Prince to be proscrib'd at three Days end,
Unless he find out *Grimoald*.

Gomon

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Gomon. 'Tis most true, the Riddle of himself to be that
Traytor,

Being yet unknown, tho' it must make *Demetrius*
Extremely active to divert his Fate;
Which under Covert of a Search for *Grimoald*,
Still furthers our Affairs.

Pollid. The new *Ætolian* Governour's revolted too,
And has to Day dispatch'd a Letter to him,
T' encourage and assist all Enterprizes.

Gomon. My Lord, I saw it; every thing besides,
Methinks, looks well and lucky, and to lead us
To certain Victory, dear General,
We only want you there.

Timol. Me! Saidst thou me?
In such a Cause can any one be wanting
That has a Soul, and the least Grain of Honour,
Much less *Timoleon*? Oh! *Gomon*, thou hast nam'd
A Word indeed so powerful, that Revenge,
Revenge, with its Associate Victory;
That were I dead, and shrouded up to lie
In mouldring Dissolution, a Clod inanimate,
Like Heavens first *Fiat*, wou'd anew create me;
Dart thro' the porous Marble where I lay,
Like bright *Ætherial* Lightning force its way,
And faster raise new Life, than could the old decay.

Pollid. That was spoke like *Timoleon*.

Timol. Time, that giv'st Hero's space for mighty Actions,
And hast, I hope, assign'd me these last Minutes
To crown my Days with Glory; shake my Sands,
Oh! shake 'em slowly, that I may have leisure
To finish this great Deed; then willingly
I fall thy Victim, full of Years and Honour.

Gomon. Ten thousand Soldiers fight in your Resolves, Sir,
'Mongst which we've some of the old hardy Kind,
That trod your former Marches; Sun-burnt Faces,
With valiant Hearts, and sinewy Arms to follow ye;
That when their still lov'd General gave the Word,
Tho' Fate it self stood to oppose, would conquer.

Timol. Let us go on; Charge, charge then, I am ready;
Within my Banner, by some curious Hand,
The Figure of *Clorona* shall be painted,
Dress'd in her Virgin white, an Angel Innocence
Gracing her Look; and in her snowy Bosom
A bloody Dagger, stuck by a black Fury,
Grizly and baleful, representing *Damocles*;

Wave in the Air to animate our Friends,
 Then sound the Trumpet, and begin the Sport.
 'Tis done, 'tis done, methinks I see the Action;
 The Walls are mounted, and the Breach is made:
 Oh! fix me there, thou martial Deity,
 That lov'st a Soldier; and this *Aristander*,
 Once more within my reach, if then I lose him
 May I be lost with Infamy; not *Jove's* Bolts,
 Nor crooked Fulgor, with its darling Flames,
 Should guard him from me; Heaven nor Earth should save
 him;
 Not all the Powers Hell sent him for Supply,
 Nor all the Thunder bursting from the Sky. [Exeunt,

SCENE II. *The Temple of Bacchus.*

Enter DEMETRIUS with a Letter, and ZIZIMO.

Demet. Abandon'd as I am, proscrib'd, disgrac'd,
 Yet do's this Letter from the *Ætolian* Governor,
 In the Name of them, and all the banish'd *Elliens*,
 Give me some Hopes, tho' with extremest Danger.
 Danger! what's Danger, in a Case like mine?
 Nothing,——a Word,——no more.

Zizimo. The Siege is laid, Sir, think on that to comfort ye.

Demet. He writes me word they're ready for the Attack,
 Bids me prepare too, my Friends within here, against five in
 th' Morning,

To kill all those that guard the Castle Postern,
 Where they will entrance wait to seize the Tyrant.

Zizimo. And rout the Guards.

Demet. By Heavens! 'tis nobly plotted,
 And will, I hope too, be as well perform'd.
 Away to your Post then, and remember Silence;
 Silence, good Captain.

Zizimo. Doubt me not, my Lord. [Exit *Zizimo*.

Demet. Oh! thou then, who within this sacred Place
 Receiv'st the Prayers of Votary's distress,
 Propitious be, and grant us thy Assistance;
 That *Corinth* may again retrieve her Peace,
 And the Traytor, *Grimoald*, be found her Prince.
 But hold,——I fear my Feet intrude too rashly;
 This Corner of the sacred Dome is hallow'd,
 Where the Illustrious Bones of Kings and Peers,

For many Ages past, mouldring in Rest,
Possess their gloomy Habitations.
'Twas here, ah! some where here, the dear Remains
Of my sweet Virgin Love were rudely cast
By Villains Hands; guide me, some pitying Angel,
To the dear Receptacle, that I may with Reverence,
The truest Reverence, sprung from faithful Love,
Invoke my Angel's Aid for her *Demetrius*.

Ghost of CLORONA ascends.

Oh, ye Immortals, have ye heard me then!
Am I on Earth, may I believe my Eyes?
Oh! take not from me, thou Caelestial Figure,
My Soul, that flutters between Fear and Joy,
'Till thou hast blest me with thy lov'd Commands.
Behold the Creature of thy Will, thy Lover
Charm'd to an Ecstasy at thy blest Sight,
And crawling on the Verge of Life to hear thee.

[In his Ecstasy drops the Letter.]

Ghost. Go on, oh Prince, favour'd of Heaven, go on;
Let no Doubt shake thee, nor chill Fear molest;
Thou art selected for the Restauration
Of the *Corinthian* Liberty. — Tyranny shall wane,
And cruel *Aristander* shall be no more
From flow'ry Groves, where *Sol's* eternal Rays,
With Light perpetual, gilds the Nights and Days:
Where Heaven gives boundless Joys to recompense
Those Virgin Souls that die with Innocence.
I come to tell thee, Prince, th' Almighty Doom
Ordains thy Rise, and the curst Tyrant's Fall
In lowest *Dis*; where *Lucifer* in Chains
Shackles the damn'd, that rage and yell in Horror!
Where frozen Icicles dart through the Bowels
Of gnashing Fiends, or Fire alternate melts
The scalding Marrow, is a dreadful Cavern
Replete with Serpents Newts, and odious Vermin;
The spotted Toad here spits his yellow Venom
Against the poy's'nous Aspick. — Horrid Spectres
Skimming about with piercing Shrieks and Groans,
Sound o'er the baleful Place. — This dire Abode,
By Fate, is fix'd the Cell of *Aristander*:
Thus cruel Pride, is by the Gods rewarded.
This gives the curst Blasphemer too a Mirror
Where he may view himself; on then, my *Demetrius*,

Prepare to strike the Blow, revenge, and prosper;
 The Powers Divine assur'd Success will grant,
 And wrong'd *Clorona* prove thy Guardian Saint. [*Descend.*
Demet. And guarded so, who can fail to conquer?
 Thou heavenly Messenger, that from the Depth
 Of low Despair, hast lifted me to Paradise,
 Doubt not but I'll go on; the light foot *Roe*
 Stretches not faster o'er the spacious Lawn
 Than I, to meet this joyful Opportunity.
 My eager Speed, fleg'd with the Wings of Joy,
 As swift shall Post as Time it self can fly. [*Exit.*

Enter AMIDEA Reading,

Amid. Sacred Devotion, that dost cleanse the Mind
 From the vile Dross of worldly Vanity,
 Clear our short-sighted Reason, and inspire
 The clouded Scene with thy Cælestial Fire.
 How excellent to me are all thy Graces?
 And, ah! how sweet is innate Satisfaction?
 Blest Souls above seraphick Joys may find,
 But nought below compares with Peace of Mind.
 What's here! * A Letter subscrib'd to Prince *Demetrius*!

** Takes up the Letter.*

How my Heart pants! this may be worth perusing;
 Bu I'll retire and read it, for yonder, 'mongst the
 Priestesses, I see my Sister coming, and Heaven help 'em,
 The hapless *Belizaria*; and the rest,
 Fled here for Sanctuary. Oh! *Aristander*,
 I wish thou hadst my Heart. [*Exit.*

Enter from the inner part of the Temple Belizaria, Clindor, Helmige, and other Ladies, with the Priestesses of Bacchus in their Ornaments, Gilmunda appearing with her Masques on the other side; the chief Priestess coming forward; speaks.

Ch. P. Ye Gods of Greece, and above all, great *Bacchus*,
 To whom, for many hundred rowling Years,
 Our sacred Rites and mystick Ceremonies
 Have been address'd, protect, and be propitious
 To these thy Suppliants; punish too the impious,
 Who dare prophane thy Altar; shower quick Vengeance
 Upon their Heads, thy Votary implores thee.

Helm. The holy Maid blushes with glowing Anger,

The

The Agitations of her troubled Soul
Blaze in her Eyes and Visage.

Beliz. Oh! can'st thou blame her?
Seest thou not yonder, where the Royal Insolent
Appears, in Mockery of the solemn Mysteries?

Helm. Yes, and behold it with confus'd Amazement.
Heavens! Can that Figure of a perfect Angel,
That beauteous Form, whose personal Divinity
Has Charm enough to force Caelestial Favour,
Be yet so black within, to incline, Fiend-like,
To horrid Profanation? It confounds me!
See, she moves this way, and will speak t'ye, Madam.

Beliz. I am prepar'd.

Gilm. Is it then possible my Eyes can grant me
So rare a Sight as this? Great *Belizaria*,
Cry'd up for Patroness of Virtue, Wisdom;
By the Crowd nick-nam'd too, the fam'd *Grecian* Heroine,
Seeking a Shelter here for base Rebellion,
Amongst a Rout of Enthusiastick Bigots?
Can that great Soul, then, condescend so low
To seek for any Aid but from it self?
This is most wonderful, since I know, Madam,
Do what you please, your Deeds are glorious all,
And wise, as ye held Counsel with the Gods,
And fashion'd their Decrees.

Beliz. No, not so wise;
Virtue's a thing, indeed, of such plain, simple Nature,
'Tis suited by kind Heaven for all Capacities,
And consequently mine; but sacred Wisdom
Is a much richer Grace, a Gift peculiar;
Which as but few possess, so few deserve.

Gilm. Oh! you deserve it, without all Dispute;
The Gods, when they contriv'd so rare a Cabinet,
Could not do less than give the richest Jewel
T' enclose therein.

Beliz. One Jewel, I confess,
There is enclos'd, of an uncommon Value;
Which is, Contempt of vicious Dignity.
I can despise a mighty Man in Office,
Whose Life and Inclinations are deprav'd,
Or acts unjustly.—And if I see a Lady,
Nay, tho' as great as you, out-face her Modesty,
And from the Rules of Virgin Decency
Rove up to Libertine Extravagance,
My Soul can from its little Eminence

Look down, nay and contemn her.

Gilm. You can, great Heroine?

And from my Eminence of State, and Power too,

I can look down upon your proud Humility;

For there's an Insolence sometimes in Rags

As blameful as in Robes of Gold and Purple.

I've often seen a surly Beggar snarl

Because he thought the Alms was giv'n too mean

For his Desert, tho' in extremest Misery.

This boasted Virtue truly is a Pride

Fashion'd and gilded by Hypocrisy,

Which equals even the worst of vain Extravagance.

I revel and enjoy the World, am great,

Plac'd high, and thus, perhaps, indulge my Flatterers

You're humble, set your Face, give Alms, and pray,

Dissemble——All to gain publick Applause.

What Difference then betwixt my Pride and yours?

Beliz. The Difference is in th' Actions plain Sincerity;

My Ends are sacred, and the Good I do

Aims not to be rewarded here below,

But in a Place where Pity's remember'd.

Gilm. And do ye never fear to miss your Aim,

And after your Pains-taking lose your Labour?

Beliz. Oh! no, the Records are for ever fixt,

Set down by an eternal Register,

Where can be no Neglect.

Gilm. If the rank Hypocrite,

Who kindles publick Feuds for private Ends;

Or th' stubborn factions Kindler of Rebellion

May live unpunish'd there, and hope Reward,

You may be certain of uncommon Share.

Beliz. Rather for Loyalty and Love of Honour;

For unless doing Justice deserve Punishment,

I have no Pang of Conscience.

Gilm. Not ev'n for Treason?

That petty Vice lies sunk in your deep Wisdom,

Here's a rare Proof of Honour, Virtue, Conscience;

A precious Guide for our *Corinthian* Dames; [In heat.

Or is your Matronship grown mad o'th' sudden,

Should Rebels have no Punishment?

Beliz. Rebels, Madam!

The Word do's need such a nice Explanation

'Tis hard to be defin'd; and you, alas, [Raising her Voice,

That use 'em most by Rote, without true Judgment,

Had better change it for a modish one,

Relating

Relating to your Head-dress, or your Body:
Study new Phrases that run glib at Court,
Where Flatt'ry still do's eeche ye, tho' Nonsense:
Where the vile, supple, cringing Parasite
May take 'em like his Gold, all without weighing.
And let no thought of the Rebels strain your Fancy:
But if you needs will descant on the Word,
To do it right, know, Madam, 'twas invented
When Royal Villainy first plagu'd Mankind.
Were there no Tyrants, there had ne'er been Rebels.

Gilm. Oh! can your Pride mount now o'er your Sincerity?
[*Loudly to her.*

Calm Virtue, cross'd, I see, can turn to Thunder;
My Breast is all on Fire, by awful *Juno*,
Her Soul o'er-tops me so, I flag and falter. [*Pretting about.*
And have no Power of answering.—But see my Father,
He'll do me Right I'm sure.

Enter Aristander, Damocles, and Guards.

Arist. What! are we then besieg'd? [*To Damocles.*

Damo. Yes, Sir, in Jest;

Three or four Thousand hot brain'd Ideots,
Led by *Pollidamus* and craz'd *Timoleon*,
Bloated with their long Ease and Idleness,
Are got before the Walls. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Arist. I'll send my Guards anon to whip 'em home;
Their hoary Ring-leaders too shall upon Mules,
Their Faces to their Tails, ride thro' the City,
To divert those within.—

Now, my *Gilmunda*, what antick Forms are these?

* What's all this Pageantry? [** Pointing to the Priestesses.*

Hah! I gave Order that † those saucy Women should be
Imprison'd, how comes this Neglect? [*† Seeing Beliz and the rest.*

Damo. In the great Hurry, Sir, they 'icap'd the Guards,
And fled for Shelter hither.

Gilm. These here, the Priestesses,
The impertinent Teazers of our Rasse Deity,
Are going to entertain ye with their Ceremonies.
Please your Majesty to sit a while you'll be diverted.

Arist. It shall be so, I'll borrow so much time from the
Besiegers.

Gilm. How, Sir, besieg'd, isn't then so hot?

Arist. Ha, ha, ha, ha.—Come, let us see these Ceremonies.

Here

Here follows the Entertainment of Singing and Dancing, which done, enter Cilon hastily.

Arist. Extremely pleasant: Oh, the crack-brain'd Anticks, What Whimsies craze their Brains?—How now, what bring'st thou?

Cilon. Sir, your Majesty, if you're at Leisure, shall hear a pretty Business. Hee, hee, hee, hee; the Besiegers, it seems, are now about ten thousand; hee, hee, hee. The new *Ætolian* Governor, I hear, heads 'em, and joins with old *Timoleon*, hee, hee, hee, hee. Fools, Rogues.

Arist. Confusion seize him! he makes Head against me. He, by my Bounty rais'd. Come hither, *Damocles*. [*Whisper.*

Gilm. If my Eyes guide me right, I think I see My Sister yonder, in that part o'th' Temple, Alone and musing, a Paper in her Hand too: Now we're besieg'd—perhaps 'tis some Intelligence; I'm resolv'd to know,—it may do Service. [*Exit.*

Arist. Ten thousand wilful Villains are too many, [*To Damocles.*

And tho' I fear 'em not, 'tis good Policy To be secure: Hire then some trusty Agent, With promise of a Bounty large and gracious, In a Disguise to steal out of the Town At the dead of Night, and post to King *Craterus*, Our Ally and Neighbour; write our Case, And require Succours.

Damo. Sir, it shall be done, And Goddess Fortune, if thou'lt be ador'd, Retrieve thy Scandal, be no more inconstant. [*Exit.*

Arist. Enquire you for *Demetrius*, let him be watch'd, [*To Cilon.*

His dated time comes on; and take those Tatlers [*To Officer.* And stow 'em up in Prison, for their great Heroes That are besieging us, thence to relieve 'em.

Beliz. Death is a Hero, whose Relief is sure; He's ours, and we will thank him with a Smile. Actions, like this, blest Innocence can do, When thou shalt start, and tremble at his View.

Arist. Furies and Hell! away with that curst Adder, She stings thus far off. How now? what new Frenzy? What would your Ceremonial Holiness?

[*Chief Priestess approaches Aristander.*

Chief P.

Chief P. By sacred *Bacchus*, mystick *Cybele*,
Apollo, *Delia*, the August Divinities,
Each Morn ador'd within this holy Temple,
I do conjure you cease this Cruelty,
And give these pious Votaries their Freedom.

Arist. Ha, ha, ha, ha, what said the Antick? *[Fleering.*

Chief P. Be cautious, *Aristander*, how with Deeds,
Impious like these, thou dost offend the Deities;
Free 'em, in the Name of all the Gods, I charge thee.

Arist. Hence, preaching Ideot, or I'll spurn thee from me;
Away, I say. *Now, by my sacred self, [**Ladies carry'd off.*
Not all the Gods, did they stand by, should free 'em.

Chief P. Then take the Curse which I by them pronounce,
Thy Ruin, impious Prince, is near at hand,
Thy Crown and Empire lost.

Arist. Witch! impudent Traytress! *[Drags her by the Hair.*
I'll spoil your prophesying; drag 'em hence,
And give 'em each an hundred Blows with Staves;
Then let 'em try agen to be prophetick.

[Guards beat the Priestesses,
The Fury lurks within 'em will be rouz'd,
Inveteracy its high flown Rage extend,
Curst Female Mischief adding to the Fiend. *[Exit.*

Re-enter Gilmunda with the Letter, and Amidea.

Gilm. And did you find it here?

Amid. Here in the Temple, *[Amidea weeping.*
Open as now, subscrib'd too to *Demetrius*;
But oh! consider, when I had perus'd
The curst Contents, how then I was surpriz'd!

Gilm. Surpris'd! she talks as if some petty News had
reach'd us,
Whilst I, convulsive, tremble at the Terrors
Are here enclos'd.—A Plot to kill the King,
And let in the Besiegers to destroy
The Guards, my self, and all of us; Oh horrid!
And you to find this,—that wants Confirmation;
You have been thought, long since, to favour th' *Ellians*,
And own this suppos'd Prince, and now, perhaps,
Some Fret of your Despair makes you betray him.

Amid. Oh! wrest not impiously my loyal Meaning
Such an unnatural way; reluctant Conscience
Infus'd into my Soul a Father's Danger;
And the strange Means, Heaven sent me to prevent it.

Thus

Thus a strict Bond of Duty principally,
As well as to preserve the rest of the Court,
Divulg'd the Secret, else you ne'er had known it.

Gilm. Rather a Fit of Enthusiastick Zeal
Has forc'd it from ye; you would fain be fainted,
And this you think will do't, else why was I
To be an Ignorant; was a Sister's Safety
So slightly to be valu'd?

Amid. Honour and Conscience
Engaging me an equal Friend to both,
Produc'd the great Discovery; else such a Sister,
Who calls the Good we do, the Acts of Phrenzy;
And when her certain Ruin is contriv'd,
Says her Reliever do's it from Despair,
Little deserves the Grace of such a Secret
That must destroy a Lover.

Gilm. Destroy a Lover!

Amid. That, amongst the rest;
Secrets are Trifles in such times of Danger;
Yes, I avow, forgive me, Modesty,
If at this Juncture I transgress thy Laws,
And blushing, own *Demetrius* for my Lover;
Whose Life not all the Wealth of Earth or Sea,
The Sweets of Empire, or the Rage of Power,
Should have compell'd me thus to have expos'd
But th' Safety of a Father.

Gilm. Double Traytor!
And since I find him so, my Rage is doubled;
Which shall, e'er Morn, have ample Satisfaction:
My Father's twine of Life so slightly hangs,
That even methinks grim *Atropos* is ready;
I'll haste, then and prevent her, and in stead
Make her an Offering of his Enemy;
For now Love to rankest Hate is grown,
Much, for my Father's sake, but more my own. [Exit.]

Amid. Oh wretched Maid! how dreadful is thy Case,
When thou art even oblig'd to curse thy Piety? [Weeps.]
Nor could it be a blest, but some ill Genius
That working his dire Ends, prophan'd the Temple,
And led me to the Secret. What have I done?
Why sav'd a Father's Life, and sure that's good?
What else? Why then I have to do this Good,
Murder'd the Man I lov'd!—Oh Horror! Horror!
Can all the Joys that bless my filial Piety
O'ercome the Woes my Soul must bear for this?

Ah,

Ah, no! Love has a nearer Tie than Nature,
And pulls the Heart Strings stronger.—Yet 'twas my Father!
To see the Author of my Life extended
Upon the Floor! a Dagger in his Heart,
Which I consented to!—Impious and hateful!
A Sin unpardonable!—But then, *Demetrius*!
Whose graceful Charms first caus'd my Virgin Heart
To have a Sense of Love; who, by his Influence
Forming the Atoms that lay all confus'd
And wild, first made me know I had a Soul
To be, by my Discovery, dragg'd to Ruin;
The Rack, the Sword, Impaling, or the Gaunches
Tearing his Limbs to pieces! And I, oh killing Terror!
The fatal Cause of all! *Assist, ye Gods, [*Weeping.
Keep firm my Brain, and prop my staggering Reason;
Let *Amideia* now be worth your Care,
For nothing else can save me from Despair.

[Exit.]

The End of the Third Act.



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Prison Gate.

DAMOCLES Solus.

Damo.



Conscience, thou Terror of irresolute Minds;
Phantastick Phantom that depriv'st the Soul
With sordid Fear, of the due Veneration
It ought to pay to that great God Ambition,
Disturb my Peace no more; there is no
room

For any thing but Greatness in this Breast,
All Thoughts beside are Base.—How dar'st thou then
Press, with thy nothing here, when I indulge
In the Excesses of my tow'ring Fortune,
Lull'd in soft Ease and Riot, the bent Bodies
And humble Looks of Suppliants imploring;
With the large Train of gaudy Flatterers,
Who wait, as if I were the *Delphian* God,
To worship my uprising? Thou intrudest,
And meagre as the Skeliton of Death,
Pretend'st to moralize; giving Reflections
That Favourites, like Beacons set on high,
May warn the rest of Danger by their Blaze;
But first consume themselves, that State and Opulence
Beget the People's Hate,—and that their Ruin.
This thou would'st fright me with; poor dull *Chimæra's*,
Bugbears o'th' Vulgar, spiritless and base,
But shall be my Diversion. I ne'er enter
My Garden but methinks the Statue there
Of *Pallas*, *Vesta*, *Daphne* and *Diana*,
All taking on themselves *Clorona's* Figure;
With Daggers stab at me; at which, perhaps,
I start, and for a Minute may be ruffled;

But

The Fate of Tyranny.

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But straight all's drown'd within the *Greekish* Bowl,
Then something new, and wicked, Charms my Soul.

Enter CILON with a Letter.

Who's there, oh *Cilon*! Well, my Friend, what News?

Cilon. So, please your Lordship, I have here in Charge
A Letter of Importance.—Where's the King,
'Tis from the Princess?

Damo. What, *Gilmunda*, hah, his darling Daughter?

Cilon. Yes, my Lord, I had th' Honour from her own
fair Hands.

Damo. He promis'd to be this Instant here, on a Design
T' harangue th' Imprison'd Ladies with some Orders,
Some new Commands; he'd have 'em send their Husbands
Without their Walls. Has there been ought of Note
Since the last Sally, I've been busied elsewhere.

Cilon. Nothing, my Lord, of Worth, since I commanded
The Party that beat 'em off from the last Bastion.
I hope your Lordship heard how th' Counterescarp
Was taken; and where I order'd 'em to spring the Mine,
When the Enemy design'd upon our Trenches,
Near the *South* Ravelin; there, if your Lordship's ignorant,
I must be bold to say, I pepper'd 'em:
They have got Ground since, I hear, and are come up
Close to our Pallisades.—But if the King, my Lord,
Would take my Counsel—

Damo. Oh! no doubt he will, [*Trumpet sounds within*;
I hear he's not far off, let's go and meet him. [*Exeunt*]

*Enter from the Prison's inner part Belizaria, Helmige and
Ladies, Clindor, and other Children.*

Helm. The Tyrant's coming, Madam.

Beliz. So is, sweet Friend, our latter Day fatal,
And ruinous, like him; let us with brave Contempt then
Receive 'em both alike; are all our Friends here
Join'd in Opinion, and resolv'd unanimously
On what was last consulted?

Helm. All most firmly,
And chiefly declare, a Death with Honour
Prefer'd before the least ignoble Action,
To taint their Memories.

Beliz. Let me hear 'em own it,
Methinks the very Sound is so seraphical,

The

The Joy will fill my Heart. What say ye, Ladies,
Can ye? For without doubt when *Aristander*
Comes to discourse Affairs, he'll make Proposals
Fit for his Interest, tho' to your Dishonour.
Can ye resist? Shall not his Flattery tempt ye,
Nor Threatnings fright ye to debase your Honour;
And so betray your Country?

1 *Lady*. No, we are confirm'd.

2 *Lady*. And all resolv'd to bend our Resolutions
To what you shall think proper in your Answer.

3 *Lady*. And this we all have sworn to.

Omnes. All, all, all.

Beliz. Instead of Infamy, a Death with Honour.
Death!—Well, and what is Death, hoary Philosophers
Term it a leap i'th' dark! A Disquisition
Horrid, yet natural.—Senseless Contradiction,
Death is no more than Nature's final Couch,
Whereon she rests from Cares; so easy too
That little Birds endure it without Noise,
And Infants with a Sigh give back their Beings:
Or if Disease or Age give some short Pangs,
The Joy-free Conscience brings, and balmy Honour
So heals the Minute Woe, it turns to Pleasure.

Helm. And tho' the Separation, may seem terrible;
Of Soul and Body, like two ancient Friends
Of long Acquaintance, that are loth to part;
Yet when we think of the Future State—

Beliz. Ay, my *Helmige*, that Scene of lasting Glory,
Where impious Tyrants act no cruel Part;
Nor dreadful Revolutions can molest us,
There's the Reward still of a Death with Honour;
Life's a short Voyage to that heavenly Place,
Prepar'd to recompense our anxious Days;
To which the Soul in her frail Vessel stow'd,
Thro' numerous Dangers makes its vent'rous Road;
And painfully o'er Rocks and Sands do's ride:
Thro' the tempestuous War of Wind and Tide:
Endures the Storms above that boisterous grow,
And booming Terrors of the Deeps below;
'Till past Vexations that each Moment chance
On Nature's Sea, of frail Intemperance,
The blissful Haven do's at last appear,
Where endless Joy succeeds short Pain and Fear.

Enter

Enter Aristander, Damocles, Cilon, and Guards.

Arist. So, my good Subjects of the Viper kind,
You bare it bravely still; these great Successes
Without the Walls, by your victorious Husbands,
Add Freshness to your Cheeks; my Clemency,
I see, has been to blame, I shou'd have stinted ye
Of your high Diet, and your Ease; a Woman
Must be kept low, if you wou'd have her humble.

Damo. Just like the Viper you were speaking of,
Wear 'em within your Bosom, they shall sting ye;
But let 'em feel the frozen Blast a little,
The Venom cools, then you may turn and wind 'em
Just as you please.

Cilon. All Women are to me a sort of Cockatrices,
And kill me with a Look,—as I do them.

Arist. But think not but I note your Insolencies,
Your proud Contempt, and your neglect of Duty;
Especially of you, their Captain here, [To Beliz.
Who are, no doubt, most wonderfully pleas'd
With your new Hopes of Liberty.

Beliz. My Soul do's still enjoy its Liberty,
That soars aloft above thy Power to fetter;
And for my Body in this impious World,
Where Villainy has got such monstrous Privilege,
'Tis not worth thinking on, enslav'd or free.

Arist. Most Heroine-like deliver'd; let the Devil,
If he would act Pride nearer to the Life
Than he's yet Master of, copy it there.
But I have no time to trifle.—Hear me,
And with regard, for it concerns ye nearly;
Your Husbands, a vile Rout of lawless Rebels,
Have dar'd to take up Arms 'gainst me their Master,
As insolently have besieg'd my City;
And tho' I cou'd confound 'em in my Anger,
Scatter 'em like a Flock of fearful Crows
Upon a Field of Grain.—Yet my indulgent Grace
Moves me another way more mild and gentle,
And guides me calmly to remand their Duty,
Before my Power storms with Extremity.
Sit down, take Pen and Ink then all, and write;
Write with a Tenderness your Sex is skill'd in;
When you design and purpose to inveigle;
Intreat, that for your sakes, to save your Lives,

Which else shall surely second the Refusal,
Straightway to raise the Siege, and to retire.

Damo. The Matron starts; there, the proud Heart being
pinch'd,
Shrinks at the biting Pain.—How the rest stare too?

[*To Clion.*

Arist. Nor shall your puny Lives atone th' Affront,
But what's far dearer to ye still,—your Children,
Without considering either Sex or Age,
Mangled, dismembred, torn and cut in pieces,
Shall, as a Present, on each Soldier's Blade,
Be sent your Husbands the next Sally made.

Beliz. Now, dear *Helmige*, the fatal *Crisis* comes,
With Aspect horrible!

[*Clindor is playing amongst the Children.*

Helm. The Gods direct ye.

Damo. Your toysome Chit, there, will have little reason
To thank his Mother for her Obstinacy,
Should you hold out; be wise then, and go scrawl,
The King's not in a Humour to be play'd with;
Think on the Boy.

Beliz. Oh, do not name him, Monster!
Lest thy invenom'd Breath, tho' thus far off,
Wither the infant Bloomings of his Face,
Lately his wretched Mother's chief Delight,
With loathsome Leprosy.

Arist. 'Sdeath! — Dare ye then delay?
Now, by the Gods of *Greece*, let it be done,
Write quickly, or —

Beliz. Oh! that those bounteous Gods
Should give Mankind a Figure like themselves,
To damn it so with Frowning.

Arist. Death and Hell!

Am I still trifled with? Who am I, hah!
Am I not *Aristander*, my Will absolute?
Which whoe'er dares to disobey, my Breath,
Like darting Lightning, can consume to Atoms;
To Dust in th' Moment! — Briefly then, will ye write?

Beliz. Then briefly no;
Believe not, cruel Tyrant, because Women,
Thy Threats shall awe us to betray our Country;
And by the Weakness of our Sex and Fear
Nature imposes; for our Childrens Slaughter
Shall e'er destroy the Means of publick Liberty
To all the *Ellien* Race. No, *Aristander*, [*Boldly to him.*

The

The Traitor our Husbands have begun we'll follow;
Follow with Wills unanimous, confirm'd too
With Venture of our Lives.

Arist. You will, you say;
By Heaven 'tis brave, fantastically brave.
Come, think agen e'er 'tis too late.

Damo. Serawl, Terawl;
Ten Billet Deux had been blur'd o'er by this time;
Begin your Conjuring.

Beliz. I will not write a Title;
No, let the Consequence be what Heaven pleases,
The Happiness of *Corinth* to be freed
From such abominable Tyranny,
Out-vies, by far, the Woes that we can suffer.

Arist. Oh! there's the Bar, the Hopes you have of Freedom
By Force and Conquest; but remember *Hecate*,
You shall be nothing e'er that comes to pass;
Your rebel Off-spring too be chopt to Fragments,
And thrown to Fowls o'th' Air.

Beliz. 'Twill be some Comfort
To know those airy Executioners
Soon after shall revenge that Cruelty,
And gorge upon the Carcass of a Tyrant
More ravenous than they.

Arist. Fetch her Brat hither.

Damo. I'll do ye that kind Office. [*Damocles fetches Clindor, who is playing with an Orange amongst the Children.*]

Beliz. And *Pluto* one for thee in happy time:
Go, *Clindor*, go, my little Angel, willingly,

[*Tenderly to Clindor.*]

To meet thy heavenly Play-fellows above;
And bless the Gods, dear Boy, that frees thee from
The Slavery thy wretched Country suffers;
Thou art the second Martyr crown'd for *Corinth*:
Make haste, my Darling, from yon starry Mansion,
Bright Cherubins will soar to fetch thee thither,
And please thy innocent Soul with Joys innumerable.

[*Here Clindor looking pityfully in Aristander's Face, offers him the Orange he was playing with, who spurns him away.*]

Arist. Ha, ha, ha, ha, give the Brat the Joys she speaks of;
this Minute comply, or—

[*Here one of the Guards stabs Clindor.*]

Beliz. Now help, relenting Nature, ye blest Deities,

[*Trembles and stands silent.*]

Arist.

Arist. Ha!—stubborn still!—Strike, strike then, and throw
it to her sprawling. [*The Guards kill Clindor.*]

Beliz. Ah!—worst of Devils! [*S shrieks.*]

Arist. I'll make ye change your Note.
[*Walking about ragingly.*]

Beliz. No, Tyrant, thou shalt never;
Tho' thou hast done a Deed would make thy fellow Fiends
Blush even in Hell, with a much deeper red
Than Fire can imitate! Make all Nature dumb,
Stupid with Horror, * yet shall the anguish of my Soul
[** Wringing her Hands.*]

Breath out new Curses and perish to Death!
Oh my Soul's Happiness! [*Throws her self upon Clindor.*]
Art thou then gorse, that pretty prattling Tongue
That was each Day my most delightful Musick,
Untun'd for ever? Oh! could that cursed Hand
Do this, and yet not rot dropping to Earth!
Ye Powers, since this can be, from henceforth then
Let injur'd Innocence despair of Vengeance.

Arist. Vengeance is me, I'm Fate, and will controul;
Not the fictitious Terrors of the Priesthood
Charming the Gods to shower down Plagues upon me,
Nor all the juggling Magick of their Trade
Shall ever change me from my fixt Resolve;
My Will's my Law, and born to be a Monarch;
My Province is to govern, without weighing
What's Right or Wrong, Justice, or otherwise;
'Tis just enough if I command: * Once more then,
[** To Helmige and the rest.*]

Since by Example I have shewn ye now
What I intend to prosecute, will ye yet write,
And save the rest?

Helm. Never, *tho' utmost Cruelty fall upon us and ours.
[** Raising her Voice.*]

Omnes. We never, never will.

Arist. Hags, Witches, Furies seize 'em, I'm all Flame!
[*Raging.*]

Beliz. Oh! ye most noble, virtuous, best of Women,
[*Rising and embracing the Ladies.*]

You now out-do the Heroines of old,
So practis'd in the glorious Laws of Honour;
How, when this poor weak Mansion of your Bodies
Shall crumble into Dust, shall your bright Names
In Golden Letters deck the Monuments,

That

That Time shall ne'er erase? *Now, cruel Tyger,

[*Turns to Aristander.

For thou art lost to all Humanity;
 Reflect with Shame, how far a Woman's Honour
 Excels thy Power; senseless, feeble Woman,
 Undaunted, can defie the Rage of Tyrants:
 Woman, well arm'd with the strong Mail of Virtue,
 Can smile on Racks, Wheels, Axes, Swords or Poyson:
 Woman, defies the Rage of Hell, and th' worst,
 The great Devil there——curst Aristander.

[In extreme Passion.

Arist. Defiance is a Call to Combat——there!

[Offers to kill her, who stands still boldly opposing 'till De-

metrius rushes and parrys his Sword.

How now! how darest thou cross me? Hah! sure my
 Eyes dazzle, speak, Art thou not Demetrius?

Demet. I am, Sir, happy Demetrius now, since 'tis my
 Fortune

To save great Aristander from an Action
 That would for ever have eclips'd his Glory,
 The Blood of simple Women; let your Enemies,
 Who now are in the Snare, Sir, feel your Sword.
 To be more plain, Sir, first know Grimoald is taken.

Arist. That's well, now I begin to understand thee.

Demet. And shall have better Reason, Sir: I've long
 Been curst with Misconstruction from your Majesty,
 But now kind Fate is pleas'd to give the Means
 Of shewing Proofs of my Fidelity.

[Belizaria throws her self agen on Clindor.

Arist. 'Tis well, there has indeed been some Suspitions.

Demet. Besides my apprehending then that Traytor,
 I have encountred, Sir, by being diligent,
 Some friendly Messengers sent from Craterus,
 Your Royal Friend and Ally; who inform ye
 Ten Thousand Men are on the March already
 To raise the Siege, which will be done to Morrow.

Arist. My brave Demetrius, this is indeed such Tidings
 As I could wish for, and a piece of Service
 Which shall not be ill paid.—Prithee, good Friend,
 Forget what's past, the Value of good Jewels
 Are never known 'till try'd; I'll make Amends; this coming
 Night, then—

Thou, and I, and Damocles
 Will make Collation with our trusty Messengers;

And after we have examin'd that Dog *Grimoald*,
Consult about a Sally; at that Juncture
The others shall attack.

Damo. Easily done, Sir, and surprize *Amoleon*.

Arist. Oh! I could eat his Heart, and th' Bandog Governor.
Come, Friends, let's to our Strangers, no Affair now.
But this shall fill my Thought; here is a Letter
Just sent from my *Gilmunda*, News of some Trick I
warrant

Upon her preaching Sister.—Prithce read it at thy Leisure;

[*Gives Demetrius the Letter.*

And humour her, you are acquainted.—You Officer,
Go lock up those the Wolves, who eler next Sun
Will howl out loud Repentance for their Insolence,
And in return meet Scorn.—Come, my *Demetrius*.

Demet. Please ye to grant me, Sir, but one short Minute
With the Virago there, I have something new to teaze her
with.

Arist. And dost me Pleasure in't; * she has lost her Cub
there,

[* *Officer takes off Helmige and Ladies.*

And is in Tears, damn'd Traytreffs, insolent Fury!
Fate grant me but her Husband in my Power,
Then my Revenge is perfect.

[*Exeunt Aristander, Damocles, Cilon and Guards.*

Manent *Demetrius and Belizaria.*

Demet. So, hitherto it prospers; shine out my Stars,
Cloud not one Spark of your propitious Radiance
From your *Demetrius*; and thou, my better Genius,
My sweet *Clorona*, let thy sacred Spirit
Be still at hand to hallow my Revenge.
Hah! here agen, * by Heaven, and smil'd upon me.

[* *Ghost appears, smiles and Exit.*

Nay, then my Enterprize succeeds I'm sure,
Those Looks have no Portent but Happiness.
Now to my Letter here, I'm grown a Man in Trust.
Damocles will grow jealous if this hold.
Oh Fate! * Oh my lov'd Genius! Is this possible!

[* *Reads the Letter and starts.*

By Heaven, a fatal Letter from the Princess,
Discovering mine, and our close Correspondence
With the *Aetolian* Governor; which had the King but seen
My Life had gone with Torment, shewing this lost Paper,
Which has so terrify'd me, lest any Foe should find it.

Now

The Fate of Tyranny.

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Now I perceive too, why blest *Glorona* smil'd,
Which shews the Fate of Tyranny is fix'd
To give it due Reward. — Oh *Belizaria*! [Coming to her.
If thy deep Sorrows can afford an Ear
To one that brings thee News of sweet Revenge,
And Comfort, hear me speak?

Beliz. Oh Heaven! Comfort!
Is Comfort possible, when such Grievs as mine
Press on the loaded Heart, and crush it down?

Demet. The sacred Powers, that have their Cause for all
The Infelicities of human Life,
Have, in their Turn, the Means of Comfort too;
And have, no doubt, reserv'd for you some Share
To mitigate your Sorrows: Let your Sense then
Be thus instructed: E'er the Sun shall drive
This burnisht Carr twice round the Universe,
Timoleon shall be found a Conqueror,
And, crown'd with Laurel, bless the Streets of *Corinth*.

Beliz. Are then the Guardian Angels of the City
Return'd again? Will they be good to *Corinth*,
And to the rest of the Distress'd within?
No longer suffer *Aristander's* Cruelty,
Nor let his horrid Ministers of Death
Gorge in the Vitals of their Infant Sons?
I Joy to hear it, but withal must say
I was forgot, they were not so to mine.

[Weeping over *Clindor*.

Demet. Divert the Thought, dear Madam, with the
Prospect
Of Comforts that are coming.

Beliz. My poor Boy!
Forgive, ye Gods, if thus a Mother's Passion
Forgets her Reverence, was not so much your Care.

Demet. The awful Deities have secret Ends
In all these wond'rous Acts, and Resignation
Is our chief point of Duty. — Fate is tir'd
With the ill Dooms fall'n on unhappy *Corinth*,
And has resolv'd to make her Satisfaction.

Beliz. Me 'tis impossible; Oh Heaven! what Satisfaction!
[Weeping tenderly.

Demet. Nay all the tutelat Divinities
Join on our side; amongst the rest, *Glorona*,
The sacred Genius of our hopeful Enterprize,
Whilst you lay there o'erwhelm'd in Floods of Sorrow,
Appear'd; and with a propitious Smile

On you and me, dispersing Influence,
Gave Omen of Success, and safe Revenge.

Beliz. That then, a while, shall raise me from the Grave
[*Rising up.*

A little Bustle must be done in the World;
Then to my darling Angel I'll return, [Kissing *Clindor.*
Make his cold Bed, and gently lie down by him.

Demet. The Voice of Fame eternally must sing
In your Applause, the noble *Grecian Heroine*
Will be a Theme to all Futurity,
For our immortal Bards upon their Lyres,
To charm the World with, and in Womens Right
Renown their wond'rous Constancy and Honour.

Beliz. Traverse the Stories of immortal Heroes,
Penn'd by the noblest Hands in their Applause
For doing Wonders in their Country's Service;
Contempt of Danger, and Heart-breaking Woes,
Let 'em be all enrol'd and canoniz'd;
And, when they are sum'd up to the last Degree,
Then let all tender Mothers write of me!

[*Looking tenderly and kissing Clindor.*

Demet. A Theme for ever to be celebrated
Whilst Time exists, and Humans have a Being.
Come then, thou Soul of Honour, rouse and cherish
Thy noble Heart with Courage, clear thy Brow,
And then prepare thy self to bear a part
In the ensuing Wonders.

Beliz. Lead the way,

[*Takes up Clindor's Body in her Arms.*
Revenge inspires me, and I'll try to follow,
Clearing sad Looks, as if my Heart were easy:
But as the wounded Deer, by Hunters prest,
Bearing a Shaft deep in his wounded Breast,
Bounds over spacious Plains, do's Mountains climb;
And makes the best of his short dated Time
T'avoid his Pain; from thence he hops, he flies,
Runs, then stops short, and several ways he tries,
But vainly strives his former Rest to win,
The Dart sticks fast, the Grief is still within.

[*Exeunt, she carrying out Clindor's Body.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Demetrius meeting Zizimo.

Demet.  Tand, give the Word e'er you pass farther.
 Zizim. Demetrius?
 Demet. Oh, honest Captain, ——— come
 opportunely
 To forward Matters in this Night of
 Wonders.

Zizim. Wonders indeed, my Lord; for sure till now
 Never was City taken in such Silence:
 No Stir, no Noise, in such a hush of Quiet,
 That when the Postern-gate was open'd to us
 To let the General in, and all that follow'd;
 When those who made Resistance were cut off,
 'Twas done with such a Stillness, as if Death
 Made purposely quick Work to prevent Ourcries.

Demet. The Tyrant being in th' height of his Security,
 By his Neglect, made th' Enterprize so easy,
 Never was Bird of Prey caught in a Snare
 So pleas'd as he, ignorant of what is past,
 He has been drinking largely with his Favourite,
 Suspecting nought even here, in my Apartment;
 And I'm now sent to fetch th' suppos'd Grimoald,
 With th' Messengers of Craterus; who they are,
 And what the end of this Night's Work must be,
 Go with me and be satisfy'd. I've promis'd Musick too
 To entertain him—I'm now a *Primiere* Minister.

Zizim. Thus the just Gods ordain the Fate of Tyranny,
 When things most dangerous have easiest Turns.
 First, that the Letter lost, of such dire Consequence
 Had *Aristander* seen't, should fall so contrary;
 Then, that the Creature of proud *Damocles*,
 I rain'd up so long in Villainy, and trusted

With

With Packets to *Craterus* to raise Succours,
Should at that *Crisis*, by reason of a Grudge

Timoleon perhaps, should have been refus'd
To take, and break the secret of the great Secret
That has been kept so long.

His Master's known, resolv'd Remembrancer,
Is half a Miracle! Why, Captain, I'm so trusted,
That even this Night, when we surpriz'd the Guards,
They star'd on me as if they thought 'twas done
By the King's Order.

Zizim. The *Aetolian* Soldiers
Are plund'ring now the Palace, and th' Tyrant's Daughters
Expos'd to utmost Fury.

Damir. Which I'll prevent, if possible, for *Amideu's* sake,
Tho' much I fear; but first let's make the Game
Secure with *Aristander*. — Guards are ambush'd,
And every thing in Order, come thou along
And help on my Disguise. — See, yonder he comes
Like a fell Dragon, gorg'd with hop'd Revenge;
There let him Bask a while, we'll to our Work.

Zizim. I'm glad there's Joy in's Face. — 'Tis ominous,

[*Exeunt*]

Enter *ARISTANDER*.

Arist. I heard a Noise, no doubt 'tis the new Succours,
And the great Work is doing; where *Timoleon*
And the Rebel Crowd shall crush beneath my Vengeance.
Fate, thou hast serv'd me now as I could wish,
And like a God in yon' celestial Dome,
Methinks I fix me here an equal Deity.
Oh Power! thou darling Mistress of my Soul,
I will enjoy thee now with my full Gull,
In spite of crawling Insects, the base Vulgar;
Who tho' they all exist by my warm Beams,
Yet envy me in my Glory. — Power, thou Creator
Supreme, first Cause of perfect Happiness,
What is not done by thee? — To thee the Miser
Tenders the Golden Idol of his Soul,
Dearer than that by far; to thee the Transports
That Beauty brings with that sweet angelick kind,
Are humbly offer'd; high exalted State,
Honour's bright Wreaths, and awful Dignity;
Bent Knees of Vassals, flowing Eyes of Suppliants,

With the vast Train of diligent Attendants,
All waiting for the Hand of Nod to execute;
Subservient are to thee, celestial Power.
Feast, feast my Soul then, fate thy self with Joy,
Indulge in Bliss which nothing can destroy.

Enter DAMOCLES.

Hah! Shall we not, my *Damocles*?

Damo. No doubt you should, Sir.

Arist. Thou smilest, what's the occasion?

Damo. To think that you, who are this God in Power,
Should let a trifling Mortal, puff up with Pride,
Oppose the darling Pleasure of your Heart,
And by that Insolence boast a Power above ye.

Arist. Ah, thou meanest *Belizaria*. Furies take her,
The Lust I had to enjoy her is now turn'd
Into Revenge, which she shall feel, and suddenly.

Damo. Revenge your self upon her Beauty first;
Take that, I know 'twill please ye still to enjoy her:
For to do Justice, tho' she acts a Fury,
Her Body's moulded of celestial Matter,
And must exquisitely charm. When I saw her
Lately in Prison, mourning her young Cub,
Methought her Eyes in Tears cast still more Sweetness;
Her Cheeks, that wore an Air of solemn Sorrow,
Flush'd with warm Blood, shew'd such a pure Vermillion,
Would infuse vigorous Warmth to frozen Hermits,
And make 'em languish in a new Desire.

Arist. Nay, th' Enchantress has her Charms 'tis true.

Damo. Then as she lay,
Her well-form'd Shape extended on the Floor,
Raising her self a little, Oh! what Heaven
Appear'd about her Neck and swelling Breasts,
That with her Passion heaving still, and falling,
Expos'd at large the beautiful demi Globes,
Soft as Swans Down, and white as Virgin Lillies.
Not *Cithæra*, when the *Dardæan* Prince
Gave her the Prize for his transporting Object,
Was grac'd with half her Charms.

Arist. Curst stubborn Traytors!

Damo. Stubborn; why Sir, the Pride of the Resistance
Adds still more to the Pleasure of the Conquest;
I was born, Sir, to further your Delights,

And

And would not have you miss a Joy so singular,
Because the Nymph, forsooth, is coy and sullen.

Arist. Thou'rt in the right, I will have her, I've now
resolv'd on't.

Damo. Besides, shall that old Rebel
That Fate ne'er durst intend to be her Husband,
Unless to be your Cuckold—— Shall he boast
He has out-rival'd mighty *Aristander*?

No, were I you, posselt with Means and Power,
I'd shew Distinction between King and Vassal;
I'd soon divert that scandalous Disgrace,
And have my Will to prove superior Pleasure.

Arist. It shall be so; thou'lt fir'd me, bring her on th'
Instant, [** To an Officer,*

'Twill be a proper Sport, join'd with the Musick,
I hear they are preparing.

Damo. I've yet more News, and happy for ye, Sir.

Arist. My best of Friends.

Damo. A Chest of Treasure found of old *Timoleon's*,
'Mongst which, 'tis said, there is one Gem inestimable,
Hoarded, no doubt, for his rebellious Use,
Is seized, and brought ye hither.

Arist. Ye Gods, this is too much, my Joys crowd on too
thick.

Damo. Long may they last, Sir. * Oh the Entertainment
[** Musick sounds.*

Is just beginning; please to sit, Sir.

Arist. My second self, sit by me.

*Here Demetrius is brought in by Zizimo, disguis'd like Grim-
moald, and suppos'd bound; with him Timoleon, Pollida-
mus, Gomond, disguis'd as the Messengers of Craterus,
then Cilon and a Chest.*

Arist. Is that the Russian Traytor?

Damo. Yes, Sir, that's *Grimmoald*, he had the same Habit
When he late 'scap'd me, he was doom'd, Sir, for the
Gaunches.

Arist. Thou shalt be cloy'd with Vengeance.

*Musick sound, then a Song and Dance done, expressing the
Reward of Tyranny.*

Zizim. The Sports being ended, Sir, and I hope suitable
To your great Thoughts, tho' somewhat moralizing,

Be pleas'd to taste a better Entertainment,
Luscious Revenge; here's Grimoald, your sworn Foe,
What Death, what Torture, for your chief Diversion,
Please ye t' allot him?

Arist. I will consider on't;
'Twill take time, I'll have something new and exquisite
For such a Dog. *[Frowning on Demetrius.]*

Zizim. Oh, Sir, Delays are dangerous.

Demet. I'll be more quick with him,
He shall be torn in pieces instantly;
I dare pronounce it, I, *Demetrius*, *[Discovering himself.]*
Nearest of Blood to th' late *Corinthian* Monarch.

Arist. Hah, *Demetrius*!—What means this?

Damo. Treason! Treason!

Timol. Contriv'd to crush your Dignity.

*[Timoleon stamps, and Guards rush in, who with Pol-
lidamus seize Damocles.]*

Pollid. I hope you'll use your Interest for a Pardon, Sir.

[To Damocles.]

Cilon. Adsheart, what's here to do, within there, Treason!
Treason!

Here's a very fine Business.

Gomon. 'Tis so, and falls exactly to do yours, * my fine
Court Caterpillar. *[* Kills Cilon.]*

Cilon. Ah Lard! I'm stuck.—Ah! here's a pretty Business.
[Dies.]

Arist. Betray'd! surpriz'd! Art thou then such a Traytor?
[To Demetrius.]

Demet. Here is my Answer.

[Brings up Timoleon who stares at Aristander.]

Arist. Thy Eyes, like Daggers,
Seem to stare at me. Hah! what art thou? Speak.

Timol. My Name will stab thee worse, take it, *Timoleon*.
[Discovers himself.]

Arist. The Devil!

Timol. Right, in th' instant come to damn thee.

Damo. Oh, damn'd, damn'd Fate!

Demet. I'll leave him to your Justice, noble Father,
I've Business elsewhere, drag that Hell-hound after me.

[To some of the Guards.]

Damo. Let Hell-hounds, if a Hell there be, torment me,
Gnaw, mangle, tear, so they do but lend an Hour
Of Joy to see that hoary Rebel's Cuckoldom;
The Rape was well contriv'd I'm sure: Curst Fortune,
To lour on such a blest Design.

Demet.

Demet. Stop, stop his Mouth, away.

[*Exit Demetrius and Zimmo, Guards dragging on Di-*

moetes, and more appearance of other sides.]

Pollid. Nay, you're fast in the Trap,
My gracious Prince of Clemency,
Whence neither Earth nor Hell can ever save ye, and Hei-
ven I'm sure we'not; your Creature too I'll see shall have
true Wages.

[*Exit Pollidarius.*

Timol. Go seek my Wife, good Gomond, and deliver what
I late order'd. * Oh all ye avenging Powers!

[*Exit Gomond.*

Now give me Patience to out-face the Horror

That strikes me from that Object; for not *Medusa*

With her fell *Gorgon* Shield, nor *Snaky* Tresses,

Were ever seen so terrible.

Arist. Since I am then so terrible,

Let Fear supply the place of proper Duty;

And get thee from me; for to turn the Notion,

The self same *Gorgon* thou art now to me.

Timol. No, I'm ordain'd to be your Slave in waiting;

And have not shew'd ye yet *Timoleon's* Treasure:

Yonder's a Jewel, Sir, which, *Miser* like,

[*Pointing to the Chest.*

My Soul once doated on; my greedy Eye

Was never satisfy'd with gazing on it,

Nor my Heart free from Trouble for its Safety;

Yet being doom'd your Prize, the Robbery

I must bear as I can.

Arist. Oh! I forgive it thee,

Take back thy Treasure so thou wilt be gone.

Timol. No, no, 'tis past my Use now; and only fit for
thine;

For Ornament then hang it on thy Breast,

'Twas once of a true Lustre; unlock the Coffer there,

And bring it to his Mightiness.

[*Here the Soldiers open the Chest and take out Clindor's*

dead Body, Timol. takes it in his Arms.

Behold, Sir, here it is. Hah! what! d'ye start?

Arist. The Boy! a new *Medusa*, and more horrid.

[*Starts and looks amaz'd.*

Timol. Here is my Gem; on this with covetous Eyes

I us'd to gaze, 'till I even crackt their Opticks;

My Heart was fill'd with Cares how to preserve it;

Yet mixt with Joy too, being the blest Possessor

Of this, my all, thy barbarous Power has robb'd me.

Unset

Unset the Jewel, sully'd his bright Luster,
And what was noted of such hopeful Merit,
Had Time improved its Value, that great Monarchs
Greater than thou could'st dream of, or imagine,
Would have been proud to have worn within their Bosoms,
Hast thou defac'd, for which thou art this Moment
Just hurrying into Hell.

Arist. Ha! who shall dare
To force me to ride Post on such a Journey?

Timol. Those that remain as small Regard for Tyrants
As Tyrants do for Justice or for Honour.

[Gives Clinder to one of the Guards.
All these here dare. [Stamps with his Foot, and more Soldiers rush in with Daggers drawn, and surround Aristander.

All these here, at my Motion, or a Word,
Shall quicker send thy Soul, thou purple Monster,
To those low Dungeons than ethereal Flame
Could pierce thee from above.

Arist. Senseless Bravado,
Thy peevish Age grown resty in th' extreme,
Now makes thee rave, else thou wouldst trembling own
There is Divinity about a King,
Which is perpetual Guard.

Timol. About good Kings.
I grant there is a strong and sacred Virtue
That would unedge the Sword of Treachery;
But thou, first a Usurper, then a Tyrant,
Set up in Blood, and in it ever reigning,
Making thy Death an Action meritorious,
Hast nothing but the Fiends of Hell about thee,
That gape, and grin, and howl for thy Destruction.

Arist. Well, I'm a King however, let that awe thee.

Timol. Thou art not mine, *Demetrius* was my King;
A virtuous Prince, that govern'd still with Justice;
His Coronation Oath, Cement of Royalty,
(Which when a King once breaks, the Subjects Faith
May well be brittle too) he kept inviolable.
Thy ill built Title, rais'd on th' Chance of War,
And Revolution of one fatal Battle,
Weakly would force my Homage; especially
When Tyranny, like thine, is the Result on't.

Arist. Rebellion do's authorize Tyranny.

Timol. Cruelty and Injustice form Rebellion;
And that thou art worst Foe to human Nature,

To Justice, and to Pity, is shewn here.

[*Taking and shewing Clindor.*

Canst thou, thou damn'd, beyond the rage of Hell,
From all thy Pyramids of Power, give back
The rosie Breath that once perfum'd these Lips,
Pleasing my Ear, and ravishing my Heart?
Or those warm Springs that made this heavenly Cheek
Blush like *Aurora*, which could my Heart replenish
With Blood that it contains—Oh thou lov'd Angel!
My Soul's best Joy, and quintessential Part,

[*Hugs and kisses Clindor.*

How should thy Father's Spirits gush into thee,
And with the Remnant of my Life infus'd
Raise thee agen? but oh! 'tis impossible.

Arist. My Soul relents, and scarce can bear this Object.

[*Aside.*

Timol. Besides, where's my *Clorona*?—Oh Devil! Devil!

[*Raising his Voice.*

That Mischief, in the Heap, was half forgotten;
Why, what a Rout, what a dire Desolation
Has this wild Boar, with his sharp savage Tusks,
Made in my Bowels?—Yet shall I not dare
To gore him in Revenge.—Horror! Damnation!
Sheath all your Daggers in him! * Dare! † Not dare!

[**To the Soldiers. † Stamps ragingly.*

Arist. Stand off, ye Villains, hear me speak, *Timoleon*.

Timol. What, wouldst thou beg to pray?—Perdition
seize thee!

That were more Impudence than yet discover'd,
To hope the Gods will balk my just Revenge,
By pardoning thy black Soul; no, let Hell take it
Fresh from the bloody Shambles where it dwelt, [*Ragingly.*
Spotted as it is, not one curst Crime abated,
Else my Revenge were poor. [*Soldiers prepare agen to stab.*

Arist. Hear, for thy own Soul's sake.

Timol. Unreasonable Fiend, but come, thy last then.

Arist. Thou art a Soldier, and well know'st my Title;
Be it thy Glory then, if yet thou hold'st
In that craz'd Urn a Spark of the old Valour,
To let it now break out upon a King;
And let not Story make such hideous Blots
To shew how base born Vassals did thee Justice
Upon the King thy Master.—Do it thy self,
Come, thus unarm'd I dare thee.

Timol.

The Fate of Tyranny.

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Timol. Dare me, dost thou?

'Tis then, because thou think'st, being all o'er Devil,
Thou hast not human Flesh enough about thee
To feel my Rage.

Arist. If thou deny'st, 'tis Fear and Cowardice.

Timol. Oh ye Immortals, Cowardice!

How that curst blasting Word has fir'd my Heart,
Nay, and resolv'd me now to do't my self.

Retire, my Soldiers. *Nay—no Words, I'll have it so:

[**They seem unwilling, but go out, he giving them Clindor.*

And tho' thou hast deserv'd no Usage honourable,
Yet since there's something left thee, of a Soldier,
For Kingship's nothing—his last manly daring
Has arm'd thee for Defence—*There, now come on, young

Wolf,

[**Gives him a Sword.*

And thou shalt see how the old Man can muzzle thee;

For be assur'd, my Vengeance carries Thunder;

And whilst my *Clindor's*, and *Clorona's* Wrongs,

Sharpen my Point, and sinew my old Flesh.

The Force of Tyrant Armies were too small,

And I, in such a Cause, should conquer all.

[*Here they fight, Timol. kills Arist.*

[*but is mortally wounded himself.*

Arist. I have it, and I think too, so hast thou;

That's yet some Comfort.—But oh! weak and poor

Is the vain boasted Vigour, that my Youth

Believed invincible—I would fain think now,

But that my Spirits, with my Blood, are posting

To their new some-where,—That's my greatest Pang;

Oh! that some welcome Blaze of Lightning now

Would dart, and crust all Nature in a Moment.

But Darkness comes instead,—Black gloomy Horror;

Whilst shaking, with the cold vile Curse of Fear,

I struggle, sink, and plunge, I know not where.

[*Dies.*

Re-enter POLLIDAMUS and Soldiers, with CLINDOR.

Pollid. So, Tyranny is fal'n then—That's as it should be;

But what, my Lord, what means this Blood appearing?

You would not weakly sure attack a Lion;

You had in th' Toyle.

Timol. The Royal Viper stung me

With the word Coward, which, with Reproach of Age,

Tainting my Honour, rouz'd th' old Spirit in me,

To take Revenge my self for my poor Boy,
 And my belov'd *Clorona*—Send him after me. [*To the Soldiers*
 For tho' I find the boarish Paws have scratch'd me,
 Yet have I Life enough to see due Punishment
 Done on his Monster *Damocles*.

Pollid. 'Tis preparing:

Nor will the *Ellien* Crowd be satisfied,
 Till they're possess'd of *Aristander's* Body,
 To use it as they please.

Timol. Go, bear it to 'em,—Keep, keep House, my Soul,
 A little longer, then away, and willingly.

[*Exit leaning on Pollidamus.*]

SCENE II.

Enter BELLIZARIA and GOMOND.

Gomon. Now, Madam, your propitious Stars shine clear;
 The Tyrant's fall'n e'er this.

Beliz. Did my Lord send for me?

Gomon. He did, Madam, to see the Execution done on
Damocles,

And his proud Master, of whose cursed Race
 Not one have 'scap'd the eager People's Fury.

I saw his Daughters led out by two *Ruffians*,
 Who, because *Virgins*, are giv'n up by the Officers;
 First to be ravish'd, to evade the Law,

Then executed: Yonder, I think, they come, brought by their
 Plunderers,

As I suppose, expecting your Reward,
 Giving you full Revenge for your Son *Clindor*.

Enter GILMUNDA, and AMIDEA with Hair dishevel'd, dragg'd by LONGIN and BILBOE, their Swords drawn.

Beliz. Have Mercy, Heaven, what dreadful Sight is this?

Gomon. Look up with Joy, Madam, and take just Revenge
 Upon the hated Offspring of the Tyrant,

That wallow'd in the Blood of your dear Son.

I must to th' General.

[*Exit Gomon.*]

Beliz. Dear, dear indeed!

As ever tender Mother smil'd upon,
 When the Birth Pangs were o'er, but yet alas,

Tho'

Tho' my poor *Clindor's* murder'd; how are these guilty?
But then Revenge—These are o'th' Tyrants Blood,
As my sweet Boy—was mine. [Sighs.]

Longin. Come, come, little *Lindabrides*, come along,
why here's [*Te. Amid.*] Fortune in a Bag now; gad little
did I think to have ever been a Prince of the Blood, in
right of Alliance.

Amid. Oh Misery, Oh help, ye Divine Powers!

Longin. Oh yonder she is! I'm sure we shall have a swing-
ing Reward. D'ye hear, Corporal *Bilboe*, shall I make the
Speech, or you?

Bilboe. Why look'e, I must be so bold, Serjeant, for all you're
my superior Officer, to tell ye you'll find your self a Fool,
to trouble her about it; a Pox on Rewards, as the Case
stands now; my Head's upon somewhat else, and a Plague
upon Speeches too; adzooks I have such a mind to my
princely Mistress here, that I'll make none for my Part;
Speeches will take up time, gad I'm in haste!

[*Holding Gilmund.]

Gilm. Stab me, ye barbarous Slaves; oh kill me!
Kill me, but keep off your filthy Hands.

Bilboe. Hands, why what's the matter with my Hands?—
Humh, 'tis true, they are not made of March-pane, as yours
are; they'll serve well enough, though, for what I shall put
'em too. Come, come, adzooks you must not stand upon
Punctilios now. [Grasps her, she struggles.]

Beliz. Oh Heaven! can there be for poor Mortality,
A Misery so great to equal this?
And can compassionate Virtue look upon it
Without Abhorrence? my Heart bleeds for 'em.

Longin. Hem, hem, we have got these two Women,
your Enemies, safe enough, and please your Honour; we
have heard how little Master has been us'd, and like ye;
and come now out of Respect forsooth, to know what Death
you'd please to have 'em die; whether hanging, or stabbing,
or cut-throating, or any way; we are ready, and please ye.

Bilboe. Ay, ay, we'll revenge ye, I warrant ye; say but
you the Word, it shall be done, any way, and please your
Honour.

Longin. And as for t'other, the ravishing part, od'did I
han't had a Princess sa'n to my Share a great while; I war-
rant ye, let me alone with her.

Bilb. I like mine mainly well, faith; I love a plump full
fed buxom Bit, you must know: I'll revenge ye, ne'er let
your Honour doubt.

Amid. Oh, if the Sense of Pity be not lost!
Quite lost, in all the Foes of *Aristander*;
Let a poor Virgin—wretched in th' Extream,
And fal'n from highest State to lowest Misery,
Invoke those Eyes that seem to be relenting,
To dart one Beam of Charity.

Beliz. Oh my Heart!

And thou chaste Goddess, beautiful *Diana*,
How shall my Conscience answer it to thee?
That I've fulfill'd the Sacred Laws of Virtue;
If I permit thy unpolluted Virgins
To suffer Shame, whilst in my Power to save 'em.

Long. She studies a little too long, methinks: Oh, now
I believe she's feeling for her Purse.

Bilb. Feeling for a Pudding, is not she? I'll tell ye, as I
said before, gad you'll find your self a Fool, Serjeant,—
I don't like these Delays; if we are not fobb'd at last, I'll
be hang'd: Oons, if I might have carried it, I had been mar-
ried to my Princess, or as good, by this time.

Gilm. Oh most abhor'd of Slaves! Heavens! now, methinks,
My stubborn Soul could condescend to beg,
If I could get by't a Sword or Dagger.

Long. 'Dlight, I tell thee she is feeling for her Purse;
fee, fee there, now Corporal Codhead, who's the Fool
now?

Beliz. No, it shall never be declar'd in Story;
Or said in times to come, that *Belizaria*
Expos'd the Temple of Virginity
To the vile Force of horrible Pollution,
Through her Default,—here Friends—I know you brought
These Prisoners thus, to shew the readiness
Of your Good Wills, in furthering my Revenge.
Take then my Thanks with this, and leave 'em with me.

[*Gives Longin a Purse.*]

Long. Humh—Why, there's the Devil on't, I was afraid
of this all along, now Serjeant *Shacklehead*, how much is't
Hugh?

[*They stare at one another.*]

Long. A hundred Duckets, Corporal, 'tis more than their
Cloaths are worth, however.

Bilb. Cloaths, hundred Duckets,—hum—but then to lose
such a, such a, no gad it won't do; why look'e, Madam—
we thank'e heartily for your Bountifulness, but we must obey
our Officer, d'ye see, and then the Law, and please ye.

Beliz. Oh, as to those, I'll vouch with my Authority!
Go, tell your Officers—I took 'em from ye,

Who

Who nevertheless will so dispose of 'em,
The People shall be satisfied, both theirs
And my Revenges shall be perfected;
Go, go, for Shame; *Ha! sure dare not mutter?

[* They look on the Ladies and grumble.
For honourably deserting a vile Custom,
Invented by some Devil, as in Disgrace
Of all Humanity,—If you are Soldiers
You should have Honour, which abhors this Action.

Longin. Yes, yes, Madam, we are Soldiers, and we have
Honour—But, but—

Beliz. But what, can there be better proof of it than this?

Bilboe. But those sweet, sweet, sucking Bottles; Oons, I
shall never see such agen.

Beliz. Away, I say, and dare not dispute;
I'll rouse up Honour in ye, if you're resty.

Longin. Come, there's no help for't; here's a good Purse,
however.

But, Corporal—If I had thought 'twould have come to this—

Bilboe. Thought, Serjeant Suckegg, * a Pox upon ye,
what could ye think less? well, never was such a Prize!
never was such a Pair of dear sucking Bottles lost! a Pox
upon ye.—Come away and be hang'd. [* Pushes him.

[Exeunt grumbling and cursing one another.

Gilm. Oh, noble Action! worthy fame Eternal.
How does her sacred Virtue dissipate
The odious Mists that lately clog'd my Reason,
And made me know my self by true Reflection!
Best of thy Sex, permit an humble Penitent,
Converted by thy heavenly Influence, [* Kneels to Beliz.
And loathing former Errors, to adore thee.
Oh pardon my late insolent Behaviour!
Tutor'd by Hell, and blinded by curst Vice;
I could not see that Purity of Goodness,
Which now Calamity's true Mirror shews me.
But oh! let Angel-pity blanch my Crime,
And true Repentance lessen thy Resentment.

Amid. Blest be thy Days, and doubly blest thy Nights,
Thou Patroness of Piety and Honour,

[* Kneels on t'other side of Beliz.

And may this Deed, so worthy of Applause,
Be still thy Glory in succeeding Ages.
Thy Fame in Songs of Joy, be anniversary,
Whilst the whole Stock of spotless Maids renown thee.

Beliz. Ye great Avengers, that from heavenly Thrones
 Pour out the Viols of your Indignation
 On impious Criminals, bear Witness for me,
 That midst the Crowd of my own innate Sorrows,
 Some Comfort gleams, that I have done this Justice
 To Honour, and to you—Your Honour safe
 From Violation; Death's a trivial nothing!
 Pray therefore rise,—And know I mention Death,
 Lest you should cherish a vain Hope—My Pity
 Would save your Lives, as it has done your Chastity;
 But that's impossible, tho' I wish it were not;
 Your House's Ruin, being decreed by Fate,
 And th' impetuous Crowd—all sworn your Enemies.

Amid. We cannot, must not, hope it.

Gilm. No, being freed from lustful Villainy,
 By your angelick Virtue, best of Women,
 I will meet Death, with better Resolution
 Than ever yet I did a vicious Pleasure
 In my curst Days of Riot.

Beliz. Bravely said.

Oh, be assur'd, had I the Power to save ye,
 Spite of the Sweets, 'tis said there are in Vengeance,
 Each Hair that now is growing on your Heads
 Should turn with Age to Silver, but it cannot be;
 Your Race are all proscrib'd, and you must die.

Amid. The Gods allot us Patience. [*Embracing her.*]

Gilm. Courage, dear Sister.

Oh let the Arms of a new Convert press thee
 Close to my Breast, with Amity unfeign'd,
 And beg thy Pardon for all past Remissness!
 Some Grace is yet for me; for now, methinks,
 The Gods inspire me to assist thy Weakness,
 To stem this Gulph of Fate.

Beliz. Pass it o'er nobly.

And prove how far your Souls surmount the Vulgar;
 Remember you're the Daughters of a King,
 Which, if confirm'd by your last Scene of Bravery,
 I yet engage your Persons shall be safe
 From Violation of unhallow'd Eyes;
 Nor shall your limbs be mangled, as intended,
 But laid to rest within your silent Tombs;
 With all Respect to virgin Innocence.

Gil. Oh heavenly Breath!

Amid. Oh, the good Gods reward ye!

[*Both kneeling and embrace her.*]

Beliz.

The Fate of Tyranny.

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Beliz. And since the Sheers of Fate cuts off all Passions,
And with the Brave concludes Revenge and Hatred,
Look on me calmly, as a parting Friend,
That, in the Crisis of your last Extremity,
Gives ye two signal Tokens of her Love.
First this, * with pitying Tears for your hard Fortune.

[* *Kisses them,*

A present from my Love,—then this * from Honour.

[* *Gives Gilm. a Dagger.*

A Charm to save ye from insulting Cruelty.

Use it, ye Royal Victims, as become ye;

Then fall renown'd, and peace eternal crown ye. [*Exit.*

Gilm. She's gone, whilst thus bestow'd, her fatal Present
I grasp, with an undaunted Resolution.

Oh, what a world of Wealth had I possession!

Would I have giv'n some Minutes since for this,

Which now my Guardian Genius offers me:

For this—What's this?—A Dagger: What's its Office?

Why, 'tis to make eternal Separation.

'Twillt Soul and Body, with one noble Blow;

That's all, and so to free us from Distress,

And put an end to Life's Inquietudes;

Yet see, how Nature shakes at the dire Motion.

Oh Coward! would'st thou still be miserable?

Here is the World, and here Eternity;

What a vast Freight of Hopes, and Fears, and Doubts,

Troubles and Joys float on that stormy Sea,

Which yet we're sure in th' end must swallow all?

Courage, my Soul, and Dagger hold thy Sharpness!

This Strife shall soon be finish'd; come, dear Sister,

Too late belov'd, but now, my Heart's, sole Joy,

Look up, and see my Life Blood make thee Recompense.

Amid. Oh hold! for since you're now so good to love me,

See me die first. Alas! I'm all o'er Coward,

And tremble so, that did you not assist me,

I fear I should not strike the Blow to free me.

Let me then use the Dagger in your Presence.

Gilm. The Aid thou hast from sacred Innocence

Will make thee bold, and charm thee with new Courage:

Besides, it is my Birthright, I'm the elder,

And should die first.

Amid. Oh! having more of Years,

You have the more of Courage; simple Tenderness

Will make me swoon when I behold you die;

And leave my Body senseless to be sham'd

By some vile Ruffian : Oh pity me, dear Sister,
And shew me how to strike !

Gilm. Hah ! she has mov'd me [*Apart from her.*
With her last Words—See how the poor Soul trembles,
Like a weak callow Bird, torn from its Nest,
That knows not where to get new Habitation.
Her Fears will certainly evade the Stroke,
And leave her to Abuses—'Tis resolv'd then.
Well, *Amidea*, you shall conquer me ;
Give me first, one dear Sister-like Embrace,
And a kind Pardon for my past Offences.
And then, sweet Soul, farewell. * Oh Tyrant Destiny !
[** They embrace.*

Now take the Dagger, and one happy Blow,
Struck home like this, * seats thee among the Stars.
[** Stabs Amidea.*

Amid. Ah, 'tis done, 'tis done, dear Sister, blest be thy Hand :
Kiss me, and take my last Thanks ; Oh !—Farewel.
[*Dies.*

Gilm. The last of rosy Breath, came coldly to me,
[*Kissing her.*

A second blow : And thus I give thee mine.
[*Stabs her self.*

Adieu, vain Life, thou childish Bubble, blown
A while about the World, flasht off, and gone. [*Dies.*

SCENE III. *Discovers the Heads of ARISTANDER and CILON held by Soldiers on Spears, with their Limbs torn off, and held by others ; who stand on each side of DAMOCLES ; who appears impal'd upon a Stake, on the side of the Stage ; the Bodies of CLORONA and CLINDOR lying in State, TIMOLEON sitting by it, holding BELIZARIA'S Hand, POLLIDAMUS, GOMOND, HELMIGE, Ladies and Guards standing round 'em.*

Timol. 'Tis now my Peace of Mind is perfected,
And dear Revenge is full ; the Fate of Tyranny
At large is prov'd ; rest then, sweet Souls, for ever ;
And thou, my better half, live long and happy :
'Twill be the greatest of my Joys above,

The Fate of Tyranny.

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To look down, and behold—Virtue rewarded.

Beliz. Ah, what Reward, dear Lord, whilst you are in Danger,

And this lov'd part is gone, * can *Belizaria*

[* *Pointing to Clindor.*

Expect or hope for? Oh relentless Powers!

This last worst Blow, has fal'n on me unguarded. [*Weeps.*

Gomond. Hope better, Madam,—The Surgeon's last Account made of his Lordship's Wound is favourable.

Timol. Where's *Demetrius*?

Pollid. The Prince, my Lord, went out in eager Haste, having your Grant, and the great Governour's, in hopes to save the Princesses, but the People oppos'd it, through their Hate to *Aristander*, even to the last—and see his Highness comes.

Enter DEMETRIUS with a Dagger.

Demet. Fate has been now too speedy, they're both dead, And by themselves, with this: * Poor *Amidea*, thy Virtue

[* *A Dagger*

Well deserved Pity, tho' it late was likely To prove my Ruine.

Beliz. Oh Royal Virgins! you have nobly paid Bright Honour's Debt.—The Dagger's mine, my Lord, Which was but lent to do that glorious Office; As I, for the same Use, had long reserv'd it, Whenever my Distress gave an occasion; Please to return it, that it may be hallow'd, And kept up as a Relick to Posterity.

Demet. Madam, I'll not dispute your Pleasure.

[*Gives the Dagger.*

How fares my noble Father?

Timol. Like one that holds his Soul betwixt his Lips, Only to give some tender Friend a Farewel. Royal young Man! Heaven shower down Blessings on thee. Make ready there, all you that love *Timoleon*, To give a Shout, and cry, Long live *Demetrius*, Now rightful King of *Corinth*.

Pollid. Allow'd by all, with general Joy, my Lord.

Zizimo. His Spirits falter, and his Face grows paler; Raise him a little.

Timol. If there were ought remaining of a Blessing Which I had not bestow'd, thou Soul of Goodness,

[*To Belizaria.*
Pattern

Pattern of Heroines, and peerless Wife,
 With my last Gasp I'd give it.—But 'tis over;
 The Life Love's Cordial kept so long, decays,
 I've now no more Space, nor no more Breath to praise.

[Swoons.

Demet. He Swoons, remove him to more Air.

Beliz. Nor I a Soul, now thine has left its Body.

[*Timol. is carry'd off.*

Pollid. Keep back the Lady, her Grief will more disturb him.

[*She is going after him, they stop her.*

Beliz. Oh cruel Powers! are these then the Rewards,
 The Comforts ye receive for patient Virtue,
 To feel the utmost Pangs of Wretchedness!

Gamon. 'Tis but a Swooning, Madam, he'll soon recover.

Beliz. My Brain grows hot, distemper'd Reason falters
 At this mysterious point of Resignation;
 And when I look on those heart-breaking Objects,
 The Chain of Sense is broke, distracting Sorrow
 Turns me to Rage; * stand off, for he that touches me

[*Lifts up the Dagger, the Prince offers to take hold of her.*

Fixes this here.—Give then just Passion way,

Oh, my lov'd Hero! * Have then all thy Actions,

[* *Looks after Timoleon.*

Refin'd by Honour still, and sacred Virtue,
 Acquir'd no Doom but this, this dangerous Tryal.
 But thou, my tenderest Nerve, * my Soul's chief Joy,

[*Takes up Clindor.*

And Life, Blood of my Heart, how has thy Innocence,
 That equaliz'd the Purity of Angels,
 Deserv'd this Fate? Oh, let me bury thee [*Kissing him eagerly.*
 Here in my Bosom! Let thy Mother's Body
 Be thy last Tomb, in which it first was nourish'd!
 What! what! ye Gods, will ye not grant me this
 To reconcile me! Oh! but you'll say we're taught,
 Our Comforts are hereafter,—'tis well thought on.

[*Lays him down again.*

To purchase then the Joy hereafter promises,
 And rid my Soul from its vast Load of Woes;
 Besides, to meet my Husband and dear Son,
 This posts me to the Place where they are gone. [*Stabs her self.*
 Forgive, ye Gods, you should, if now I err:
 Have giv'n less Grief, or else more Strength to bear.

Helm. Oh, she is lost!

[*Shrieking.*

Demet. Fatal and sudden.

Gamon. Not fatal, I hope, Sir, the Wound, by chance, is
 Haunting. Enter

Enter ZIZIMO hastily.

Zizimo. Madam, the noble General recover'd from his Fit, wishes to see you.

Beliz. Oh Heaven, can this be possible? [*She is carry'd off.*]

Demet. Take great Care, good Gomond,
To hasten Art to give her Remedy, Come, *Pollidamus*,
Let's leave this Scene of Death, and to the People,
With kind Oration, settle our new Royalty;
Pull down the Fabrick of ill Government,
And found one upon Justice, Truth, and Honour;
Whilst all good Subjects, glorying in their Change,
Reflect on Ills, from Tyranny did grow,
And bless the happy Revolution now.

End of the TRAGEDY.



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THE
ATHENIAN JILT:
OR, THE
INTRIGUING CUFFLES
The first Comic Story.

Brought from some Hints out of the Poet
of a famous Antique Jewish Author
into Verse, with large Additions and
Improvements by T. DUFFY, Gent.



LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHETWOOD, at CARS
Head in Roper Street, Queen-Street, 1741.



THE ATHENIAN JILT.

The first Comick Story.



Alliardo, a rich thriving Cit,
Beneath a Planet born, to get,
At *Athens*, with his lovely Spouse,
Not long since kept a frugal Houſe;
As much below the large Eſtate,

Dold to the Churl by partial Fate,
As was his Conſort's leaſt fair part
Above the Bounds of his Deſert:
'Till by cohabiting with Vice,
The Peſt of odious Avarice,
From Virtue ſhe eſtrang'd her Will,
And all things good, to all things ill.
She, e'er ſhe well knew what ſhe did,
Became the Part'ner of his Bed,
By Parents too ſevere Commands,
Whoſe ſordid Int'reſt join'd their Hands;
And forcing her to be a Wife,
Entail'd on her a Plague for Life;
Had not, for intervals of Reſt,
Kind Fortune, ſeeing her diſtreſs'd,
To eaſe in part her tedious Doom,
Ordain'd he ſhould be oft from home:

For

For Gain did still his Soul inspire
Beyond the Heat of am'rous Fire.
Beauty had many Charms in Store,
But tempting Gold, he thought, had more.

What Curses waited on thy Birth,
Thou hateful Product of the Earth;
Dug by some envious Dæmon thence,
To rob us of our Innocence.
Happy in verdant Groves we lay
When Light first form'd the infant Day :
When fruitful Pasture unmanur'd,
The World with bounteous Glebe insur'd ;
And *Pluto* yet no Seeds had sown
Of Ore, that rank and common grown,
Has since made half the World his own.

Gold then, that robs Mankind of Rest,
Sway'd wholly *Baliardo's* Breast ;
Nor had the Plague its Period there,
Sabina too, the Young the Fair :
The Name of her whom we must use,
And as his Wife must introduce,
Was tainted in the self same kind,
And soiling Graces of the Mind,
Was made by dazzling Profit blind.
And when the Wittal, worldly bent,
Abroad to make a Purchase went,
To golden *Ormus*, or *Pern*,
Her Closet prov'd an *Indies* too ;
Where with rich Traders she made bold,
To traffick Beauty for their Gold.

In different Cases oft we find
How Vice subjects the Female kind,
A Woman once by Anger sway'd,
Good Counsel scarcely e'er obey'd.
If Love possess her Fev'rish Breast,
Vexation strong disturbs her Rest :
If Pride inflames her she's on Fire
'Till she has compass'd her Desire,
But if her Soul, by Avarice seiz'd,
With Love of Money be diseas'd ;
She'll boggle at no sort of ill,
But ransack Hell to have her Will.

The Family this Couple kept
Might very well be over-slipt,

Did not their Circumstance avail,
 To the Contexture of my Tale;
 Their Number being in all but two,
 A Bearded Switzer, and a Jew.
 The first, to serve in different ways,
 Cook, Groom, or what their Humours please;
 Whilst t'other, in a nicer Station,
 Was train'd for Madam's dear Occasion,
 And close above Stairs Occupation.
 This Nymph, of whom we must speak on,
 Sprung from the Tribe of Zebulon;
 Her Parents of that single Race,
 That in old Times deserted Grace,
 And learnt more sorts of Vice from Hell
 Than all the Prophets could expel:
 She too so tractable was known
 To have good Skill in every one;
 But what was held her Master-piece,
 In which she far excell'd all Greece,
 Was the renown'd and darling Art,
 Ador'd by all the better Sort,
 To find meet Help for handsome Gains,
 Lovers to ease from fiercest Pains,
 And free 'em from that heinous ill
 Of taking Oaths against their Will.
 The Stature of the Tumbril Make,
 From Rule did no Proportion take;
 But then, to make Amends, her Eyes
 Large, black, and sparkling, did surprize,
 And glitter'd round her Saffron Mould,
 Like *Phæbus* on a Marygold;
 Hornwork'd, with Semicircles small,
 Deciphering Sin Original;
 A stigmatizing Mark in th' Face,
 Of all that Unbelieving Race;
 Besides experienc'd fifty Years,
 That in her wrinkled Front appears,
 Establish'd the officious Dell
 To be in kind a *Non pareil*.
 This Creature gifted for the Stews,
 Was to *Sabina* of great Use;
 As one that was her Cully Setter,
 To give the Sign, and shift a Letter,
 Conceive with judgment, if the Spark
 She aim'd at were a proper Mark:

M

What

What Humour govern'd, brisk or dull,
 But chiefly if his Bags were full;
 Which Article, if verif'd,
 To do was little else beside,
 But Cunning, to conclude the Match,
 And spread the finest Nets to catch;
 The Cuckold gone abroad to Trade,
 His yearly Use, as has been said.
 Now then, to let the Tale go on,
 You must suppose him shipt and gone
 To *Candia*, with the outward Fleet,
 With provident Design to cheat;
 Whilst *Trulla*, by which Name we'll grace
 Our lately mention'd *Jewish* Lass,
 Was merchandizing too, with Care,
 And setting forth her Lady's Ware.
 Daily her Walk around she took,
 And search'd the Town in ev'ry Nook;
 To know what Passengers came in,
 And Woodcocks proper for her Gin;
 Nor was her Industry in vain,
 For now, as Fortune did ordain,
 She hears of one that lately came,
 Flusht full of Gold, from *Amsterdam*.
 A *Belgian* Hunks, of noted Rank,
 That had the Devil and all in Bank;
 Besides of Houses a whole Street,
 And Shares in the *East India* Fleet.
 This Gull, as now she hop'd he was,
 Spite of his Birth, or native Place;
 To bring her Purposes about,
 She makes her Business to find out;
 And order'd Matters so to meet,
 As if it were by Chance, in th' Street;
 Then stops him in his dull Career,
 And with these Words accosts *Myn Heer*.
 Permit me, tho' no *Sybil* old,
 To stay your Speed, Sir, and make bold
 T' affirm you one whom Fate do's bless,
 And doom the happiest Man in *Greece*.
 Your long Ear, and the humid Brain
 Moistning th' interior *Pericrane*;
 With the set Graveness of your Eye,
 Colour'd like Puff in Majesty,

The Intriguing Cullies.

Denotes ye, by the Stars design'd,
The darling Joy of Womankind:
That Bulk too, in your Person shewn;
With Hips, *Dutch* built, so like my own;
That Fulness, with an Air so great,
Fashion'd to fill a Chair of State,
With lucky Moles that strew your Skin,
Prove ye most fortunate Of Men.

In short, for many Words are vain,
Your Face, your Figure; and your Mein,
Have captiv'd, Sir, a Lady bright
As *Cynthia* burnishing the Night;
Who tho' reserv'd beyond her Kind,
Such Charms do's in your Person find;
Such Darts were thrown too from your Eye,
As you have carelessly pass'd by;
As ev'n put Virtue to a stand,
And make her prone to come to Hand;
And if you'd know each taking Grace
That decks her Body and her Face,
I'll do her Justice to a Tittle,
And draw her Picture, Sir, in little.

She's white as Snow from Head to Foot,
With lovely Eyes as black as Soot;
She's smooth as *Cupid's* Ivory Bow,
And plump and fleshy all below;
A little Mouth, with Feet and Toes;
Her Fingers long, and short her Nose;
With graceful Jetting in her Pace,
And not quite twenty till next Grass.

Thus with a Tongue as glib as Oil,
The Jew held forth, and all the while
Myn Heer, not fearing to be trap'd,
Like a Tide-waiting Oyster gaped;
But when he heard her tell the Power
His Merit gain'd, his Mouth ran o'er;
And frothy Joy scarce gave him way
To ask where that kind Beauty lay,
Till having clear'd his Mouth and Sense,
And rally'd *Belgick* Confidence,
He told the Jew 'twas such a Grace
He could not hope for, in that Place;
Then who this beauteous Chamber was
Desir'd to know, who might command
His Duty with his Heart and Hand;

For Love Intrigues were his chief Bliss,

But ne'er had one so fine as this.

The Jew then vamps a Story new,

And whets him for an Interview;

Telling him that divine Affair

Should be the chiefest of her Care;

Then gives some Hints too, by the by,

To wake his Generosity;

By dropping Words how this fair Dame

Was of a special Rank and Fame;

Whose Riches, were her Lover's wife,

Might very soon be made his Prize.

This Charms *Van Dotrell* more, who now

Believes 'tis proper he should shew

Some Token that his Soul was great,

So quips her with a Piece of Eight;

With promis'd Mountains for her Lot,

If by her Aid this Prize he got.

Our Succub Satanick now found

She touch'd his Soul in place unsound;

And that a Harlot was the Bait

Most fit to fish for his Estate.

The Dew laps from his chuckle Chin,

That had with gorging pamper'd been;

The Sleekness of his shining Gills;

His pendant Belly, postern Hills,

With long lank Elf-locks on his Poll,

Denounc'd him for a brainless Tool;

Who, whether 'twas to win or lose,

Ne'er baulkt a Punk, nor 'scapt her Nooze.

And now, since Fortune was so free,

He thinks more forward he should be;

Whilst she that knew her Game to play,

Consents, and meets him half the way.

The Night is fix'd then, and the Hour

When he's to enter Beauty's Bower;

Which soon approaches, and the Spark

Led by *Dovegna* in the dark,

Advances to the sweet Alcove

Design'd to be the Scene of Love.

Sabina, like gay *Iris* dress'd,

With a kind Smile his coming grac'd;

And reaching out her snowy Hand;

Seeing how he confus'd did stand,

The Intriguing Cullies!

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With clumfie Motion dopping low,
Which he intended for a Bow,
Engages him to venture nigher,
And sit (*sans* Ceremony) by her.

The *Skellum*, that had ne'er been bred
A Courtier, nor knew ought but Trade;
With aukward Air accepts the Favour,
And now do's upsey *Dutch* endeavour
To make himself more val'd be
By bragging of his Family.

As soon as then a Bus had pass'd,
And they had lovingly embrac'd,
He treats her with his Race and Name,
And tells her his grand Lineage came
From the *Van Owles* of *Rotterdam*.

Then of the Power and Riches prates
Of several *Owles* amongst the States;
How many Tun of Butter they
Had shipt off weekly from the Key;
Of Oil what Vessels, and with these
What Cargo's vast of *Holland* Cheese.

And what prodigious Heaps of Gold
Were got by pickled Herrings sold.

At last his own Concern he names,
Trading for Stones, and *Eastern* Gems;
His lucky Ventures, to make Sale
Of Logwood, and of *Cochineal*;
And what Gold Dust his Ships did bear,
Drawn from the *Ganges* every Year,
Of which he had no little Store
Packt in his Warehouse there on Shore,
Of such grand Price, he had some fear,
Tho' lock'd up close, to venture there.

The subtle Dame observ'd this Cue,
And after a brisk Glass or two
Of *Greek* Wine (which the *Jew* brought in)
Was drunk, and Prattle did begin,
She thought 'twas time to fix her Gm.
She tells him then her House was large
And strong, to keep so great a Charge;
And if her Name such Credit bears,
That he'd trust his Estate with hers,
She'd warrant then Security
From Accidents and Dangers free.

Van Owle half fluster'd with her Look,
 And with the Wine he late had took,
 Thought 'twas an Oracle that spoke;
 Believing that this Invitation
 Was made to take a kind occasion
 To own the Passion in her Breast,
 And make him Lord of all the rest;
 Her House, her Furniture and Plate,
 And Treasure, which he knew was great.
 Wrapt with the Transport then he feels,
 To kiss her Hand the *Dotrel* kneels;
 Assuring her this Favour shewn,
 For ever fixt him for her own.
 And now there can no Minute pass
 Without a Kiss or kind Embrace;
 The League is made, to such Degree
 He calls her his; whilst subtle she
 Still practises new Arts to win,
 And lets him bring his Treasure in.
 Then Revelling they waste some Days,
 Her Smiles, her Words, that sweetly please,
 And now and then a gentle Squeeze,
 Our Cully do's so far entice,
 And draw into Fool's Paradise,
 He scorches with constrain'd Desire,
 And grows unruly to enjoy her.

But she, whose nice ill-natur'd Wit
 Had season'd her a true Coquet,
 Who not contented with her Spoil,
 And Purchase got, by subtle Guile;
 Resolv'd, since 'twas his hapless Case,
 Her way'ring Fancy not to please;
 Right Jilting Humour to pursue,
 And cheat him of Enjoyment too.

Finding her self possess'd of all
 Which he his Property could call,
 She now will change her am'rous Grace,
 And shew the Fool her t'other Face.
 The *Jew* chief Counsellor is made,
 And now the subtle Plot is laid
 To find some Rival out or other,
 And drive one Nail out with another.
 This studied soon effected was,
 For e'er the Period of two Days
 The Features of *Sabina's* Face

A flutt'ring Monsieur had alarm'd,
 And like another *Circe* charm'd.
 As active as a modern Ape,
 And full as a *Frontiniack* Grape
 Of Vanity the *Frenchman* was;
 The fitter therefore for her Case:
 Whom having brought for her Design,
 The *Belgian* Huncks to undermine,
 She straight proceeds. — One Morn in Tears,
 As he was settling some Affairs,
 And managing the House Accompt,
 As if he was Lord Paramount,
 She meets him; and with Sighs and Sobs,
 Feign'd Passion, and fantastick Throbs,
 And putting a sad Grimace on,
 Tells him, in short, she was undone:
 That her too forward Love for him
 Had made her thus a Widow seem,
 When she a Husband had at *Rome*,
 Who now she heard was coming Home;
 And to prepare her for his Use,
 Had sent his Nephew with the News;
 A young *French* Hotspur, fierce and wild,
 One bred up with him from a Child;
 Whose Animosity was such,
 She knew against the frugal *Dutch*,
 For being to *Britain* an Ally,
 And lessening *Gallick* Majesty,
 That should he ever come to hear
 One of that Nation harbour'd there,
 Her Throat, as well as his she put,
 In hourly Danger to be cut;
 And therefore begs him, as he priz'd
 A pair of Lives, to be advis'd,
 And instantly to disappear;
 And for th' Effects remaining there
 She'd take such wise effectual Care,
 They safe should for the present stand,
 And be forth coming on Demand.
 Now simply lookt our *Holland* Sheep,
 He heard her Tale, and saw her weep;
 He knew his Goods in Danger lay,
 Yet too much Coward was to stay:
 For tho' strong Fear for them he bore,
 The Cut-throat Monsieur scar'd him more.

So that not daring to be seen,
Hearing the Nephew was come in,
He ne'er demands a parting Kiss,
But scampers off without his Fleece.

And now *Sabina* is well pleas'd
She was from *Skellum* thus releas'd,
Whose Wealth she'll keep & encrease her Store,
Resolving ne'er to see him more;
Whom here we'll leave, chous'd by the Dame,
To tell of *Monsieur* what became:
Who was as much too brisk a Fool,
As t'other Lobcock was too dull.
No sooner had he gain'd the Grace
Of being admitted where she was,
But out he pulls a Flageolet,
And strikes up a *French Minuet*;
Then dances up his Entrance to her,
And, *en François*, begins to woe her.

J'étois tres bien hereux, Madam,
Where by Fate's Doom I hither came,
To find in one rare Master-piece
The full Perfection of all *Greece*.
The sparkling Lustre of your Eyes
Adorers charm with such Surprise:
It like the Sun diffusive is,
And chears the World with Rays of Bliss.
So far do's Excellence advance,
That even I, tho' born in *France*,
Where Ladies boast they still receive
All Charms Omnipotence can give;
Am forc'd to own your juster Cause,
And give your Conquest my Applause:
With doubled Power you gain the Sway,
For when your Beauty I survey,
From all it bears the Palm away:
And when your poinant Wit I hear,
At once diverting, and severe,
I'm ev'n asham'd of our *Dacier*.
And all the Females of Renown
Who now adorn the *Gallick Crown*,
Your *bel Tailee*, and *Jauntée Mein*:
But here *Sabina* having been
Enough harangu'd, since Compliment
She knew but hinder'd her Eyent,

Cuts short the Spark with Repartee,
Then forms her Project cunningly.

She tells him, tho' his Courtesy
Had influenc'd his florid Tongue
To speak in her Applause so long,
He did the Dames of *France* much Wrong;
Now therefore beg'd him to delight
Her Ear with giving 'em their Right;
And that he would as fluent be
On t'other Sexes Gallantry,
From *Harlequin* to Grand *Louis*.

Le Prate, for so we'll *Monsieur* call,
Told her the Characters of all
The Court, as their Desert appears,
Would hold him tack a thousand Years;
But he'd ingrave, as late did one,
Th' Apostles on a Cherry Stone;
And the great *Bourbon* Lineage tell,
In short, should serve the Turn as well.

Le Roy, the *Dein donne*, as 'tis said,
The Offspring of a Bedrid Dad,
Some Blemish with a spurious Blot,
And boldly publish him begot
One Night when the Religious Queen
Was shut with Prelate *Mazarine*;
Who, by his spiritual Persuasion,
Gave Life to th' Blessing of the Nation,
And after gave him Education;
Others made drunk with Insolence,
With Pimping tax his Reverence;
And that his true Progenitor,
A hot young Count finisht th' Amour,
Whilst the thorn Card'nal held the Door.
Howe'er that was we pass it by;
And crown'd with Immortality
Statues exalt, and sing abroad
His Praises, honour'd like a God;
By courtly Flatt'ry so advance
The *Finesse* of our native *France*;
Whose Complaissance so singular
The knowing World must needs prefer
Before the Mode d'*Angleterre*;
Or the dull *Dutch*, who scarce knows how
To move a Hat, or make a Bow;

And hold as vain fine Words that please
But such as Bargains make for Cheese.

His Fate is so predominant
We ne'er that he's a Tyrant grant,
And tho' he strips us to our Skins
We'd have it thought 'tis for our Sins;
And make Heav'n guilty of the thing
Rather than calumnize the King;
Nay tho' this forty Years e'er since
Oppression did his Rule commence,
The wiser Party all agree
We've worn perpetual Slavery:
Yet since the late Confed'racy
Have jointly (*Europe's Peace to crown*)
Us'd proper Force to pull him down,
We varnish ev'ry Action o'er,
And make our loud *Te Deum's* roar;
When glorious *Marlb'rough*, brave and wise,
The Genius of the blest Allies,
His boldest Gen'ral's Captives led,
And a strong Army Pris'ners made.

Here then, * oh Muse, in serious Vein; [**Poeta loquitur*.
Sing on that Theme a tuneful Strain,
From *Donavert* and *Hockstet* date
The Triumphs of our Hero's Fate;
The upper *Hungary* can tell
What matchless Wonders there befel,
When *Blenheim's* Purple Field was lost,
And vain *Tallard* taught less to boast:
Nor was't thy Conduct, valiant Prince,
That only do's my Praise commence,
But thy undaunted Soul to date
To march the *British* Troops so far,
And hazard by Mischance thy own
Most certain Fate of being undone;
Nor only had thy noted Fall
Pleas'd the voracious Crowd, but all
Thy Family and beauteous Race
Been soil'd with Blots of foul Disgrace:
The charming Pleasure of Success
Admittance gives to *Senates* Grace;
For martial Dangers well past o'er
The Nation has large Thanks in store;

But if Jilt Fortune shuts her Eyes,
And you mistake in Enterprize
'Tis foolish, what would else be wise:
And 'tis a Curse our *Britain* breeds
Not to look backward on past Deeds;
The present Action gains Applause,
And fair Success great liking draws,
Gets Love in worldly minded Breasts,
And loud Huzza's from City Feasts;
But should the active Chief, whose Fame
Successive Years did long proclaim,
Return in one unfortunate,
Deterr'd and cross'd by adverse Fate;
Tho' his great Soul has tortur'd been,
And suffer'd countless Pangs within,
Perceiving things not suit his Mind,
Which he with lab'ring Care design'd;
The nauseous Crowd, the Monster Mob,
His Brow would of his Laurel rob,
And grudge a trivial Taxes Loan,
For which his Life has been stak'd down.

But mighty General, thy Renown
Stands too secure to tumble down;
Blenheim shall rise with lofty Spires,
And tell hereafter who requires
His Deeds, whom now the World admires;
Nor can thy matchless Conduct grow
Outworn, or high Esteem fall low
Whilst *Danube*, or the *Nyle*, do's flow.

And now returning to his Theme,
Le Prate went on. The vast Esteem
We bear our King for many Years,
Has fill'd all *Christendom* with Fears;
The *German* Eagle that so long
Has soar'd aloft the Stars among,
Was ne'er confin'd by fatal Chance,
And coopt within our Cline of *France*
Grand *Lewis* had been Emperor
Had not the Worthy nam'd before
Eclips'd him in Meridian Power;
Consorted with the brave *Engene*,
That second Miracle of Men;
And injur'd *Savoy*, late restor'd,
Who since his Sides so deep has gor'd,

And in Revenge one Act had done
 With bold Attempt upon *Toulon*;
 Had not preventing *Pempest's* rose
 The grand Performance to oppose,
 Strange Accident, with Time's Delay,
 Jointly suppress'd the bold Essay;
 Our Navy burnt, or sunk had lain,
 And *Britain* Lorded o'er the Main;
 But *Gallick* Planets bright did shine,
 And he by us is stil'd Divine;
 The *Phœbus* of the *Northern* Clime,
 And greatest Monarch of his Time.
 Not so his Offspring, Sloth and Ease
 Too much the *Dauphine* did possess;
 Then misbegotten *Burgundy*,
 The *Æsop* of the Family.
 Reply'd the Lady, who thus long
 With great Impatience held her Tongue,
 And finding *Monsieur* entertain
 Himself with this Satyrick Vein,
 By railing at his Countrymen,
 Thought 'twas a thing so odd and new,
 And what the *French* so rarely do;
 That the Abuse he made her hear
 Must be in Complaisance to her;
 And being skill'd as well as he
 In Themes of *Gallick* Vanity:
 Then fearing too much Time to lose,
 Which her Designs could better use;
 And that his Tongue set in to prate
 Would hold out full six Hours in Chat,
 Resolv'd it should a while have done,
 And give her time to breathe her own;
 So thus disturbs him. Ah, *Mon Dieu!*
 That Creature *Burgundy* I knew,
 When I was lately at *St. Clou*;
 It chanc'd to be his Wedding-day,
 I saw that Princess thrown away:
 A hideous Monster he appear'd,
 With Cloak d'*Espagne*, and *Paris* Beard;
 With dangling Peruke to his Rump,
 Invented to disguise his Hump;
 Which now's an odious Mode become
 For half the Fops in *Christendom*.

There *Berry* too, a Figure made,
 Who in a diff'rent Humour bred,

Appear'd

Appear'd as much too brisk a F——l,
As t'other stunted, was too dull;
Riot and Revel, Dance and Song,
This Spark's insipid Hours prolong;
Who fitter was to dance *prevaux*,
Than at a Siege his Conduct shew;
Tho', as in Fable, th' Ape of old,
Strange Wonders of her Offspring told;
The Sire believes both *Charlemains*,
Because they issued from his Reins.

Amongst their Chiefs too I have heard,
Proud *Vis*——y and *Tal*——d prefer'd,
Till great *Eng*——ne, who chang'd their *Stile*,
The first took napping by a Wile;
And Princely *Marlborough* the last,
With Title of his Prisoner great.
Nor has *Ven*——m's wife Caution mist,
My open Ear amongst the rest.
Much fam'd of late for studious Care,
In the preventing fatal War;
Who safely in Intrenchment kept,
His Army still as if they slept;
Altho' so strong and bulky grown,
'Tis thought they might be two to one,
But judging, if he met his Foes,
His Master ruin'd should he lose;
They subtly shun'd the fatal Deed,
And to his Lines abruptly fled.
And there things suiting to his Wish,
Gave Theme for Thanks to the Archbish——
To none of these can Fame bequeath,
By Right her noblest Lawrel Wreath,
Since one there is of princely Race,
Who do's their Merit so surpass;
The Lyon's Offspring plain is found,
Sprung from his Loins on *British* Ground.
Illustrious *Ber*——k blam'd for nought,
If pious Duty be no Fault:
To Loyalty severely just,
And nobly constant to his Trust.
France smiles, whilst they such Merit use,
And *Albion* mourns, such Worth to lose;
Who tho' they see his Martial Feats,
And honour'd Wreaths he yearly gets;

His

His Valour does such Justice shew,
 They think 'tis base to call him Foe;
 Whom they in silent Thought commend,
 And wish he was their Country's Friend.
 This new Digression was scarce done,
 When with the others she goes on,
 Describes *De Thesse, Foubin, Villar*,
 And all the noted Men of War,
 Does briefly praise or discommend,
 And has 'em at her Fingers end;
 So long that now victorious Night,
 Having o'ercome declining Light,
 And in black Robes obscur'd the Day,
 She ceases, to sit down to Play:
 Cards being brought in by the Jew,
 Well knowing what she had to do,
 And at what Hour to take her Cue.
 She knew her Lady's Master Key,
 To her close Stock of Subtlety,
 Was her dear darling Game Piquet,
 By which improving female Wit,
 Their Gold she could from Cullies get,
 And sometimes to divert the Course,
Spadilio's too, and *Maradbroes*
 Contriv'd by cunning flight of Hand,
 Obey'd at *Ombre* her Command.
 These too were Graces all in her,
 For *Monsieur* did her Face prefer,
 And charming Briskness of her Air,
 Beyond all Wealth the Sun does view,
 Treasur'd in *Ormus*, or *Pern*.
 Largely he stakes his Money then,
 And often courtly lets her win,
 When Chance his Losses would redeem;
 Whilst she t'acknowledge her Esteem,
 Piques, and repiques, as oft in course,
 And makes Quint, Point, and her Quatorze,
 Her Pimps to raise the Golden Crop,
 And draw the Pleasure to her Lap.
 He never heeding the Event,
 But when the Rolls of fifty went;
 If her white Hand by chance did stray,
 And let him take a Kiss in Play,
 He's pleas'd, what'er he lost before;
 And ready to be chous'd of more.

And thus ran many Days and Nights,
In Gaming Sports and Love Delights;
No Bounds being to her Favours set,
When Gold was there, and she could get;
Her Eyes were kind, her Air was free,
And none so welcome was, as he.

But Fate that gives a mortal Taste
To Joy, too heavenly, should it last,
That it may never be entire,
With the sweet Rose, still plants the Briar;
Le Prate, too frequent gen'rous Deals
Now usher his approaching ills;
The Wine was now drawn to the Dregs,
And golden Medals from his Bags;
The Sinews, as our Bards declare,
Of pliant Love, as well as War.

Now then, 'twas plain as Gold decreast,
The current of her Favours ceast.
His Visits all grow troublesome,
She's often sick, or not at home,
And now she'll hardly let him come.
Another Lover must be brought,
Which our industrious *Jew* has got,
Nor would it any thing avail,
His nice Punctilio, there to rail:
He like the Dog, had had his Day,
Which he in Pleasure past away:
Whilst she from his Disturbance freed,
Gave Leave for t'other to succeed:
True Woman, in her subtle State,
Which he, poor Fop, had found too late.

And now, no sooner was he gone,
To vex his codled Pate alone,
But she was with a *Britain* sped,
In famous *London* born and bred:
One, from whose Tongue, nice Wit did flow,
His Face and Air engaging too,
And shape; in short, a perfect Beau.
Whose Presence so much liking gain'd,
It almost put her to a Stand;
Whether her Profit she should Prize,
Or Love, which in her Breast did rise;
For amongst all that had appear'd,
And by her strove to be endear'd,

None ever toucht her Heart, like this;
 His Face, his Person, and Address,
 She thinks, deserves a better Fate,
 Than those she had abus'd of late:
 And now has Thoughts of being true,
 A Notion much unus'd, and new;
 And therefore thus consults the *Jew*.

The *Dutch Fool*, *Jannab*, that you brought,
 In proper time I soon forgot;
 Us'd him like one, did understand
 The managing a Fop trepan'd,
 And all such Coxcombs, who are fond.
 The *Monsieur* too, I've packt away,
 To curse his ill Success at Play;
 Since wanting all endearing Force,
 That could delight, besides his Purse:
 But this new Stranger, as if *Jove*,
 Or the all conqu'ring God of Love
 Had form'd him, to enchant my Brain,
 Makes me from late Designs refrain,
 And for his Love relinquish Gain.

At this the *Jew*, with lowering Look,
 And Rage half choakt, her Anger broke,
 And to the am'rous Dame thus spoke.
 What, in the Name of all the Fiends,
 Is't Madam, that your Brain intends?
 Have I, odz — *Abram*, now I swear,
 With Cunning, taken so much Care,
 To bring the Coxcombs to your Snare;
 And will you after what is past,
 Now make your self the Chowse at last;
 Give up the Trophies you have won,
 And take the Course to be undone?
 The gravid Tract of virtuous Rules,
 May suit some Christian loving Fools:
 But still for Women of your Fashion,
 Who ought to love, *sans Inclination*;
 In plainer Terms, I mean for you,
 'Tis fitter far, to be a *Jew*;
 To bend your Mind where Int'rest serves,
 Not heeding what the Man deserves.

Profit, and Love, as different are,
 In both their kinds, as Peace and War;
 Whilst then we court the dazzling Beau,
 That gives us all the Joys below;

Money,

Money, the Cordial for all Ills,
 Lord, and Subjecter of our Wills;
 That spreads our Fame, and rids our Care.
 Thar Arms our Eyes, and dyes our Hair,
 And that for ever makes us fair.
 We act still in our proper Station,
 And do the Work of the Creation;
 But if we dwindle foolishly,
 From our rare Gift of Subtlety;
 By letting the Imposer Mah,
 Turn upon us our own Trepan;
 By Loving give superiour Rule,
 T^a a Creature we were born to fool,
 We merit all our Lives his Lash,
 And should give out our Brains to wash:
 Remit each Heart, his Fancies fee,
 And calmly truckle under Lee,
 Whene'er we lay our Weapons by,
 Of practising to weep and lye.
 Leave off, feign'd Passion to pursue;
 By entertaining what is true,
 We're all bewicht, as I think you.
 Some trifling Pleasure may come on,
 But all our solid Joy is gone.

And here her Tongue had farther run,
 On what she had so well begun;
 Had not the Briton cut her short,
 By coming in to make his Court;
 Who usher'd up his new Address,
 So aptly with an humble Kiss,
 Relisht with sprightly Air and Mein,
 In other Lovers seldom seen;
 That now Sabina liking more
 His Face and Person than before,
 So well was pleas'd with what she saw,
 She bids her Counsellor withdraw,
 And get a Treat prepar'd above,
 For she would sup in her Alcove;
 And with a kind, tho' little Feast,
 Give welcome to her favour'd Guest.

Ill pleas'd went out the grumbling Jew,
 Concluding her Distraction true,
 Leaving her Mistress to employ,
 New Humour to advance her Joy;

Who meets his Courtship half the way,
Nor lets him for Compliance stay,
But freely each kind Glance returns,
And with an equal Ardour burns.

Embrace, the Prologue to Love's Sweets,
With careless Freedom she permits;
His Pressure suffers, nor retreats.

When his bright Eyes the sparkling fees,
And finds each Action by degrees,

A bold luxuriant Plot pursue,

Of gaining the last Favour too;

Which was not in effecting long,

The Fort, altho' by Nature strong,

By a false Traitor there in Arms,

Was soon giv'n up on easy Terms,

Licentious Will the Governour;

Submits to the Besieger's Power;

And now the Victor Cannon fires,

And gives a loose to wild Desires.

The bright diurnal Sun each Hour

He rose, beheld some new Amour;

Her Smiles anticipate the Day;

She shone, tho' he was out o'th' way;

And like *Aurora* newly born,

Grac'd her Adorer every Morn:

Who now usurps *Baliardo's* Place,

With so much Freedom and Success;

Her Fondness rises to such height,

She's restless when he's out of Sight.

Rich Viands treat him every Day,

And *Greekish* Wines without Allay,

Yet never any thing to pay.

Nay such a Stranger is her Will

To her late avaritious Ill;

That now one Day amongst the rest,

When Love's Regale had crown'd the Feast,

Which at a Cottage, in a Wood,

That neighbour to her Mansion stood,

She had prepar'd, as being a Place

Where envious Carpers could not gaze;

The Mistress of the Fabrick too,

Just fashion'd like her Inmate Jew;

Supinely leaning on his Breast,

Whilst he her Forehead gently kist,

And in soft Words his Joy exprest;

She

She, charm'd with am'rous Extasies,
Her closest Secret thus unties.

Most lov'd of Men, whose great Defect
Has gain'd an Int'rest in my Heart,
Ascending to a high Degree,
It seem'd impossible to be;

The Sex till now I never thought,
Deserving to be priz'd for ought;
But as their Services did vary,
To bring us in things necessary;
Or else to purchase still their Ease,
By Presents, which they thought would please;
But you have taught me, to your Fame,
That all your Sex are not the same:

Superiour Worth will force a Claim,
And force a Heart resolv'd as mine,
To change its Temper, and Resign.
Since therefore 'tis your happy Fate,
Such Inclination to create,

And that your Int'rest is so great,
That in my Heart there is no place,
But what intirely you possess;
'Tis fit you should no Stranger be,
To all the rest belongs to me:

But that my Value you should prove,
As well in Fortune as in Love.

This said, a Closet she unlocks,
And shews him there the Warts of Rocks:
Rich Jems with Pearl and Gold good Store;
Vessels of Plate and antique Ore,
Which late from each intriguing Sot,
With artful Cunning she had got;
Of which her Husband nothing knew,
Nor any other but the *Jew*.

See here, she cry'd, with smiling Eye,
Rewards for Love, and Constancy:
He that is to Affection true,
May boldly challenge this his Due:
If then it chance that he prove you,
Desert shall always have his Fee,
And never be deferr'd by me.

Like Faulcons tow'ring in the Skies
Now soaring mounts the *Britan's* Joys,

This new Adventure seems more rare,
 His Mistress too shews far more fair,
 Since what he heard her late declare:
 Such strange Additions Wealth can prove
 When it consents to strengthen Love;
 He kneels, her Hands are often kist;
 He sighs, and dies upon her Breast;
 His Vows and Oaths conclude the Day,
 Ah! what will not a Lover say
 To Beauty that so well can pay?
 Thus revelling in all Delight
 They spent the joyful Hours till Night,
 And then went homewards to regale
 In other Joys too nice to tell;
 Still wearying Time in constant Round,
 Giving to Luxury no Bound.

Great were the Joys they both receive,
 The Husband's Absence giving Leave;
 Indulg'd with such Secrecy,
 That now the *Briston* longs to try
 A Proof of Female Constancy;
 If unawares, or ill advis'd,
 He should be by the Spouse surpriz'd:
 He orders therefore from the Key
 Where all the Ships and Vessels lay,
 A Post in seeming Fright to come
 With News her Husband was come Home:
 Supposing he should find by this
 What Shift she'd manage in Distress,
 And what her Love wou'd prompt her to
 In case such Tidings should be true.
 It chanc'd too at that time the Dame
 Had in her Head contriv'd the same;
 And plotted to surprize her Dear
 The self same way with pannick Fear,
 That he had just contriv'd for her.
 No sooner then was one alarm'd,
 But t'other with a Fright was charm'd;
 Both ev'n at their Wits end to view
 What they had feign'd shou'd fall out true,
 And what they for a Jest design'd
 They now a real Plague should find.
 Thus tortur'd for a while they mourn,
 Not knowing which way they should turn;

Till he, by making plain his Jest,
 Allay'd the Fever in her Breast;
 And she discov'ring what she feign'd,
 The Truth of her late Plot explain'd.
 And thus from Terror being freed
 In former Methods they proceed,
 Resolv'd Fate ne'er to tempt again,
 That late had put 'em to such Pain;
 Which sign'd and seal'd with many a Kiss,
 The Prologue to new Happiness,
 In close Embrace they buckled fast,
 And Fear from either's Bosom chas'd,

But Fate, that oft takes Pride i' annoy,
 The dear Excess of mortal Joy;
 By an unlookt for Chance contriv'd
 To make their Pleasure be short liv'd:
 For whilst they in Embraces strove
 To shew all Signs of mutual Love;
 Balliardo being indeed arriv'd,
 Who had with Secrecy contriv'd
 A short quick Passage to his House,
 Intending to surprize his Spouse;
 And find how all things went at Home,
 Abruptly comes into the Room;
 And to the am'rous Pair was got,
 E'er they unty'd their true Love's Knot,

Not rural Hind who in the Shade
 After long Toil to sleep was laid,
 Starts with more Fright and wild Amaze;
 Who wakes and sees upon the Place
 A Toad sit croaking ne'er his Face.
 Then did our guilty Pair withdraw
 When they the frowning Husband saw;
 Who having closely pumpt before
 The *Switzer*, whom he left on Shore;
 And brib'd him when he went to tell,
 Whatever in his House befel;
 Inform'd was of our *Briton's* State,
 Found so familiar with his Mate;
 Who Owner of a Mass of Wealth,
 He means shall pay for am'rous Stealth;
 With Profit heal his Honour's Sore,
 And gild his Cuckoldom with Ore.

First then, the *Switzer* lending Aid,
 Our Lover is a Pris'ner made;

And stow'd up in a dirty Hole
 Where Lumber lay, and heaps of Coal;
 Who being unarm'd, and seiz'd by two,
 No way left to resist 'em knew;
 He therefore tamely must submit,
 Depending on *Sabina's* Wit,
 And constant Love, which had possess'd,
 As he so long had prov'd, her Breast;
 To set him soon from Durance free,
 And pay past Love with Liberty.
 But ah, how wildly do's he rove,
 That builds his Hopes on vicious Love;
 In vain are strongest Oaths they swear,
 And base, and light, as common Air:
Sabina, by her Husband caught,
 To make Atonement for her Fault,
 Her Promises had soon forgot:
 Profit again enchants her Soul,
 She tells her Spouse, that am'rous Fool,
 Whom now he do's his Pris'ner make,
 She had inveigl'd for his sake;
 As knowing he had Wealth good Store,
 And Jewels lately brought on Shore;
 Which she intended for his Prize,
 Had late secur'd by Love Decoys;
 Then like a true bred Jilt inveighs
 Against his Person, and his Race,
 Begging, the Dunce stood gaping by
 Swallowing the horrid Fallacy;
 To strip him as he would an Eel,
 That he her just Revenge might feel,
 Who had the Impudence to hope
 Her Love could stoop to such a Pop:
 Then with accustom'd subtle Grace,
 She girds him with a close Embrace;
 Hangs on his Neck, and calls him Dear,
 With many Welcomes charms his Ear:
 Whilst he with Flatt'ry now pleas'd,
 Seems with her late projecting pleas'd;
 His Woodcock Pris'ner which her Snare
 For him had caught, makes all things fair;
 So much did tempting Gain controul
 The fordid Orders of his Soul.

He tells her then 'twas not his way
To let too rash Suspicion sway,
When there was Reason to convince,
And turn another way his Sense;
And as he found the late Caress
To that young Fop before his Face,
Was only done through wise Deligne
To trick him of his *British* Coin,
He for the Fact so far should be
From Heart afflicting Jealousy,
That he her Conduct should applaud,
So good at home, he being abroad:
This being verifi'd by her,
With sugar'd Words of Sweet and Dear;
All Grumblings in his Spirit cease,
And he's restor'd to Joy and Peace.

Away then straight in haste he goes
To fright the *Briton* mew'd up close,
Who nought of this new Mischief knows;
And like a bloated Spider there
Infus'd the Poison to his Ear,
That nought but Store of golden Pence
Should e'er atone for his Offence,
Or palliate his late Impudence;
Which if refus'd he might Despair
Of ever breathing *British* Air
In Liberty; nor should his Fare
Be more than that which did supply
Imprison'd Felons doom'd to die;
Death being what should Rage allay,
Which he deserv'd as well as they.
This said, with terrifying Lowr,
And frowning Front, he shuts the Door;
Bidding him make Resolves with Speed
If he expected to be freed.
And now our am'rous Friend, whose Ear
Was doom'd these surly Threats to hear;
With strong tormenting Doubts was pain'd,
He now had been some Days retain'd;
But still in hopes to be releas'd
By her, who late such Love express'd;
Who everlasting Love had sworn
Daily, for three Months past, and more;
Which he was bubb'd to believe,
'Till now, his Sense to undeceive,

The spiteful Jew, to blast his Joys;
 Next Morning, with a hideous Voice,
 Came, and through th' Key-hole told him plain
 Her Mistress held him in Disdain;
 That each late seeming kind Caress
 Was shewn to finish him an Ass;
 And that when pillag'd to a Rag,
 He might to *Britain* sail, and brag
 He had, at Purchase of his Fleece,
 Enjoy'd the fairest Dame in *Greece*.

Thus with a Grin oft-times between,
 Th' ill favour'd Strumpet vents her Spleen;
 Then leaves him to augment his Care
 With Tidings proper for Despair;
 Who now too feelingly do's prove
 The dire Effects of vicious Love,
 The trivial Value of false Joys
 When Souls are set at sordid Price:
 This deeply he reflects on here,
 Whilst each sad Pang grows more severe.

Now too, to heighten Ills, he mourns,
 The Husband with new Speed returns;
 And with an insolent Command,
 Urges Compliance out of hand;
 A Present of his Treasure, Plate,
 And other parts of his Estate,
 Without Delay or Fallacy,
 Else Durance should perpetual be;
 Which racks our *Briton* with new Fear
 Of being starv'd abroad, or here.

But Fortune, that can change her Mind,
 Weary at last of being unkind,
 And thinking now her Prostitute had
 For Youth's Excursions dearly paid,
 Concludes it time to give him Aid.
 She therefore lends his troubled Brain
 A Plot to set all right again,
 The Cuckold's Avarice appease,
 And from his Goal himself release.
 You heard before when am'rous Passion
 Late sway'd *Sabina's* Inclination,
 E'er Lucre that could strongest bind
 With glitt'ring Mischief charm'd her Mind,
 She entertain'd him at a Place
 Where all her Treasure hoarded was;

The Intriguing Cullies.

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The Wealth that she from Cullies drew,
Of which her Husband nothing knew;
And which she in Love Fits design'd
Should Recompence her *British* Friend;
Tho' now the innate Jilt appear'd,
And Love was scorn'd; that late indear'd.

Now then it comes into his Head,
That Closet and the Store there laid,
Should he discover as his own,
Would richly for his Crime atone;
Content the Cuckold's sordid Mind,
Pay too the treach'rous Jilt in kind,
And rid him free from being confin'd.

Much joy'd when he had found this way,
He tells his Keeper where it lay;
Declares too he had nought to say,
But that his Fault appear'd so great
He ought to forfeit his Estate;
And Right, by Treasure aptly paid,
The Wrong was done the Marriage-Bed;
Which, if the Clemency he'd use
To free him, and forgive th' Abuse,
He now was ready to produce;
Without Demur, or more Delays
Would straight conduct him where it was.

Balliardo, whose curst Avarice
Long'd to be sing'ring this new Prize,
Calling the *Switzer* to his Aid,
The *Briton* from his Hole convey'd;
Who flush'd with Joy that did excel
To find his Trick had took so well;
Led on the nearest way to th' Wood,
And in short time the Cottage shew'd;
Where they the toothless *Marron* seize,
And having robb'd her of her Keys,
They soon unlock the happy Door
Where Beauty lay in shape of Ore;
With Gems so brilliant and so rare,
Rich *India* Stuffs, and costly Ware;
That now the wond'ring Cuckold thought
The late Intrigue so well was bought,
He could not soon enough agree
To give his Chapman Liberty;
Who at that Instant was releas'd,
And at their parting both well pleas'd;

The

The *Briton* with his new Device,
 The *rother* for his golden Prize.
 But when at Home his roaring Voice
 Was sounding his unruly Joys,
 In giving his impatient Spouse
 A nice Account of th' little House:
 And what its inside too did hold,
 Shewing some Sample of her Gold:
 No Painter can express her Face,
 Nor Poet pen the Rage that sways;
 Her Bosom flames with fell Despite,
 She hates the Day, and bans the Light.
 A secret Corner seeks to tear,
 With Fury uncontroll'd, her Hair,
 And gives her self to wild Despair.
 Whilst now our young Intriguer freed,
 Well pleas'd with his late lucky Deed:
 Of his Disgrace makes moral Use,
 Which to his Sense do's introduce
 What ill a Strumper's Mischiefs move,
 What Charms attend a virtuous Love.
 Soon then from *Athens* home he speeds,
 And in a Tract reform'd proceeds:
 With Conscience is no more at Strife,
 But takes a kind indulgent Wife,
 And leads a long and happy Life.



ARIADNE:

ARIADNE:
OR, THE
TRIUMPH of **BACCHUS.**
A N
OPERA.



LONDON:

Printed for **WILLIAM CHETWOOD**, at *Cato's*
Head in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.* 1721.

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THE TRIUMPH OF VICTORY

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VICTORY

TRIMPH OF VICTORY

IN A

OPERA



LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHITWOOD, at the
 Head in Raffles Street, Covent-Garden. 1771.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

BACCHUS.

THESEUS, Prince of ATHENS.

PIRITHOUS, Prince of the LAPITHES, his Friend.

ABDALLA, { An INDIAN King, whom BACCHUS
conquer'd there, and afterwards, for
Wit and good Humour, made his Fa-
vourite.

BERONTUS, { A SCYTHIAN Prince, of a Saturnine
Humour; an Enemy to Love, and a
Disliker of BACCHUS, but Friend to
THESEUS, at last in Love with
CELANIA.

BOMBEY. A foolish SATYR.

CHORUS of BACCHINALS, MÆNADES, INDIANS
and SATYRS.

W O M E N.

ARIADNE, Daughter of King MINOS of CRETE.

CELLANIA, { Her Favourite, very Satyrical on Man-
kind.

DOPPA, { A brisk humorous Girl, waiting on A-
RIADNE.

Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Clowns, Singers, and Dancers.

The SCENE NAXOS, an Island in the
ARCHIPELAGO.

THE

T H E
ARGUMENT of the O P E R A.

THeseus, Prince of Athens, having conquer'd the Minotaur, and by the Means of Ariadne, Daughter to King Minos, who fell in Love with him, escap'd out of the Labyrinth, brings her along with him to Naxos, she hoping he would marry her, as he had promis'd, before his coming away; tho' at that instant he design'd otherwise, having resolv'd an Expedition to OEBALIA to steal away Helena, Daughter to King Tindarus, whom he was in Love with; they arrive at Naxos, where Bacchus is newly come from the Conquest of the Indians, bringing with him Abdalla, and other Indian Kings, Captive; and where he also meets his dear Friend Theseus, accompany'd by Pirithous and Berontus, a Prince of Scythia. Bacchus at Sight of Ariadne falls in Love with her, which Theseus favours, gaining thereby a Pretext of leaving her so well to her Advantage, and furthering his own Pursuit of Helen. This is plotted and done at the Triumph of Bacchus, where Ariadne and her Favourite Cellania, coming to see it, Theseus is mis'd, being gone with Pirithous, Berontus remaining, who is newly fal'n in Love with Cellania; Ariadne rages, weeps, and is in great Distress for some time; but Bacchus appearing with his Glory and Courtship, especially presenting her a Crown, to be made a Constellation, and a Promise of deifying her, her Tears are afterwards turn'd to Joy, and the Marriage with great Solemnity being perform'd, finishes the Opera.

A R I.



ARIADNE:
OR, THE
TRIUMPH of BACCHUS.
A N
OPERA.



ACT I. SCENE I.

In a pleasant champion Country, where at a little distance, through Vineyards and flowry Gardens, is seen the beautiful Palace of Bacchus; are also seen four rich Pavilions, between which, in the Front, is erected a Trophy of the slain, Minotaur Guards all along on both sides attending.

THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, BERONTUS appear.

Thes.



Right Fame and Beauty should Reward the
 Warrior
 Who bravely to obtain 'em baffles Danger,
 A Thought so ravishing inspires my Fancy.

Changing

Changing to an Air.

Soul of the World, whose charming Grace
Illustrates more than *Titan's* Race:
Oh Glory! thou still charm'st the Mind,
And mak'st the happy Hero find
A Rapture in the World below,
Which scarce celestial Seraphs know.
Soul of the World, &c.

Pirith. The dreadful *Minotaur* is nobly conquer'd,
And all th' *Athenian* victim Youths reliev'd.

Thes. But ah! the beauteous *Hellen* lives a Virgin,
Sad in her Prime, and drooping in *O Ebalia*;
Whose rare uncommon Beauty has inflam'd me
To fierce Desire, and highest Blaze of Passion.

Oh Beauty all inspiring!
Thou kill'st me with admiring;
And yet whilst so I'm dying
Methinks I'm Heaven enjoying.
If as the lucky Warrior's Fee,
Thou ever gratefully wer't paid,
Extend thy Bounty now to me
In that angelick charming Maid.
Oh Beauty, &c.

Beron. Fame of your Actions from my Country drew me,
But still my Heart with native Ice is freezing,
Which still controuls the scorching Blaze you mention.

Pirith. Oh most renown'd of lovely Women!
How must the glory in her Fortune,
Whom mighty *Theseus* designs to honour?
But oh the Fate of *Ariadne*!

Thes. Is happy as the Gods could order;
For tho' she follows me to *Naxos*,
And gave me proof of ardent Passion,
By kindly guiding thro' the Labyrinth,
My Feet unus'd to such *Meanders*;
Yet leaving her to sacred *Bacchus*,
Whose Love intends to deifie her,
My Infidelity turns Favour,
And justifies my Flight to *Hellen*.

Beron.

The Triumph of BACCHUS.

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Beron. Oh how my Gall o'erflows! * I now am bursting
[* *Aside.*

The Spleen and crowding Vapours will consume me.

Pirith. Ye Powers that Tway the Mind, what nice
Occasion

Can on the sudden raise such strange Disorder!

Beron. Excuse, oh Princes! *Seythians* all to *Bacchus*
Bear a long dated and severe Aversion,
Nor are we thought to do it without Reason.

Air. Happy's the Nation by a Prince,
Who with sound Reason sways, and Sense;
But most forlorn, by one that rules,
And makes 'em Madmen all, and Fools.
Happy's the, &c.

Thes. From *India* lately he return'd with Conquest,
And for that fam'd and glorious Expedition,
Is here at *Naxos* with a Triumph honour'd.

Pirith. Strong Passion every Hour inflames him,
Which *Ariadne* more advances,
Whilst you by Art of fine Dissembling

Feed her with Smiles the Hour you leave her.

They were created to deceive,
Like Measure then they ought to have;
Women are wav'ring as the Wind,
And therefore should be paid in kind;
Like Measure always let 'em have,
They were created to deceive.
They were created, &c.

Drums and Trumpets are heard, and shouts of Joy within.

Beron. The God appears wanton and roffe,
And I, and my Dislike, must shun him. [Exit. *Beron.*

Enter *BACCHUS* and *ABDALLA*, with a Train of *INDIANS* and *BACCHINALS*.

Bac. How gay is infant Bloom of young Desire,
When Morning comes, to sweeten the Debauches
With which *Saturnia* and the Grape has blest us.

Thes. Love fills the Scenes with celestial Gladness.

Pirith. Hope too has always something new and pleasing.

Abdal. And sprightly Wine to both, gives large Additions.

Air. Whenever I'm sad my three Bottles I drink,
For the more I am Topping the less still I Think.

Veration

ARIADNE: OF,

Veration and Cares
About worldly Affairs,
Some national Strife,
A new Plot, or a Wife,
Of puzzle the Poll,
And tease a Man's Soul;
But Wine still relieves, and a good hearty Dole
Gives a welcome Repose,

And makes him be merry, would else be morose.
Pirith. How free from Melancholly are the Natives
In *India*, where hot *Phœbus* shews his Power;
This happy Prince is still to Care a Stranger.

Thes. His conquer'd Country gives no sad Reflection,
The Joy he finds in followinge *Lisians*
Controuls all ill Effects of wav'ring Fortune.

Bacch. His Mirth affords my Hours perpetual Solace!
But oh, my Friend! how trifling is such Pleasure
Compar'd to the Sweet Smiles of *Ariadne*?
Hast thou resolv'd, thou most Divine of Humans,
To keep thy Word, and with unequal Kindness
Dole me a Joy by leaving her behind thee,
Excelling what I share in being Immortal?

Thes. Down in a Citron Grove, where gentle Breezes
From *Indian* Jessamine, *Assyrian* Roses,
Improv'd by *Eglantine*, and luscious Orange
Increase the Od'rous Breath of fragrant *Zephyre*;
The charming Maid now lonely lies expecting
My Morning Visit, there I'll straight accost her
With Tidings of the Triumph's gay Performance,
And your celestial Faculties; e'er *Vesper*
Adorns the Evening's Gloom.—She's yours.

Bacch. Embrace me,
And share my Bosom from this happy Moment;
Cleave to my Heart—thence to my Bower of Pleasure.

Pirith. Where in full Bowls, perfum'd with mingling
Amber,

We'll make Oblation to bright *Paphian Venus*,
And there implore her Aid.

Abdall. Attending *Cupids*
To toast their Mother, will be hovering round ye.

*Bacchus and
Thesus.* } Of all Joys were e'er posselt,
Air. Love and Wine are still the best.

Sweetly they by turns controul,
Wine the Heart, and Love the Soul;

Wealth

The Triumph of BACCHUS. 193

Wealth and Power thrive in vain
 Equal Happiness to gain;
 Wine superior Joy do's prove,
 And in sober Seasons—Love.
 Of all joys, &c. [Exeunt embracing]

SCENE II.

Enter ARIADNE and CELLANIA, DORCA waiting.

Ariad. Again, sweet *Philomet*, that warbling Cadence
 Think not on *Terent* now, lost be the Story;
 The baleful Crimes of Rape and odious Falshood,
 With which Mankind by ours are daily branded,
 No more be mentioned for the sake of *Theseus*;

Cell. Fondly you may believe, but oh! be certain,
 The Brave are not confirm'd to be most constant.

Air. Winter's Ice producing Roses,
 Balmy Rest from poyson'd Doses;
 Without Lightning to hear the Thunder,
 Constant Man is more a Wonder.
 Winters Ice, &c.

Ariad. Some strong Disgust, *Cellania* has inflam'd thee;
 Fell Disappointment rousing Female Anger,
 Or slighted Passion, gives thee cause of Railing,
 But happy I have Quiet in my Bosom.

Air. Like a heavenly Seraph blest, is that celestial Maid,
 Who by Parents ne'er was crost, nor by her Love betray'd;
 Who secur'd by Innocence againt Misfortunes Spight,
 Wears the Day unpain'd by Care, and sweetly too the Night.
 Fortify'd by Providence, can with ill Stars contend,
 And tho' Time be her greatest Foe, is us'd still like a Friend.
 Like a heavenly, &c.

Enter THESEUS, with BOMBAY and TRACIS.

Thes. *Flora*, the Queen of vernal Grace,
 All the delightful Plants and Flowers,
 From *Ariadne* take their Odours.

Ariad. *Theseus* with his *Mercurian* Genius,
 Each Female fair can make a Goddess.

Cell. He can like all his Kind dissemble,
 And if we will be Fools we may be.

ARIADNE: O,

Veration and Cares

About worldly Affairs,

Some national Strife,

A new Plot, or a Wife,

Of puzzle the Poll,

And feast a Man's Soul;

But Wine still relieves, and a good hearty Dose

Gives a welcome Repose,

And makes him be merry, would else be morose.

Pirith. How free From Melancholly are the Natives
In *India*, where not *Phœbus* shews his Power;

This happy Prince is still to Care a Stranger.

Thef. His conquer'd Country gives no sad Reflection,
The Joy he finds in followinge *Lisander*

Controuls all ill Effects of wav'ring Fortune.

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The Triumph of BACCHUS. 163

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Equal Happiness to gain;
Wine superior Joy do's prove,
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Of all Joys, &c. *[Exeunt embracing]*

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Like a heavenly, &c.

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Ariad. *Theseus* with his *Mercurian* Genius,
Each Female fair can make a Goddess;

Cell. He can like all his Kind dissemble,
And if we will be Fools we may be.

Thes. Sweet *Seraph* cease, for vain you make me,
And now to lead bright *Ariadne*,
From this her Bower of Contemplation;
I come to wait her to the Palace,
Where she'll in Triumph see great *Bacchus*,
Joy of all Hearts, Theam of all Voices,
The Soul of all that's brave and noble,
Appear in Pomp.

Ariad. All Pomp is Folly;
Thesens is all my Eyes do covet,
And all that gives my Thoughts Employment.

Thes. Too highly, charming fair, you treat me,
Now to shew Man in his wild Nature, [Aside.
I'll veil resolv'd Inconstancy
With seeming Passion, nothing else can blind her.

Ariad. *Thesens*—— [Passionately.]

Thes. What would my Soul?

Ariad. Enchanting *Thesens*.

Thes. Heavenly *Ariadne*.

[Both joyning Hands.

Celan. Like two fine Instruments that form a Consort,
They're now well tun'd, but will it last, I wonder?

[Apart.

Ariad. With what auspicious Beams shone radiant *Phæbus*,
When I beheld thee first?

Thes. That happy Night too,
When *Cynthia* silver'd with uncommon Brightness,
Adorn'd my fairest in the Labyrinth.

Ariad. *Venus*— approv'd the dear Design.

Thes. And Love's kind Deity,
Made sharp his Golden Darts, I was first wounded!

Ariad. Ah no.

Thes. Yes, yes.

Ariad. No, no.

Thes. Yes, yes.

Ariad. Oh *Thesens*!

I, I, was wounded first, and deepest!
My Heart leapt up to meet the Stroke.

Thes. *Elizium*—Breaths in thy Words.

Ariad. For so much Worth too little
Transcendent Merit has engag'd my Heart,
Thou'rt all in all, and all in every Part.

Thes. Thou'rt all in all, &c.

Valour join'd with Wit inspiring,
Womens Hearts are always firing;
Fools that oft' are Undertakers,
Wanting Merit, bart'ring Acres;

For

For Convenience gain Admission,

But have never true Possession:

They're each other still defeating,

'Tis on both sides only cheating.

Valour join'd, &c.

Thes. How charming from the Fair are Praises?

Inspire me, Love, to make an Answer!

I'm yours whilst Time has Date,——Oh *Mercury!*

Favour this Lye I'm blest.

Cellan. Here's Words sufficient.

Thes. Come away sweet Charmer.

Cellan. But oh! the Heart, the Heart, Words are but Vapours.

Thes. Come to the Triumph.

Ariad. I am all Obedience.

AIR by BACCHUS and ARIADNE.

Dazling Pomp, and awful State,

Suit the Hero brave and great,

Love in brilliant Beauty set,

Making it still more transcending.

Glory charms the Warriour's Mind,

If the Fair one too prove kind,

No Contentment's left behind,

Worth enjoying or commending.

[*Exeunt he leading her.*]

BOMBAY and DOPPA stay; he having long been making
Grimaces behind, comes forward and Sings.

Bomb. E'er since our *Phæbus* fond of Rest,

Last Night, made more than wonted haste,

To bath with *Thetis* in the *West*,

I've had strange Qualms within my Breast.

Doppa with fine black rowling Eyes,

Has made poor *Bombey's* Heart her Prize;

Be kind then dearest of all Dears,

For I'm in Love up to the Ears.

Doppa. If *Bombey* loves, he must prepare,

To clip his Horns, and shave his Hair;

Instead of causing Love, they scare.

The Hoofs too hid within his Shoes,

In Bed a tender Maid will bruise.

They must be par'd.

Bomb. With all my Heart;
Nor will I cry Oh, at the Smart.

Doppa. Why then, because you Woodland Satyr,
Are not well skill'd in Courtly Matters;
Besides, to prove I'm tender hearted,
I'll shew ye how to dress and please me.

Bomb. Oh, how my Heart jumps within me!
But what can change this Hair so matted?

Doppa. A flaxen Peruke finely powder'd.

Bomb. But then my Face, so red and tawny.

Doppa. It must be fleed with boiling Water.

Bomb. Odzooks 'twill scald.

Doppa. Oh—That's no Matter.

You without Prickles can't have Roses,
Nor be a Beau without some Trouble.

Air. Our Sex are all refin'd, and now

There's nothing like a Modern Beau,

To lisp, and play well with a Fan,

Be more a Monkey than a Man;

A quart of Jelly drink with Ice,

And eat what's only dear and nice;

Forget to think, and hate to read

This, this is he,—that will succeed.

Our Sex are all, &c.

Bomb. For love of thee I'll be this Creature,
But in what Habit must I case me,
That this unseemly Hump may cover.

Doppa. A fine lac'd Coat best Suits a Lover,
A Hat cockt up with Golden Button,
Form'd like a Minc'd Pie with three Corners;
'Tis all the Mode.

Bomb. Hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh!
Are these the Charms so fast can fetter?
Why as I am, I'm sure—much better.

Aire. My Back is broad, I'm hot and young,

And shaggy Hair's a sign I'm strong;

Then I can climb the lofty Pine,

And Rape the tow'ring Eagle's Nest;

Or oft with curious Fly and Line,

Beguile the Trout, to make a Feast.

Then hunt the Stag, and Inare the Fawns,

And like a Roe skip o'er the Lawns.

My Back is broad, &c.

Doppa. This won't do, this cannot take me;
And so farewell.

Bomb.

The Triumph of BACCHUS.

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Bomb. Oh, — don't forsake me!

Doppa. Obey, and dress then if you love me,
For nothing but a Beau can move.

Second MOVEMENT.

Bomb. Then take me, and model me just to thy Mind,
Since Beauty much stronger than Reason can bind,
I'll once be a Coxcomb!

Doppa. Why then I'll be kind.

Bomb. Whatever Distinction in Breeding may be,
When a Female's 1th Case,
Every Male is an Ass;

And the Man and the Sayer agree.

Both. Whatever Distinction, &c.

[Exeunt.]

The End of the First.



ACT. 4

Bomb. Oh—don't forsake me!
Doppa. O yes, and dwell then if you love me.

ACT II. SCENE I.

In which appears the Triumph of BACCHUS, he himself sitting in a Triumphal Chariot drawn by LYNXES, surrounded by THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, ABDALLA, &c. ARIADNE seated in State as Spectator, CELLANIA by her, INDIAN PRINCES, and other Slaves chain'd; Attendants on all Sides, with BOMBAY and DOPPA: A Dance also perform'd, Singing and Musick.

BACCHUS descends from the Chariot, and ARIADNE from her Place, he meets her in the Front of the Stage, and sings.

Bach.  OT awful Jove, from Pblagras War return-
ing,
Where the Gigantick Sons of Earth lay
bleeding,

When, tho' Celestial Beauty's crown'd with Glory,
All met the Conqueror in bright Proceſſion:
Gave half the Splendor *Ariadne* brings me,
Divineſt Fair.

[*Taking her Hand,*

Ariad. Hail to the great Immortal,

[*Offers to kneel, he binds her.*

The Cheerer of all Hearts, bleſt Source of Pleaſure.

Theſ. Patron of Joy, and Life's continual Comfort,
Long dold to Humanes, with a Grace transporting.

Pirith. Great *Bacchus* whom the World with Joy confeſſes
Bounteous as our *Olimpicus* Almighty.

Abdal. When all with Zeal and perfect Adoration,
Extol the Raiſer of their high Contentment.

The Triumph of BACCHUS.

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Ariad. Once more great Victor hail—

Bacch. Oh Sovereign Beauty!

How Joyful, and how charming are thy Praises,

Celan. This seems a Riddle, in each moving Accent;

Appears methinks the Language of a Lover,

The Gods I see too can like Mortals flatter.

Bacch. And now let us retire from Ceremony,

To Feasting, and the Sports that are preparing,

Where tho' the Soul of Musick strive to treat us,

Compar'd to Sounds you breath 'twill all be Discord,

Air. How sweetly the Rapture does move,

When the fair one declares she can love,

The Harmony comes from the Spheres,

'Tis told us can ravish our Ears;

The Muses employ'd in their Quire,

With Pleasure the Senses can fire;

But ah, what a Trifle is this?

When compar'd to the extasied Bliss?

That Beauty when pleas'd, can inspire,

How sweetly the Rapture, &c.

[BACCHUS leads her off, and ABDALLA

[CELANIA, the Scene shuts,

Manent THESEUS and PIRITHOUS.

Thes. Oh Heaven! how fine a thing is Woman?

When Love and kind Desire unite us.

And favour the belov'd Enjoying;

But Oh, how pal'd is sickly Fancy!

When fondly undesir'd they teize us,

And we've a Passion for another;

She's gone, *Pirithous*, the poor Turtle

Must change her Mate, and coo without me.

Pirith. Then let her go, 'tis decent Justice,

That sometimes Womankind should punish;

They should be plagu'd when we're inconstant,

For their Original deceiving.

Thes. But is *Berontus* our wild *Scythian*,

That bore 'gainst Love and Wine such Harred,

So strangely caught, as late 'tis rumour'd,

To languish and adore *Celania*.

Pirith. He sighs like any Village Virgin,

That first looks pale for her *Philander*,

Then leaves her Food,—behold him coming!

He'll stay behind, and will be useful,

When

When we to other Shores are waded,
To send us News of *Ariadne*. [Enter *Barontus*.]

Ber. What Devil is brooding here these forty Winters?
Braving the Tempests of the Stormy Boreas,
And all the Plagues that ruffle human Quiet;
I've had the *Halcyon* Nest within my Bosom;
But since I saw this Woman I'm infected,
I burn, I freeze, a Mutiny's within me.

Thes. We'll take no notice of his wild Disorder.

Pirith. Now Prince of *Scythia*, you have shun'd late Triumph,
Some other matters have been more diversing.

Ber. Diversion ceases now, to crown the Banquet,
Thesens is wanting, and, as Spies inform'd me,
The lovely Princess, broke from her *Rogalis*
Through all the Sports, to charge the fair *Gellais*
To seek her Lord, and know his cause of Absence;
She's coming this way.

Thes. But must fail to find us.

For our embarking this must be the Moment.

Pirith. You, Prince, have Business here to stay behind us,
You will be fit to break this anxious Matter;
A small Elopement, 'tis but nine Days Wonder.

Air. To rowling, rowling Seas we go,
Where Mountain Billows foam and flow;
Safe o'er the watry World we'll glide,
Defying Tempests and the Tide,
Laugh at the tumbling Porpoises there,
And sing be Welkin fowl or fair;
Rockt in a Storm, securely sleep,
And dream of Wonders in the Deep.

To rowling, &c.

Thes. When Love's the Pilot, happy is the Sailing,
Green bearded *Palamos* will form a Consort,
And loud with quavering Sounds on shelly Mantles,
Tritons shall sing and pipe to entertain us.

To the Gods of the Ocean I pray,

To waft us soon over the Sea;

Oh Love lend a Sigh to our Sail!

If Zephyr deny us a Gale,

To land us upon the kind Shoar,

Made blest by the Nymph I adore;

Where Beauty with Pleasure prepar'd,

May Toils of a Lover reward.

Thesens and *Pirith.* To the Gods of the Ocean, &c.

Pirithous. S.

[Exeunt. *Thes.* and *Pirith.*

Manet.

Manet BERONTUS.

Ber. My Sickness of the Mind they both discover;
Let it be so, I'm chain'd and must endure it;
This Royal Fugitive may aid my Passion,
Whilst I inform *Cellania* I am constant;
Tho' others are so false—and see she's coming,
Flushing, and fierce like Woman when she's angry.

Enter CELLANIA hastily.

Cellan. If Fame to this Moment always was counted a Liar,
The noisy Tongue Member ever too plagu'd with a Blister,
Now be it authentick.

Cell. Can *Theseus* leave *Ariadne*?
Be *Phæbus* extinguish'd, fall ev'ry Star from the Zodiack,
Imprison the Lightning, yet 'twill be far less a Wonder.

Ber. I'll shew ye a greater!

Cell. That must be worthy admiring.

Ber. I love fair *Cellania*.

Cell. Gods! is this Season for Fooling,
What say ye of *Theseus*?—*Yeve*, and ye Powers avenging?
Where now is the Thunder?

Ber. *Theseus* p'th' East is known a Native;
We, where the Snow falls are more steady,
Have Constancy cooler.

Cell. Why tell you me of your Temper,
Burn fierce as *Avernus*, freeze more than *Icy Cæcytus*,
So *Theseus* returning, cheer the forlorn *Ariadne*,
I still shall be easy.

Ber. See yonder is the Vessel Sailing

Sweet Charmer, have Patience!

Cell. Patience! — Oh *Muliber*! raging
Bring Fire consuming, or thou more ruinous *Æther*.
Flash, burn and destroy 'em.
Kind *Boreas*, down with the Mainmast;
And buried in Tempest, toss up their Keel to the Heavens.

Ber. Tho' Passion's just, all are not Traytors,
Berontus still is firm and constant,
Averse to Love, till awful Beauty,
Controul'd the Ascendant, now I languish,
A Fever reigns—I'm sick.

Cell. Oh, would I were sure on't!

Ber.

Ber. Best Proof is in Action, try me, and weigh the Performance,

His Crimes are so odious, they blast the Title of *Hero*,
And warn'd by your Favours, I dare in Person avouch it.
The *Minotaur's* Conquest join'd with *Procrastus* and *Sciron*,
To me had been Trifles, Beauty like yours commanding,
Oh favour my Wishes, and be for ever my *Pallas*: I love thee to Madness, die for the happy Possession,
My Slumbers are broken, no Food can ever sustain me,
Without my *Cellania*.

Cell. 'Tis well: Oh how I rejoice in't!
But are you in Earnest?

Ber. Fervent!

Cell. You'll woo me like *Theseus*,

Ber. I hate him and *Bacchus*.

Cell. That, that's the Secret I long'd for;
Oh Men! Oh ye Monsters! Oh horrid Race of Deceivers!
But since you do love me, hear how I mean to return it.

Air. Like *Daphne*, coy, I'll fly when you pursue,
And all my injur'd Sex revenge on you;
Whate'er you say, I'll turn to Ridicule,
Whate'er you do, I'll use ye like a Fool;
Whene'er you sigh, I'll shew Disdain and Spite,
And if you shed a Tear, I'll laugh outright.
Like *Daphne*, &c. [Exit. *Cellania*.

Ber. Perdition seize the Kind—may never Woman
Be henceforth Fair, may fowl Diseases plaguing,
Blast all their Beauties—Age creep on o'th' suddain,
May Loathsome Jaundice curb their Pride inherent
Till they cry out for Men, and Men thus use 'em;
What's to be done? I love and yet I hate her;
Oh that we were alone on Mount *Citharon*!
Lofty *Olympus*, or the towring *OEta*!

I'd not thus whine and play the Fool by *Venus*,
A gen'rous Rape's allow'd in other Creatures,
And should be natural to Men no doubt on't.

Air. In Love to use a little Force,
Coy *Silvia* likes ye ne'er the worse,
Females as soon as they can go,
First learn the Words of ay and no,
The no most useful still we find,
To the Perverseness of the Kind;
But as the Nurse compels the Child,
That would do nought with usage mild.

The Triumph of BACCHUS.

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Rough *Damon* oft commands his Joy,
And makes the froward Fair say ay.
In Love to use, &c.

[Exit *Beron*.]

Enter BACCHUS and ABDALLA.

Bacch. Wild as the Winds, as raging and impetuous,
She ranges thro' th' Apartment. — Oh *Abdalla*!
How can a Lover look upon such Sorrow
Without a share in't.

Abd. You may take a share in't,
But then make haste and do't on a sudden;
For Women veer their Humours like the Weather,
And now they rain, and straight they will be shining.

Air. Their Grief is all Art, they have Tears so at will,
Depend on't no Sorrow a Woman can kill.
A jolly young Widow there liv'd at *Bengall*,
Had twenty four Husbands, and bury'd 'em all;
And when every wittal was sent to his Grave,
Oh! how she would whimper, oh! how she would rave;
But when a Successor did sprucely appear,
Oh! how she would teehee, and simper, and sneer;
The time was so swift 'twixt they come and they go,
Pth' Morning she'd ha, ha, i'th' Evening cry — oh!

Their Grief is all Art, &c.

Bacch. I'll change her Sorrow to delightful Pleasure,
Work on her Mind with gentle moving Praise
And Greatness, which all Womankind are fond of;

Air. Applaud the Fair, and let her Sway,
Then you'll find her pleas'd, and gay;
Gold may charm her Understanding,
Sometimes to incline her Love,
But the pleasure of Commanding
Still will never failing prove:
Thus with subtle shew of Duty
You may quench ye if ye burn,
And when you enjoy their Beauty
Know you govern in your Turn.
Applaud the Fair, &c.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

ARIADNE appears sitting on a Couch, weeping, and in a Rage. **CELLANIA** struggling gets a Dagger from her, she starts up and sings.

Ariad. Will ye, oh! will ye then bereave me
Of what can only end my Sorrow,
If not the Dagger, give me Poyson,
Let Cordial *Aconite* bring Solace,
Oh! where's thy Asp, great *Cleopatra*,
Or thy hot Coals, resolving *Porcia*;
One, one of these will ye not render,
And pity so forform a Creature.

Cell. That precious Life has yet in Vengeance
Great things to do.

Ariad. And I'll perform 'em.

Air. *I now have God *Neptune's* whole Power,

[* *Distractedly raving.*
My Waves all Mankind shall devour;
My Surges no more shall be bounded
Till Nature be wholly confounded,
And if to the Sky

The Perjur'd can fly,

I'll mount on my Billows and drown it.

Cell. Oh! calm your Rage, recal your Senses,
Men will be thus, tis second Nature.

Ariad. My Brain's on Fire, and now I'm burning;

[* *Raving still.*
My Breath's as hot as flaming *Etna*!
Oh! could I blast this Male Deceiver,
What Joy were like it?

[*She throws her self agen on the Couch, and weeps.*

Cell. Cool your Passion.

Air. Sorrow ne'er can mend the Matter,
There's no changing human Nature;
Men must deceive,
We must believe;
Then we give Rules,
And they turn Fools;

'Tis Custom found, and Fate goes round.
Sorrow ne'er, &c.

Enter

Enter BACCHUS, ABDALLA, with a Train of INDIANS
and BACCHINALS.

Bacch. Immortal Charmer, for whom Heaven
Gave him large Supplies to Goddess Nature
To Grace with more than common Beauty,
Behold in me a perfect Lover,
Pure without Dross of frail Deceiving;
Drop then no more that pearly Treasure,
But let gay Pleasure rare and brilliant
Adorn my Fair.

Cell. A Grief so weighty,
Oppresses; oh! give time to alter.

Bacch. The posting Hours shall wait her Leisure,
The God of Time and I attending;
Mean while prepare your Sports to cheer her,
And turn to Pleasure hateful Mourning.

Air. In chrystal Domes by Forms Divine possess;
Fair Ariadne shall with me be blest;
On Azure Plains we'll revel all the Day,
Regal'd with Musick, and celestial Play;
And whilst, like Gods, we Drink, and Sing, and Love,
Forget the Cares below with Joys above,
In chrystal Domes, &c.

Here follows a pleasant Entertainment of Dancing.

Abdall. As Ariadne's Friend advise her,

[Abdalla apart to Cellania.

Such Lovers are not always coming;
Besides, what's past there's no recalling,
Let her not be too coy. [*Bacchus this while sitting on the
Couch seems taunting Ariadne.*

Cell. I'm thinking,
Yet if a God should take a Fancy,
And should forswear himself as you do,
'Twere worth considering.

Abdall. I'm as constant
As Sol in India to his rising,

Air. I never pretended to hang in my Garters,
But once I did love a whole Hour and three Quarters.

As black as a Crow,
Round fac'd like a Sloe;

With

With Teeth white as Snow
Was Zara the Shrew;
Who once held me fast,
But I bilkt her at last.

I never pretended, &c.

Cell. The Vice is ripe in all Complexions,
Black, Fair, or Brown, no Truth's in Colour.

Ariad. Can Gods too condescend to flatter,

[*Ariadne rises from the Couch.*

And mention Joy to one so wretched?

And one they made so. Oh! take Pity.

[*Weeps.*

Air. Where Sadness reigns, and Joy can never be,

There let me hide my fatal Woes and me;

In some lone Wood where Bears and Wolves we find,

Remote from worse Brutes of Human Kind;

Where dismal Ews keep out the cheerful Day,

And baleful Screech Owls dream the Night away.

Where Sadness reigns, &c.

[*Exit Ariadne.*

Bacch. Oh! how will sprightly Mirth advance her Beauty,

That in this Dress of Sorrow is so charming.

Hear me, *Cellania*, hear to thy good Fortune,

Follow that Fair one, use thy Skill to gain her;

That once perform'd, as due Reward from *Bacchus*,

Ask what thou wilt it shall be thine that Moment.

Cell. Ye Pow'rs Caelestial, is my hearing perfect?

If so, this Gift commands me swiftest Duty,

Have what I please! Did *Jove* e'er give a greater?

I'll straight about it, fear not, mighty *Bacchus*,

Skill'd in both Arts, persuading and beguiling,

The Turtle's Tears shall quickly turn to smiling.

[*Exit Cellania.*

Bacch. Next the extreme of Love's divine Possession,

Hope is the greatest Joy attends a Lover.

Abdall. The happy Prospect ravishing the Senses,

Half equals the Delight of true Enjoyment.

Bacch. Come then, my Friend, and whilst inspir'd *Cellania*

Is busy in a Plot for Propagation,

Within the hallow'd Cell of old *Sileus*,

With Roses crown'd, we'll empty golden Goblets,

A glorious Sanction to the genial Hour.

Bacch. and

Abdall.

} Haste, haste old Time away.

And call the Hours to form the Nuptial Day;

Let

The Triumph of BACCHUS.

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Let *Juno* come in State,
 Let kind *Lucina* wait;
 But bring not *Venus* there,
 She envies still the Fair;
 Nor yet the thund'ring *Jove*,
 For fear he falls in Love.
 Haste, haste, old Time, &c. [Exeunt embracing.]

Enter DOPPA hastily.

Dopp. Where is my Fool, I must not lose him;
 For in this time of Melancholly
 He's good against the Spleen and Vapours.
 Oh! here he comes.

Enter BOMBEX awkwardly Dress'd.

Bom. My Pinkaninny.
 Am I not brave? Odzooks this Habit!

Dopp. Methinks, he looks so like the perjurd *Thesens*,
 That tho' I order'd ye to wear it,
 I wish that now 'twere torn in Tatters;
 For oh! I'm jealous that you, like him,
 Will be inconstant.

Bom. I inconstant!
 What do's she mean? What's that, I wonder?
 To have the Itch?

Dopp. Oh! no, an Ague,
 That shakes young Courtiers 'till they chatter.

Bom. Oh! I'll be plagu'd with no such Matter;

Air. I'll live still free, and frolick,
 And never get, if you'll be kind,
 A quaking Ague of the Mind,
 Nor give my Heart the Cholick;
 Each coming Night I'll kiss thee twice,
 The same on Mornings when I rise;
 And if thou likest such wholsom Cheer,
 I'll strive to hold out all the Year.

I'll live still free, &c.

Dopp. This pleases, I confess.

Bom. I hope so:

If Brother Courtiers take Example,
 'Twill be a merry World.

Dopp. But *Bombey*.

Bom. What?

P

Dopp

Dopp. Dear *Bombey*!

Bom. Strawberry, more luscious than white Figs, what want'st thou?

Dopp. One, one thing more, that Dress must alter, Methinks you now look like a Fool in't.

Bom. 'Twill break me, I can't pay my Taylor.

Dopp. He'll trust, at least will give Forbearance;
Nay, never start, I'll have my Humour,
Or else Adieu.

Bom. This is the Devil! [*Scratching and looking simply.*]

Air. A Beau did once my Fancy move,

But now a rural Swain I Love;

It seems most German to my Heart,

When you're uncas'd

I shall be pleas'd,

And then perhaps will act my Part;

You'll be, young *Damon*, kind and dear,

And I'll be *Phyllida* the Fair.

A Beau did once, &c.

Bom. Ah! sweet as Codlings Cream and Sugar,
It shall be so.—Say now what Colour?

Dopp. An Iron Gray.

Bom. and }
Dopp. } Country all over.

In Love when we join,

And sweetly combine,

No Dress or gay Folly is needing;

We despise at that Hour

Gay Riches or Power,

We have more in the Pleasure succeeding.

CHORUS of both.

In Love when, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Second Act.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

A most pleasant and beautiful Bower belonging to the Apartment of BACCHUS, adorn'd with glorious Images of all the Deities, Loves and Graces, and illustrated with Dorick Pillars, encompass'd round with Vine Branches, Roses, Jessamin, Eglantine, and Foliages of other Flowers.

Enter ARIADNE and CELLANIA.

Cell.



Alute the Morn, fair *Ariadne*,
With Joy, and thank me for my Tidings;
Glory and perfect Love attending,
Descend, and Homage pay to Beauty;
Let those bright Eyes, whose dazling Lustre

Can captivate a Heart Immortal,
Convert their liquid Pearl to Rubies,
Sparkling with Hopes of Bliss approaching,
Bacchus adores:

Ariad. Leave, leave, *Cellania*,
And let me think—

Cell. Of awful *Bacchus*,
All other Thoughts are of no Moment.

Ariad. Did I not give up Fame and Fortune?
Nay, give him Life? Oh base Ingrate!
Or what's a worser Name, vile *Thesus*!

Cell. Plunge, oh ye watry Powers, the perjurd!
But sacred *Bacchus* loves ye.

Ariad. Loves me!
Why is there such a thing in Nature?

Cell. Some Signs of such a thing.

Ariad. And faithful!

Cell. 'Mongst Gods, but Men grown wiser slight it,
The Lover chang'd, now change the Humour,
Our Tears like Mens Amours should vary.

Air. Grief abates when Joy grows stronger,
Vain 'tis to dissemble longer,

Whining, puling, sighing, crying,
Beauty spoiling, self denying,
Sobbing, blowing, groaning, squeaking,
Lying frequently as speaking.
Grief abates, &c.

Enter ARDALLA attended by an INDIAN KING, bearing a Crown of Sticks upon a CUSHION.

Abdal. To *Ariadne*, most ador'd of Mortals,
From the Cælestial and renown'd *Bimater*,
I bring this starry Crown, a Sacred Symbol,
Prov'd to the height of his most glorious Passion;
Oh take it! with that Joy becomes your Fortune,
And grateful Duty to the mighty Sender. //

Cell. In Lethargie, what *Remora* benumbs ye?
Can ye not see the Gift—Had Blindness seiz'd ye?
Gold sure could clear your Eyes.

Ariad. The wondrous Graces
Thrown hourly on me by immortal *Bacchus*,
Outdo returns of Gratitude.

Abdal. The Temple,
Adorning yonder Hill to Clouds aspiring,
With holy Priests that such Affairs are skill'd in,
Will teach that Virtue; there the God expects ye,
Happy in hope to make ye yet still greater;
A glorious Wife.

Cell. A Wife, and such a Present!
Can you be musing still, still cold?—Oh Heavens!
Had I such Graces!—What are my Stars a doing?

Ariad. A Crown's a glorious thing.

Cel. She smiles, that's something:
A Golden Circle must cure all ill Humours:
Besides, a Wife too; that's no idle Matter.

Ariad. Bright Immortality,—A Constellation.

Cell. So now she thinks apace.

Ariad. Oh happy Station!

Cell. Beyond ambitious Thought.

Abdal. Look here, sweet Charmer, [Shows the Crown.

Air.

The Triumph of BACCHUS.

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Ar. Is it not fine?
Do's it not shine,
How will it grace too, when 'tis thine?
'Tis for a Crown the Warriour fights, the Politician plots,
The first profusely sheds his Blood, the last is plagu'd with
Thoughts.

'Tis this that fires the jarring World, to Man the greatest Joy,
And this and a kind Husband too, what Woman can deny!
Is it not fine, &c?

Ariad. My labouring Thoughts I find are all in hurry,
I am not dreaming sure, this must be real;
Yonder's the Temple!

Cell. Haste, haste, quickly thither,
And swift as Time,—fly to the great Inviter.

Ariad. It must be so, the Attraction's so prevailing,
From that enchanting Crown there's no defending;
Sorrow adieu, thou gloomy Inmate. [*Takes the Crown.*]

Abdal. Viva.

Ariad. And welcome Comfort, with angelick Semblance,
Fate's Decree must be fulfill'd.

Every Woman's horn to yield;
If with Gold they charm the Eye,
Can we, can we, then deny?

If they give us darling Sway,
Will we, will we, then delay.

Oh, no, no,—Fie, no, no!

Wiser is our Sex than so.

Fate's Decree, &c.

[*Gives her Hand to Abdalla, he leads
her out, Cellania follows.*]

SCENE II.

An Isle of a Magnificent Temple.

Enter BERONTUS and another INDIAN KING.

Ber. Thanks, kind Reliever.

Ind. K. Are ye fluster'd?

You told me late your Grief of loving,
And of *Cellania's* Pride and Rigour,
Then askt a Cure for am'rous Folly;

I told ye a good Dose was certain

Of Wine, and if ye have don't to purpose,
Your Sighs will turn to Hiccups.

Ber. Bumpers.

Six in a Hand two Hours together,
I've briskly top'd about, by *Bacchus*,
I now will love him too.

Ind. K. 'Tis Reason.

Ber. Then I have Courage got to rally,
Can stand a Frown, and if the thunder,
Can bounce too in my turn.

Ind. K. You're perfect!

The Medicine has done well.

Ber. 'Thas fir'd me,
My Brain too rowls, but that's no matter.

Ind. K. Yonder she comes, she's wondrous lovely.

Ber. Not in my Eye, in this rare Humour,
So far from fair, I think she's dowdy,
I've a young Filly ten times finer.

Ind. K. I wish ye Luck.

[Exit Indian King.]

Ber. By *Jove* I'll at her,
And well fare *Bacchus*, I'm thy Convert.

[Stands apart.]

Enter CELLANIA.

Cel. 'Tis done, 'tis done, the Priest of *Hymen*,
Has join'd 'em,—Now then for my Fortune,
Have what I'll ask, what shall I think on?

Ber. On me, if you like it.

[Coming to her.]

Cell. On you!

[Scornfully turning to him.]

Ber. And lose all your Labour.

[Haughtily too.]

I, like a true *Scythian*, scarcely should value the Favour.

Cell. Yet still you will teize me, you and your tawny Com-
pletion.

Ber. Oh pardon my Freedom! yours is not wholly Ver-
million.

Cell. You swore you admir'd it.

Ber. That might be, when I was frantick.

[Aside.]

Cell. His Bluntness offends me, *sure 'tis a Trick of Dissem-
bling,

[*The Recitative changes.]

Then am I not charming.

Ber. Not half so much as a Fairy.

Cell. No Beauty nor Humour.

Ber. Better I've found in a Dairy.

Cel. He vexes in earnest; come, Prince, suppose I could
love ye;

What,

What, what would you do for't?

Ber. Not give one snap of my Finger.

I've got a new Nature, and am so far from a Lover,
I'm now grown a Toper, *Bacchus* is *Jupiter Ammon*;
I once was your Idiot, and how you us'd me remember,
Made horrid your Fantom, your *Ignis fatuus* Beauty;
You, you and your *Cupid*, whom now I push from my Bosom,
And deep in a Bumper, drown him with Ruby *Phalernian*.

Air. If *Celia's* Coyness grieve ye:

One Bottle take, two Bottles take, three Bottles take,

'Twill certainly relieve ye,

See, see, that glorious Brimmer,

The Son himself looks dimmer,

Ah! does it not divine shew?

Can *Celia's* Eyes e'er shine so?

'Twill baulk, 'twill baulk, Love's spurblind *Demon*,

And make a Slave a Freeman!

If *Celia's* Coyness, &c.

The inner Part of the Temple opens and discovers BACCHUS and ARIADNE, Hand in Hand, both crown'd with Garlands; ABDALLA with Priests and Priestesses, they having just perform'd the Marriage, Indian Kings and Attendants. Bacchinalian Men and Women. Priest of HIMEN, and Priestesses of BACCHUS hold the Crown of Stars between 'em; come forward and sing.

Priest. Pleasure's nearest to Divine,
Mortals gain by Love and Wine.

Priestess. Praise we then this glorious Pair,
I'll the Victor, she the Fair.

Priest. May no Chance their Passion sever,

Priestess. Let 'em live and love for ever.

Both. May no Chance, &c.

[*Here she goes up and crowns Ariadne.*

A Symphony of joyful Musick sounds, then an Antick Ceremonial Dance of the MENADES, after which BACCHUS sings.

Bacch. Bear Witness, *Jove*, and all ye awful Gods,
That smiling sit in your sublime Aboads,
And view me with a Joy divinely rare,
Do Grace Cælestial to this mortal Fair.

How well I am repaid,—We're then, my Love,
That precious Crown design'd thee from above,

And be from henceforth in the lofty Skie,
To Sons of Art, that nightly Wonders spy,
A dazling Constellation, shining there
Brighter than *Hebe's* Path, or *Castopad's* Chair.

Ariad. Where have I been till now? what painful Dream
Of flashy Vanity? or Cares extreme,
Have lull'd my Sense? Oh thou that giv'st me Joy,
Abate it, lest the vast Excess destroy me.

Abdal. The Deities at *Ariadne's* Birth,
Design'd her the most glorious Queen on Earth,
But that's a Trifle to what now she owns,
In the Immortal Grandeur dol'd by *Bacchus*.

Bacch. Oh conquer'd *Venus*! veil thy baffled Eyes,
And vie not here, for Shame. [Embracing *Ariadne*.

Ariad. Yours is the Prize;
Bacchus excels all Inmates of the Skies,
In charming Hue, and more enchanting Feature.

Cell. Fine Art of Love, both Hearts are sure at ease,
That are so full of one another's Praises.

Ber. My Heart, I thank my Stars, is easy too,
As being light with Wine, and rid of you.

Abdal. Our noted Jov gives each *Plebeian* some,
They wait for your Admission.

Bacch. Let 'em come.

Air. Both Heaven and Earth to day,

Shall frolick be and gay,

The Sun,

The Moon,

All Kinds

Of Winds

Delight alone shall new

The Mutes,

The Brutes,

The Bowers,

The Flowers

Shall revel here below.

Both Heaven, &c.

[Here follows the first Entertainment of Clowns, &c.]

Bacch. Hear *Winckle*, Jove, and all ye *gods*,
That smiling sit in your sublime Abodes,
And view me with a joy divinely rare,
Do Grace Castellan to this mortal Pair.
Well I am repaid—We to thank, my Love,
The glorious grown delight that from above,

Then

The Triumph of BACCHUS.

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Then whilst BACCHUS and ARIADNE, with ABDALLA, GELLANIA and BERONTUS are seated; with Indians, Satyrs, and Bacchinalians attending; DOPPA comes in, having seen BOMBEEY in his Clown's Dress, who seeming ashamed to appear, she pulls him in and sings.

Dopp. Can you flye me, charming *Dam*;
Have I then out liv'd my Beauty,
Phyllida that us'd to please ye,
Is her Kindness grown a Trouble?

Bomb. Oh fie! nay Doppa—

Dopp. What's the Matter?
Be not ashamed of your Perfections.

Bomb. Zooks, yonder's Bacchus.

Dopp. Here's a Lover,
And must commend your Transformation;
For now you look like what I'd have ye,
A harmless Shepherd plain and simple.

Bomb. Simple indeed, I'll stay no longer,
Those gay Folks laugh at me.

Dopp. Admire ye;
And e'er you go they shall have Reason:
Come, have you learnt to sing the Ballad,
I like so well? I've my Part ready;
We'll have it here, the Godheads yonder,
Shall hear what we can do.

Bomb. Why, Doppa,
You're mad sure! Pish, you know I'm hoarser
Than a crackt Pipe.

Dopp. You sing with Humour,
That makes Amends.—Come, come, let's do it
Quickly, I'm gone else,—But chant boldly;
I'll shew ye afterwards my Closet.
Ah, Bombey—

Bomb. You're a little Devil.

Here the Ballad is sung by both in Parts, which ended, BOMBEEY going to seize her, she runs through the Guards towards BACCHUS; they laugh; then enter BACCHINALS, each with a Bottle in his Hand, and entice him off; then comes on a second comick Entertainment of Dancing; which ended, BACCHUS and the rest come forward and sing.

Ariad. Stay, stay a while, ye fleet, soft footed Hours,
Fly not away so fast, let Joy have leisure;
The

The pleasing Inmate newly fills my Bosom;
 And Time must bless me with a Space to own it.
 Excess now cloy's, oh how shall I be grateful!
 Give me a Bowl of Wine. Pardon, ye Virgins,
 Of nicer Rule, * and *Menades* uphold me,
 [* *An Attendant gives her Wine.*
 'Tis on a Cause uncommon.—Health to *Bacchus*,
 Sound o'er the Globe the Word is.

Bacch. *Ariadne!*

Ariad. *Cælestial Bacchus!*

Bacch. Charming *Ariadne!*

Sound Trumpets, 'till the Air reverberating
 Replete with joyful Echo's, shake *Olympus*.

Omnes. *Cælestial Bacchus, charming Ariadne!*

[*They drink, here the Trumpets and all the Instruments flourishing.*

Ariad. Oh Ecstasy! be mild, or else you kill me,

Air. Woman will no more require,

I have, all I can desire;

What the skilful Wife approves,

What the trembling Virgin Loves,

What the Politician courts,

What the grave Divine exhorts,

What the Lepid old would ease,

What the young would always please.

Woman will no more, &c.

Bacch. Fill round agen, and bring the Goblets fuller,
 The Repetition's sacred sound too louder.

[*Sound the Trumpets, with Kettle Drums and more Instruments.*

Omnes. To sacred *Bacchus*, charming *Ariadne*.

Beron. Oh glorious Sight! Beauty and Wine uniting,
 Jove try the Art of Painting.

Abdall. 'Twere a Mastery,
 A Deed fit for a Deity to practice.

Air. When *Flora* in *Fresco* a Brimmer is holding,
 Goddess Nature, methinks, a new Model is moulding;
 The Rays of her Eyes shine a thousand times stronger,
 And her plump rose Cheeks are still fresher and younger:
 Her Lips, like two Cherries, in Paradise growing,
 Seem to blush with Delight when the *Burgundy's* flowing.
 When *Flora*, &c.

Bacch. Now, that the Pow'rs above may ne'er be tainted
 With Breach of Promise, ask thy Boon, *Cellania*.
 Is it *Beronus*?

Cell.

The Triumph of BACCHUS.

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Cell. No was ne'er said better
Than on this Subject.

Ber. There we're both agreeing.

Cell. Woman cannot, Woman cannot
With a Churl be e'er at Ease,
Who will fatten grow, and dull,
And is of himself so full;
He his Wife can never please.

Ber. Man's a Cully, Man's a Cully,
Who himself to Woman pins;
Whilst her Humours vainly cross,
Still the Game go's to his Loss;
More he plays, the less he wins.

Bacch. More private Conference must end this Matter,
They're fatten both, but Love has still Vagaries.

Re-enter BOMBEE very drunk, and reeling.*

[* Led in by a Satyr and Bacchinal.

Bom. And so has Wine, of that be Witness Bombay,
Gods and Kings (egh) I don't know who, [* *Kecks.*
I'm as great (egh) as one of you;
Nay, (egh) if Wine can solve the matter,
One Degree (egh) I think I'm better:
For now I'm a much greater (egh) Prince,
Because I am not (egh) plagu'd with Sense;
For those that are not drunk (egh) are mad,
And (egh) this 'tis makes (egh) the Times so bad.
Gods and Kings, &c. [*They carry him off.*

Bacch. The Night approaches, thought of nuptial Blessings
Regale my Heart, and fill my Breast with Transport.
Come, sweetest of thy Kind, and give *Lenæus*
Proof, a Divinity there is that's Female,
Excelling quite the Male.

Omnes. All Joy to *Bacchus*.

Bacch. and } Oh! oh! the Rapture's sweet

Ariad. } When panting Hearts do meet,

Air. When eager Passions joining,

Each other entertain,

And Nature, Joy designing,

Charms every Pulse and Vein;

The Soul away is flying,

Extreme of Life's in dying.

Oh! oh! the Rapture, &c.

Abdall. Attend the glorious Pair.—Joy to *Lenæus*.

Grand

Grand CHORUS.

Oh! behold a Ray Divine
 In yon' gay Horizon shine;
 Planets there for Brightness all contending,
 'Tis fair *Ariadne's* Crown;
Bacchus for her is come down,
 And she, the lovely she, will now be soon ascen.

End of the OPERA.

K. Enter D. MARY, and receding.
[L. Enter by a door, and receding.]

Bom. And to his Wine, of that he Wines, Bomby.
Gods and Kings, now who, [K. Kicks.]



Regate my Heart, and fill me with Transport.
Come, sweetest of thy kind, give Love a
Proof, a Divinity there
Excelling quite the Male.
Quarrel. All Joy to Bacchus.
Bacch. and O! the Rapture's Sweet
When panting Hearts do meet,
When eager Passions joining,
Each other entertain,
And Nature, Joy delirious,
Charms every Pulse and Vein;
The Soul away is flying,
Extreme of Life's in dying.
Oh! on! the Rapture, &c.
Adieu! Attend the glorious Pair.—Joy to Love.

THE
PLAGUE of IMPERTINENCE:
OR, A
BARBER a FURY.

The third Comical STORY.



LONDON:

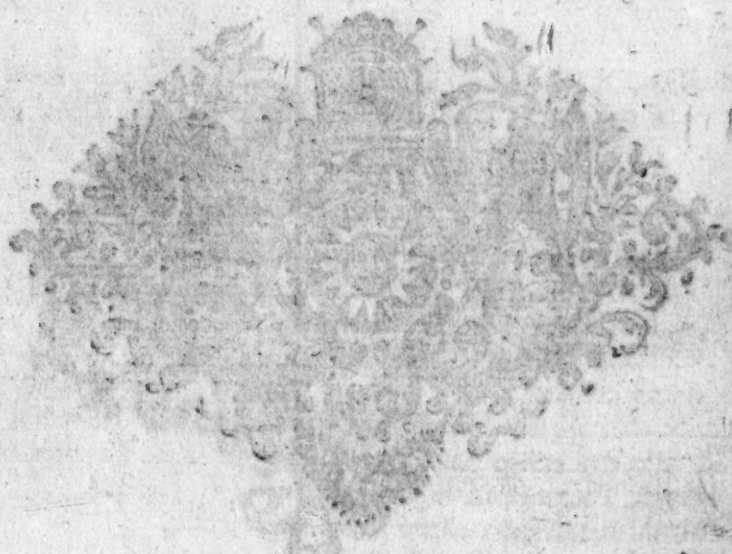
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THE
PLAQUE OF IMPERTINENCE:

O. R. A.

BARBER & FURY.

The third Comical Story.



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THE
PLAGUE OF IMPERTINENCE:
OR, A
BARBER a FURY, &c.



HE warm Meridian that came on,
High as the *South* had plac'd the Sun;
Who, by his bright propitious Ray,
Told Men 'twas now the Noon of Day
When to a Turkey and a Chine,
Invited by a Friend to dine,
I came to taste the jolly Fare,
And found some other People there.
The Master, generous of his Meat,
Came thither in short time to treat;
And brought with him another Guest,
To be Partaker of his Feast.
A Gentleman of noble Fame,
And noted Worth, but very lame;
Which happen'd by a Sprain, 'twas thought,
Which he by ill Adventure got.
The Host his friendly Love exprest,
And pray'd him to sit down to rest:
Which doing, he Convenience found,
And time had now to look around.

The Company that there he sees
 Was fill'd with Persons of Degrees;
 The Host himself (a noted Wit)
 That had grown Rich by being a Cit,
 And now the blest Convenience had
 To take his Ease, and leave his Trade:
 Had cull'd some Gentlemen of Sorts
 That had Estates, and manag'd Sports;
 And others of the Trading Crew
 Were worth ten thousand Pounds he knew;
 To take his honest Welcome there,
 And come to taste of his good Cheer.

Amongst these there a Barber was,
 Whose Father long had prun'd his Face;
 Indulg'd him too with tender Care,
 Powder'd his Wigg, and crop'd his Hair;
 And he himself had oft presum'd
 To lather, and his Phiz perfum'd.
 A Fellow of a comick Nature,
 And, Shaver like, a teizing Prater;
 Who now some fifty Miles had gone
 To see a Patron, so well known.

He too, for old Acquaintance sake,
 The courteous Host a Guest did make;
 And to use well had kind Intent,
 But for an aukward Accident.

The sprainleg'd-Gentleman, whom late
 I told ye down amongst 'em fate,
 And us'd with great Respect had been,
 O'th' sudden had the Barber seen:

But if a Monster, whom the Wife

In Serpents call a Cockatrice,

Whose deadly Atoms pointed right,

Can kill each Human at a Sight,

Had made him all its Poyson meet,

It could not give him a worse Fit.

Discouler'd, pale, as bastard Pearl,

Or Oyster, or Chalk eating Girl,

That Oatmeal with it chew'd in parts,

Up from an Elbow-Chair he starts,

And from the shaving Phantom there

Was hobling out to take the Air.

This made his wond'ring Host amaz'd,

Who stopt him straight, and having gaz'd



To see his Fright, and tir'd had been
 Wh' struggling hard to keep him in;
 Begg'd him to let him understand
 What 'twas his Temper did command;
 And what there in the Barber was
 That could make him in such a Case.
 The rest o'th' Guests too made their Suit;
 That patiently before were mutèd,
 To know what Comb-Wigg there had done,
 For still his Eyes on him were thrown
 Who sat still with his Face hung down,
 As if he had some Mischief known.
 Pray let me go from whence I came;
 Reply'd the Gentleman was lame;
 Nor stop me, if you e'er pretend
 To treat me with the Name of Friend
 Whilst Opticks here to note are able
 That Barber most abominable;
 Who tho' he's in this Country born
 With Natives white, is so forlorn,
 He has a Soul as black as Soot,
 That Slaves from smoaking Chimnies shoot,
 And can more horrid Plagues inspire
 Than Pugs that live and roar in Fire.
 This Raving the whole Crew surpriz'd,
 The Master therefore more advis'd,
 Not willing to thrust Barber out,
 For Faults that only were in Doubt,
 Desir'd his gen'rous Friend to be
 So kind to that good Company,
 To tell the Ills that made him rave;
 And if true Character he gave
 The Barber should receive his Doom,
 And straight be hooted from the Room.

This being said, now 'bating Wrath,
 Altho' the Gentleman was loth,
 Himself he in a Corner plac'd,
 And to the Guests his Tale uncas'd.

The Lame Gentleman's Tale of his own Love.

'Tis strange, kind Sirs, I'm sure to me,
 This cursed Barber here to see;
 Who liv'd, with his Impertinence,
 At Bagdad, fifty Miles from hence;

For whose damn'd sake I left the Place,
 Undone to stay where-e'er he was;
 Who has more Ills done, and design'd
 To me than all vile human Kind:
 Such Mischiefe, such outrageous Wrong
 Springs from the Murder of his Tongue;
 But what upon another part
 Was done to plague my Soul and Heart,
 Must always unexampled go,
 And thus the Purport you shall know.

My Father noble Titles had,
 Through all Degrees of Honour bred;
 In *Bagdad*, where was late his Seat,
 He was by all accounted great,
 And valu'd for a brave Estate.
 To which, when dead, he left me Heir,
 And I that Merit might compare;
 Fed Hundreds daily at my Door,
 Oblig'd the Rich, Reliev'd the Poor;
 And daily gave my self a Name
 Contingent with my Father's Fame:
 But yet I never made a Noise
 With Love, the sweetest of all Joys.
Corrinna never did controul,
 Nor sweet-look'd *Celia*, charm my Soul;
 For Women had in me no Station,
 As if no part of God's Creation.
 Nay once when walking thro' the Street,
 For fear I should a *Bevy* meet,
 That had been dress'd with curious Arts,
 A ready spread to storm all Hearts,
 I turn'd into an odd by Lane
 To save my self from being slain.

But Love, that powerful Deity,
 Abhorring this my strange Decree,
 Resolv'd just in that very Hour
 To make me feel his charming Power:
 For as by Accident I fate
 Soon after at a Garden Gate,
 That fronted an illustrious Dome
 Which Quality had made their Home;
 A Sash, on which by chance I gaz'd,
 By such a snowy Hand was rais'd,
 The *Cyprian* Queen excell'd had bin,
 Shewing a Sample of her Skin:

To this sweet Hand a Face pertain'd,
 In which transporting Graces reign'd;
 Angelick Hair, — a charming Breast,
 Inspiring Eyes, and so well dress'd,
 That every Beauty could controul,
 And win the Viewer's Heart and Soul.
 The Hand first fated to behold
 Held then an Ewer of awful Gold,
 From which she water'd, as it grows
 In a fine Pot, a *Tuba* Rose;
 And, like *Aurora*, did infuse
 On that sweet Flower seraphick Dews;
 Whilst upon me a Smile there shone,
 More rosie than the Morning Dawn.

That Angel's Look now plaid its part,
 It turn'd to a new kind my Heart;
 The Sash shut down destroy'd me quite,
 It kept my Goddess from my Sight;
 And left the Inmate of my Breast
 With Passion and strange Pangs possess'd;
 Whilst fatal Torments nearer drew,
 Sharp Pangs more fierce, because more new:
 Diseases I had often bore,
 But Beauty ne'er oppress'd before

Long time I look'd like one forlorn,
 In hopes that Blessing would return,
 And with another Smile rejoice
 My Heart that throb'd; but no fair Eyes
 Came thither to surpass the Sun,
 Who now was hastning to go down;
 Whilst Night assum'd her dark Degree
 To hurry home my Woes and me.

*And here the Gentleman delay'd
 His Tale, and to the Hearers said,
 Forgive, kind Sirs, and patient take
 This long Digression that I make;
 Since many things were done and heard
 Before this horrid Wretch appear'd;
 But in what brevity I can
 You may depend — And so went on.*

The Sweets of Love, delightful, gay,
 As wanton *Amoretto's* say;
 With Rapture do's the Soul surprize,
 And far surmount all other Joys;

'Tis possible in some degree,
But this they'll be assur'd by me,
The Griefs too that proceed from thence
Scarce any Joy can recompense.

Home I return'd disturb'd, half dead,
With Hopes to rest upon my Bed;
My Supper was prepar'd to eat,
But nothing so averse as Meat;
Nor did my *Champaign* relish more,
My Heart was all inflam'd before;
Strong Passion did such revel keep
It routed quite Meat, Drink and Sleep.
I saw the Fair each passing Hour,
As late when sprinkling of the Flower;
Her Charms did all my Thoughts prefer,
Ah! what could I think on but her!
My Eyes her Rays to fight assign'd,
And when, not seeing her, were blind.

No time was spent and given by Fate,
Like that when I pass'd by her Gate;
As Morn and Even I us'd, and was
By Love transform'd to such a Case:
Twelve Hours of time I once staid there,
To watch the Flower, and see the Fair;
But envious fatal Destiny
That perfect Lovers scorn'd like me;
Resolv'd no Sprinklings all that Day,
Made *Tuba's* Fragrancy decay,
And sent me in Despair away.

Now too more Mischief did aspire,
I plagu'd was with another Fire;
For straight a burning Fever seiz'd,
Body and Soul were now diseas'd
With such an unresisting Power,
That pale and languishing each Hour,
I weakned grew, my Spirits gone,
And baleful Sicknes now came on:
My Friends around Assistance paid,
And sage Physicians too I had;
That por'd in Books my Ills to find,
But this was Sicknes of the Mind;
And Love his Secret would maintain,
Nor let me tell my cause of Pain.

Yet 'mongst Relations that would still
Make Visits in my Hours of Ill,

And pray'd the Doctors to reveal
 What 'twas they had such Doubt to heal.
 A kind old Matron standing by,
 Casting on me a wishful Eye,
 One in Love Politicks well known,
 And judg'd mine by past times her own,
 Resolv'd no longer to defer;
 Their Absence beg'd, then said, Kind Sir,
 Tho' Doctors with their Skill are pos'd,
 Your Malady to me's disclos'd,
'Tis Love your Body plagues, and Mind,
Nor can they any Philtre find
Like that fair she, whom if I knew
Your Health should presently ensue;
 Discover then, for it is so,
 Nor make Excuse, or answer no.

The Bluntness of this ancient Dame,
 At th' instant set me more in Flame;
 The Rashness of her Speech I knew
 'Twas pertly said, but ah! 'twas true,
 And made my lab'ring Woes more great,
 And my full Heart much stronger beat.
 However I deny'd,—but she
 Convinc'd with Answer would not be:
 She said she my Distress could spy,
 Was once as much in Love as I;
 Her Heart did pant, her Breath did fail,
 Her Cheeks, like mine, look'd deadly pale:
 That a tall Beau, with *Roman* Snout
 Had turn'd her Brains the wrong side out.
 In short, she took such subtle Pain,
 And exercis'd my Case so plain,
 That I was fain, do what I might,
 At last to tell her, she was right.

My darling Goddess then she got,
 The wat'ring of the Garden Pot,
 And the first Causes of my Woe
 I now was forc'd to let her know;
 Desiring her propos'd Relief,
 To win the Fair, and ease my Grief.

Soon as the Dame this Truth descry'd,
 To me maturely she reply'd;
 You have been stil'd, thro' your past Days,
 A Hater still of Womens Race;

Words therefore may successles prove,
 To say you now are sick for Love;
 But yet I'll venture on your side,
 This Lady you have stelly'd,
 Is my Acquaintance, a rare Piece,
 The Daughter of the first *Cadiz*;
 A Man of Wealth, and Learning great,
 And she in Excellence compleat;
 Has all Perfections you can find,
 Adorning beauteous Womankind,
 But still sedate; her Father lives,
 And Lovers with Regard receives;
 Looks narrowly to their Estates,
 And all Acquirements calculates;
 And she has Pride too, that disdains
 Wooers oft-times her Beauty gains,
 And with Reserv'dness, mix'd with State,
 Makes Mankind sometimes curse their Fate.

Thus she pursued her long Discourse,
 But when she saw that I look'd worse,
 She gave her Story streight a turn,
 And bid me kindly cease to mourn;
 For Women all had Humours strange,
 And oft from bad to good would change.

The Words spoke last some Comfort gave,
 I told her I was Beauty's Slave;
 So fiercely shot, and now so ill,
 My Saint must either cure or kill;
 And if the such Acquaintance had,
 With that divine, angelick Maid;
 My Life was then in her Regard,
 Which sav'd, she should not want Reward,
 My Case did more than words implore,
 She bad me hope, then got to th' Door;
 And streight pursuing her Intent,
 To th' House of the great *Cadiz* went,
 And Message to his Daughter sent.
 Finding a Freedom that was us'd,
 Which was to be soon introduc'd;
 And now, as they alone did walk,
 And enter'd into Lady's Talk;
 Of Beaus and Belles, and Fashions known,
 Turning the whole World upside down;
 The brisk old Dame found this to be
 A proper time to bring in me;

They

They talk'd of Darlings Young and Fair,
 Her Neighbours all, some that liv'd near.
 Ah, Madam, crys my constant Friend,
 Whilst all these Beauties you commend,
 Their Lustre and attractive Powers,
 Will you not let me bring in yours;
 Whose killing Charms to such a height
 Can usher in controuling Fate?
 That a young Gentleman, my Friend,
 Whose Wit and Person to commend,
 Is but a common Place, is lost,
 And for you giving up the Ghost.

At this *Amanda* chang'd her Frame,
 (For that was, you must know, her Name,)
 And looking with a kind of laugh,
 She ask'd what I was talking of;
 What Name to th' Person did belong,
 For whom she now made this Harangue;
 She nam'd me then, but with some Fright,
 Which made the fair one laugh outright,
 Who knew my Woman-hating Guilt,
 Yet heard by her, what now I felt;
 But when her smiling Fit was o'er,
 She mildly bid her Jest no more;
 Since words of that sort, dip'd in Love,
 Were what she never could approve.

My Matron though, having begun
 To clear her grand Mistakes, went on,
 And with a sober Look, and Air,
 My Heart's strong Passion did declare;
 Told her her own Perfections too,
 That how she kill'd she little knew;
 Told her my Merits nearly lost,
 And if my ardent Flame she crost,
 Perdition in the heavenly State,
 She might expect would be her Fate;
 Then dear *Amanda* angry said,
 Leave off, or I shall think you're mad;
 Is not this he, — whom you adorn,
 That us'd to laugh our Sex to Scorn?
 Had we an Air, had we a Mode,
 That he did not at times explode?
 Did a Splayfoot e'er aukward make,
 Or were we hump upon the Back;

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Did frowzy Freckles, that took Places,
 Spoil, like a *Turkey* Egg, our Faces?
 Or were our Skins like Olive Tawney,
 Did not he rail at Matrimony,
 And all his dire Effects pursue?
 My Matron cry'd, my Dear, 'tis true,
 But he is since convinc'd by you:
 Your Beauty did such Charms expose,
 When watering your sweet Tubarose;
 Your Rays his Sense of Knowledge warms,
 No Faults are now in Female Charms;
 Your Influence his Sense inspires,
 Informs his Brain, gives new Desires:
 Your Graces have new Methods taught,
 His Heart is sacrific'd in Thought,
 His Body so much feels his Fault;
 That without seeing you, to win
 A Pardon for his heinous Sin;
 Without one Look from your sweet Eye,
 His Soul will leave him, he must die.

Physicians all have given him o'er,
 The only Med'cine's in your Power;
 Ah, Madam, ease this fatal Strife,
 Display your Charm of giving Life:
 The Sinner, Goddess like, restore,
 For if you frown, he'll be no more.

Here stopping, the sweet Lady spoke,
 But she, her Cause not to revoke;
 When t'other ceased,—begun agen,
 Advanc'd fresh Reasons, kind and plain;
 Told her my posting Life did crave it,
 And nought (but seeing her) would save it.

In short, my Case so well she drew,
Amanda being a Christian too;
 That she to save Destruction bent,
 To see me once—gave her Consent:
 No more th' imploring Dame provok'd
 Whom the dire Spleen had almost choak'd;
 But now did so much Mildness sway,
 That sweet *Amanda* nam'd the Day.

There was in former ancient Times,
 When sinful *Britains* purg'd their Crimes,
 Who tho' they all had valiant bin,
 Their Souls were spotted as their Skin;

Two Holydays of Sacred Might,
 That *Woden*, they, and *Friga*, hight;
 Encourag'd by their Grave and Wife,
 And since so known in Families,
 That now the Priests our Zeal compel,
 And when the Sexton rings the Bell,
Wednesdays and *Fridays*, Sinners meet,
 The Rich say Prayers, go home and eat,
 The poorer sort trade on and cheat.

'Twas *Friday* then she set the Day,
 Because the *Cadiz* went to pray,
 And 'twas most proper I should come,
 Assur'd he would not be at home,
 To exercise my Love Essays,
 And merit her Soul-saving Grace.

My dear successful Dame at this,
 Could hardly shrowd her Happiness,
 She made fine Court'sies—with low Stoop,
 And drop'd upon the Floor her Hoop;
 From Coat, that cover'd her fat Side,
 That was at least some ten Foot wide;
 When getting through the Door, at last—
 With eager Joy to me do's hast,
 And finds me full of Pain and Doubt,
 And scarcely able to hold out;
 Till she with words like *Hermon Dew*,
 My Vigour did once more renew.

Not poor Delinquent, whose Offence,
 Cram'd in a Multitude of Sins,
 Condemn'd is by Judicial Might,
 Gallows at Hand, and Death in Sight,
 At his Reprieve receives the Joy
 With half so much Concern as I;
 Her Cordial Sickneſs did command,
 I seiz'd my Dame, I kiss'd her Hand.
 Her Tale my Soul did so surprize,
 My Fever ceas'd, I fain would rise;
 And when she *Friday* nam'd, the Time
 I was to meet the Joy sublime;
 I thought from *Tuesday* to that Hour
 Would be an Age, at least, or more.

My Thanks innumerable were,
 But those did not conclude th' Affair;
 A Purse I gave, with grateful Will,
 Which, as a hundred Broads, did fill;

My

My old well acting Friend soon thought
I did not use her Skill for nought.

With some wry Mouths, and simp'ring Eyes,
Refusing Hands, and Court'sies nice;
She long deny'd the moving Purse,
Said, Sir, you are too generous;
My Love and my Respects were greater
Than to take Presents of this Nature;
But when her Hand I kindly press'd,
Her Fingers open'd all at last.

She told me when the long'd for Day
Appear'd, the *Cadiz* gone to pray,
I must be there, 'twixt twelve and one.
Stand where I saw her last alone;
And if such Cure were in her Eye,
I should not want a full Supply,
To let me in, she'd come below,
Which yet her Father must not know;
For he Mens Passions counted not,
Nor valu'd Lovers Deaths a Groat.

When she was gone, my Time I past
With eating Soop,—that pleas'd my Taste;
Love's Medicine made me quick Amends,
I rose next Day to meet my Friends;
Who freely their Rejoycings pour'd,
I was so well from Death restor'd.

Friday at last came, tho' not soon,
When Heaven I was to see at Noon;
I chose my best Apparel out,
And would have bath'd, but was in Doubt,
A Cold that I might get by that,
Might baulk my just recover'd State;
To shave then might that Trouble save,
Which to perform I Orders gave.
My Servant then a Barber sought,
And this confounded Creature brought.

*And here the Gentleman once more,
The Hearers Patience did implore,
That it might o'er their Sense prevail,
And thus went forward,—with his Tale.*

The Tale of the horrible impertinet BARBER.

No sooner had this Wretch appear'd,
And peep'd upon my Face and Beard;

But

But could my Ills by Paleness tell,
 I fear, crys he, Sir, you're not well.
 I told him, (true) a Fever had,
 (Just lately past) Disorder made;
 May Heav'n, continued he, whose Beams
 Dilate, with Graces in Extremes;
 Be with you, and oblige you still.
 Thanks, Sir, said I, — I hope they will:
 Now, Sir, says he, pray let me know,
 What Service you would have me do;
 With Razors, Lancets, I am sped,
 Will you be shav'd, or else be bled?
 Not bled, return'd I, in this State,
 My Sickness has discourag'd that:
 But if you'll shave me, and make haste,
 And not lose time in prattling fast,
 Because the Hours do swiftly hast,
 You'll give me Cause, — e'er one, to try,
 A spritely Scene of lasting Joy.

Oh, Sir, I'm quick, then answer'd he,
 As quick as mortal Man can be!
 He then his open'd Case did shew,
 And sets his Razors in a Row;
 His Bason too was glittering seen,
 But e'er he put the Water in,
 Hold, Sir, cry'd he — You're so sublime,
 In managing the Points of Time,
 That what the Sun says I must see,
 When 'twill be one, in his Degree.
 With this, he from his Pocket takes,
 An Astrolabe, and out he walks,
 As grave as Astronomick Wight,
 When he would tell the Meteor's Might:
 An Astrolabe to them that miss,
 The skill of knowing what it is;
 I must declare 'tis found by some,
 Who skilful Star-gazers become,
 An Instrument *, made to descry,
 All Planets heights, that move on high.
 Can tell what heights the Sun, with Tryal,
 And Hours, much better than a Dial,
 Of Motions, and of Distances,
 Of Lengths and Breadths in all Degrees;

* Astrolabe.

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By which the Barber made it known
It wanted two long Hours to one.

Sir, says the Beast, when he came in,

Disposing now to shave agen ;

This Day a noted *Friday* is,

The Month is *Safar**, as you guess ;

Which from the Annal fifty three,

Our Prophet's great Retreatment, we

From *Mecha* to *Medina* see,

And in the Numbers given of Years

When the *Epocha* plain appears ;

Of great † *Iskinder* with two Horns,

Whose sacred Name the Art adorns.

We find that *Mars* and *Mercury*

Conjunctive joyn'd, do signify

That you can't choose a better Day

For taking of your Beard away ;

But on the other hand, pray mind,

The same Conjunction thus design'd

Is a bad Presage too, that thence

May bring you Inconvenience ;

Which if imprudent you receive,

It may attend you whilst you live.

To shun it then, Sir, be so wise,

And thank me for my good Advice ;

This Counsel Knowledge now prepares,

And my good Judgment in the Stars.

Now, Gentlemen, I hope you guess,

That have already heard my Case,

How I could like, and how dispense

With this begun Impertinence.

My Heart that on the Lady's Score

Was wasting then the Minutes o'er,

But very little pleas'd cou'd be

With this vile Fool's Astronomy ;

I told him, therefore, in some Heat,

I car'd not what he did repeat ;

Nor did my Head that Moment prize,

His grand Predictions, or Advice ;

* This Year 653, is one of the *Hegira*, the common *Epocha* of the *Mahometans*.

† *Alexander the Great*, who is sometimes call'd by the *Arabians Iskinder*, with the two Horns.

Or any way concern'd could be
 With his acute Chronology.
 You now came hither, Sir, to shave,
 Pray do so, and your Tenets save;
 No Speeches farther, pray, Sir, shave,
 Or I'll another Barber have.

The Caitiff then, beyond all Grace,
 With a stanch Dulness in his Face,
 Another Barber, Sir, says he,
 You can no other have like me:
 You late did for a Barber call,
 A Barber 'twas, and that was all:
 A common Barber, but in me
 You have one of extreme Degree;
 The best in *Bagdad* you have found,
 It may be in the Nation round;
 Besides, that Title is too low,
 For I am a Physician too.
 Chymistry know profoundly well,
 An Astrologue infallible,
 Grammarian finish'd, Orator,
 Logician, subtle as *Du Flour*.
 In Mathematicks all agree
 I'm vers'd; as first, Geometry,
 Arithmetick, Astronomy;
 And all Divisions, without flaw
 Of *Ptolemy* in *Algebra*:
 Historians never could disperse
 More Kingdoms of the Universe:
 Besides, most learned Sir, I know
 Whence all Philosophy do's flow;
 My Skill their false Tradition mends,
 I have all at my Fingers ends.
 I've Poetry, Architecture got;
 I am, alas! what am I not?
 There's nothing in grave Nature lies
 That can be hidden from my Eyes:
 Your Father late, to whose sad Death
 In Memory of Tears bequeath,
 My radiant Merits did convince,
 Who spoke of me 'mongst Men of Sense;
 As if I th' noblest Artist were
 That ever shav'd, or clipt a Hair;
 And now, to give his Friendship due,
 I'm willing to take up with you;

Protection choose then, make amends,
 You'll find the Stars are all my Friends.
 This Stuff, good Sirs, he chatter'd off,
 Which I confess had made me laugh,
 But that the Bell for Prayers begun,
 And I was mad to have him done;
 Crys I, ye Pratler, hold your Peace,
 Will you yet shave me, will you cease?
 Sir, answers he, you can't accompt
 For giving me this vile Affront;
 You call me Pratler, but the known
 Of those who are in Judgment grown,
 The worthy Name of Silent give
 When they would my Discourse receive.
 'Tis true, I had six Brethren once,
 Whom Pratlers you might well pronounce,
 And to distinguish right their Names,
 I think it fit you know their Names;
 The first was *Backbone*, short and black,
 The second *Backbra*, third *Backbac*;
Barbrack the fourth, fifth *Almasted*;
 The sixth was *Schacabak* the red.
 These were Impertinent with Noise,
 But for my part, as younger Choice,
 I still was found mute and concise;
 My learn'd Discourses grave and wise.
 Oh! Gentlemen, you're now assur'd
 Th' Assassination I endur'd;
 Give him, says I to th' Housekeeper,
 Who, waiting my Commands, was there,
 A Piece, and send the Devil away,
 For I will not be shav'd to day.
 How, Sir, said he, with starting then!
 Not shav'd to day, what is't you mean?
 Did you not send for me to come,
 And take me from my House at home?
 Made me neglect my Business there,
 As I'm a *Mussulman* I swear
 By the grand Faith I owe to that,
 You must and shall be shav'd, that's flat;
 Your Face shall feel my artful Force,
 Or I'll not stir out of your Doors;
 If you my Virtues value not,
 That is not, shall not, be my Fault.

Your

Your noble Father Justice did
 Whene'er he sent for me to bleed :
 Sit down, says he, in Elbow Chair,
 And some fine Matters let me hear ;
 I kept him in continual Strain,
 I talk'd, I ravish'd him again ;
 And when I finish'd my Discourse,
 Oh God ! cry'd he, what rapid Source !
 What inexhaustible Degrees
 This Barber has of Sciences ?
 No Bard his depth of Knowledge bears,
 And each one must admire that hears.

My most dear Sir, said I again,
 I can't deserve this Honour done ;
 If any fine thing I pursue
 'Tis always to your Favour due,
 Your liberal Worth inspires my time,
 And makes me render things sublime ;
 You prune my Thoughts with artful Ease,
 And give me Happiness to please.

One Day when I regal'd his Brain
 With a most admirable Strain,
 Give him, says he, for this Discourse
 An hundred Pieces in a Purse,
 Fetch him a rich Robe never worn,
 We must this wond'rous Wit adorn ;
 The Servant his Commands pursu'd,
 And not to taint my Gratitude,
 His Horoscope I straight outdrew,
 And found it happy, as 'twas true ;
 And to declare my grateful Mood,
 With Cupping Glasses let him Blood.

This long Harangue, near half an Hour,
 Patch'd full of Lies, his Tongue did shower,
 And tho' a fretful Rage did sway,
 Yet then I knew not what to say ;
 'Till I at last, with cautious Heed,
 Thought Mildness better would succeed ;
 For Heavens sake, said I, then (cool)
 Since fine Discourses make me dull,
 Dispatch me presently, I pray,
 For I have an Affair to day
 That to the last Importance tends,
 Shave me, and be my best of Friends.

At these Words spoke, so mild and fair,
The Hound with his *Laconick* Air,
That more Impertinence gave place,
Laugh'd out to see my modest Grace.

It would, said he, most gravely then,
Be a rare Topick amongst Men,
If we our Passions could refrain,
Or that our Minds were of one Strain;
That so we might grave Temper prize,
And always be accounted wise.
Your Humour late, that I agree,
Shew'd seeming Anger turn'd at me,
Is your Distemper, which do's cause
A Change, and not what Reason draws:
For Reason says, you should receive
Some wise Instructions I can give,
And take for your Example there
Your Father and your Grandfather;
Who when Results would not agree,
Came wisely and consulted me;
Who, without Vainness, eas'd their Minds,
They prov'd my Counsel in all kinds;
And would you do as they have done,
You without Hazard might go on.
Observe me, Sir, and take good heed,
In Enterprize Men don't succeed,
Unless they properly advise
With some quick-sighted Friends, and wise;
Which, as the Proverb aptly tells,
Is one that is like me,— not else.
Here, here I am, Sir, fix'd and bound
To any Service you'll propound;
To act, or counsel, speak, or write,
And set you in a fairer Light.

Confound your damn'd Impertinence,
Cry'd I, and your Hobgoblin Sense,
That do's in no Regard proceed,
But only means to split my Head,
And keep me from a Place of Bliss
Where I should reap all Happiness.
Shave me, I say,—let it be done,
Begin this Moment, or be gone.
Then in a Huff I storm'd and swore,
And stamp'd my Foot against the Floor;

My Rage such Acts of Passion had,
 He well might think I was half mad,
 When this egregious Devil had seen
 The horrid Anger I was in,
 No more, said he, I will begin.
 Then lather'd me with Ball well siz'd,
 And his bright metal'd Razor poiz'd;
 But four Sweeps he had scarcely given
 My Face, but stopping, cry'd, By Heaven,
 Your Hastiness such Transports rais'd,
 I must needs tell you I'm amaz'd;
 'Tis, Sir, the Devil that do's controul,
 And sway the Motions of your Soul:
 This makes my Merits of light Strain,
 My great Considerations vain:
 This makes my shining Virtues dull,
 My Knowledge weak, and I a Fool;
 Retards all Judgment from your Eyes,
 That God-like should your Heart surprize;
 But I resolve, maturely grave, —
 Damme, says I, resolve to shave;
 Shave, shave me, ye eternal Fop,
 The Suds that ye half left me, stop
 My Tongue from Railing. Sir, I've done,
Reply'd the Rascal, and went on
 So far, that now the Rogue was got
 From my Chin part down to my Throat.
 Stop, stop your Mouth, cry'd he, good Sir,
 For fear I hurt your Jugular;
 Whose *extra* rising may betray
 Your Life at every Word you say;
 Let Moderation gently soar,
 Then prattled half an Hour, or more.
 The Clock, said I, just Twelve has gone,
 Speak, speak no more, go on, go on.
 Past Twelve, he cry'd, it cannot be,
 But to resolve ye I'll go see.
 His Astrolabe then straight he felt;
 And clapping Razor in his Belt,
 Into the Yard he quick do's run
 To take the Noon-tide by the Sun;
 Then coming back, 'tis not that Hour,
 Says he, by Astronomick Power;
 My Astrolabe each Minute knows,
 No matter how the Dial goes.

R

Think,

Think, Sirs, how much I was in Wrath,
 My Beard half shav'd, the rest in Froth;
 My Eyes with Rage did wildly stare,
 Was half a Beau, and half a Bear;
 I would have spoke a raving Oath
 But half the Suds ran in my Mouth,
 'Till swallowing some, wiping the rest,
 I thus began.—Ye cursed Beast,
 Fiend, that my Soul has fill'd with Hurry,
 You are no Barber, you're a Fury;
 Shaver of Mischief, Son of Bitch,
 I know not how to frame my Speech;
 Nor what 'tis stops me with sud Face
 From Strangling of a Whelp so base,
 Ye Cur, ye motley Brach.—*Hold, Sir,*
Of devilish Passion pray take care,
The Scoundrel cry'd, and with grave Look
 From off his Belt the Razor took,
 And when I three Sweeps more had got
 His Weapon then had pass'd my Throat;
 But yet his Tongue could not forbear
 To ask what Business urg'd this Care,
 And what 'twas I was going about,
 That made my Passion so break out?
 Well, well, said I, if that's the Case,
 And that will make ye end my Face,
 I'm going now some Friends to meet,
 That in a merry Hour think fit
 To dine, and drink a Glas by th' by,
 Upon my Health's Recovery.
 This, tho' a Lye, I thought must do,
 Provided he could think it true.
 When this was said, the Villain then,
 As if he was the best of Men,
 Put a dull Air upon his Face,
 Heaven prosper, Sir, says he, your Days;
 May that Disease you late have born
 Approach no more, nor Heat return
 To hurry your Soul's brighter part,
 From Judgment of my sage Desert:
 The Story of your merry Treat
 Amongst your Friends, with mine do's meet;
 Who have invited five or six
 To dine, and with good Humour mix,

A BARBER a Fury.

And turn the passive Hours of Day
To Mirth that shall be brisk and gay.
'Twas now I thought I had the Fate
To make the Fellow cease to prate;
I told him then, tho' Friends had Power
To bring me out, yet I had store
Of good Provisions left to appear;
And if he would dispatch me here
I'd give it all; to make Amends;
Treat and be merry with his Friends;
Bottles too, fine he should agree;
Bless you, says he, pray let me see 'em;
With that, to please him, one was there
I sent to bring in the good Fare
A Lamb, four Capons, and some Fish;
Twelve Ortolans to make a Dish;
As many Pitchers of good Wine.
'Tis well, cry'd he, 'tis very fine;
And with some Sweeps more after this
He made a shift to end my Phiz;
Pleas'd with this liberal Happiness
When he had done he made a Bow,
Was almost to the Ground as low;
And cry'd, your Father, Sir, I find
In each part of your gen'rous Mind;
I thank ye for your noble Care;
My Friends too shall your Bounty share;
And now I'll tell ye who they are.
No, no, says I, that Pains don't take;
And pray, Sir, let me see your Back;
My Back, crys he, e'er I make known
My Friends to bless this Bounty shewn;
'Fore gad it must not be. — The first
In proper Station born and nurs'd;
Is one that th' good Employment hath
Of rubbing People at the Bath;
To clear their Skins, his Name Zantout;
The second *Sali*, goes about
The ample Streets of Bagdad round,
And crys boil'd Pease, three *Sol* a Pound;
In husks, or out, as he thinks fit;
A Man that great Renown do's get
'Mongst Female Kind who starch and knit.

The third *Sallout*, who barters Beans;
 The fourth *Askerscha*, that sells Greens;
 Carrots, and Turnips, fit for Queens;
Aboumkerez, who lays the Dust;
 And *Casem*, hardy, stout, and Just,
 At Halbert good for Blow or Thrust;
 Who famous ever was prepar'd
 The *Caliph's* best of his Life-guard;
 Amongst these Persons there's not one
 That's quarrelsome or peevish grown;
 They'll have more Pleasure at their Sport
 Than th' *Caliph* has with his gay Court;
 None of all these but Wilt propounds,
 Confound 'em all, crys I, Odds;
 Shall I not yet be quiet made
 Tho' you are feasted, and you're paid,
 Will you not look like one that goes,
 That I may now put on my Cloaths;
 You shall do't instantly, crys he,
 But one thing you must hear from me;
 'Tis of *Zantout*, the first of these,
 The Wit I told you, that sells Peace;
 A Song he sings call'd *Bagdad's Choice*,
 For you must know he has a Voice,
 And chants, like *English D'Ursey Whims*,
 Of Humour upon all Extremes;
 'Tis of *Tom Stich*, and do's belong
 To one o'th Opera's there sung;
 When *Caponides* trills and squeaks,
 And Nonsense with the Audience takes;
 I shake just like him, lend your Ear;
 And Trillo shall with Art appear
 The Paper's here, to make this good,
 Which he'd present do what I cou'd.

The BARBER's comical Song, Recitative and Air

RECITATIVE

From Shipboard rais'd on high in cross-leg'd Posture,
 From toping two full Pors to raise new Vigour,
 I from my Wedlock am like Insect roving,
 To seek from yon' gay *Tuba Rose* fresh Odour.

AIR.

A BARBER a Fury.

That *Tuba* Rose, my Friends, when said,
Touch'd me so close, it made me mad;
But now for the Air.]

Ah me, poor love-sick humble Bee,
That fly o'er Trees so tall and proper,
To meet my Tuneful Cowlady;
And hear her sing an Air at Supper.
Ah, dearest Cow, —
Ah, dearest Cow, —
Ah, dearest dearest Cowlady,
Since I by Fate am thine,
Say then, sweet Hum, —
Sweet Buz and Hum;
Sweet Hum and Buz, or Buz and Hum,
Thou ever wilt be mine.

This Song, Sirs, with an awkward Face,
And your *Italian* fingers Grace,
He breath'd me out, tho' not in Tune,
Then danc'd me *Casem's* Rigadoon;
Whilst I bewail'd my Destiny,
Ready to laugh, ready to cry;
Unfit to say or do a thing
That could him to Conclusion bring,
Till he at last addressing on
I'm now, Sir, going to be gone;
But I've a generous Thought that says
You may, Sir, do me special Grace;
Which is, that you will be so free
To leave your trivial Company,
And be so good to dine with me.
Your Friends, perhaps, for want of Senses,
May teize you with Impertinences,
And bring again your Malady,
From which you have just now got free;
But this you know, you're sure of me;
Who still shall please ye with the force
Of my Incomp'able Discourse.
Now notwithstanding all my Rage,
And the vast Love that did engage,
This Rogue's confounded Impudence,
And Volume of Impertinence,

Made me a Smile half acted shew,
 Yet I to answer him cry'd no;
 I could not to his Friends be shewn,
 But must make ready for my own,
 Nothing was yet to help me found,
 My Mildness gain'd of him no Ground;
 But after what I said, crys he,
 Sir, you've improv'd my Modesty,
 And I'm asham'd I did not own
 The Folly I have lately done,
 To let you meet your Friends alone,
 You have most freely given a Treat
 To mine, of precious Wine and Meat,
 And in return what Beast am I
 Not t' offer ye my Company;
 Let 'em regale, be merry too,
 Be pleas'd to take me, Sir, with you,
 My Merits, and my comick Strain,
 Humour, and Learning too, not vain,
 Your best of Friends shall entertain.
 I'll carry straight your Present home,
 And instantly to you I'll come;
 If you have there engag'd a Feast,
 I shall be found the *primiere* Jest;
 You'll please 'em all with bringing me,
 I'm such engaging Company.
 Heavens, cry'd I then, will nothing do,
 Consider, Friend, what you pursue?
 The People I shall meet with there
 Are of a different Character,
 Not prone to any other thing
 But what Diversion we shall bring.
 No Jest, crys he, they e'er will speak
 But I shall still Diversion make
 Your Modesty is much too nice
 In thus refusing one so wise;
 But I'll controul your Humour now,
 And to oblige ye make a Vow
 To go with ye, and shew my Skill,
 Do what you can, say what you will.
 I rav'd again, but 'twas all one,
 The Slave went on as he begun,
 And I had no way pertinent
 At last, but giving my Consent,

I shall, thinks I, then get him out,
And to avoid him make no doubt.

Well, well, said I, you've gain'd your Ends,
You shall, Sir, go and see my Friends;
Your over-acted Courtesy
Has manag'd this Consent from me.
Go then and carry home your Feast,
And take my Servants to assist;
Whence soon return, as you think best,
And you will find me ready drest.

This cursed Beard-clipper, that stood
And saw me act a Humour good,
Much better than he had deserv'd,
And with my Present being well serv'd,
Went out that Moment, telling me
He'd be returning instantly.
This pleas'd me beyond all Affairs,
For now the Saints Bell rang to Prayers,
And I, in spite of his vile Crime,
Had with my Mistress kept the time;
The fav'rite Moment coming on,
As being just 'twixt Twelve and One;
But this damn'd Fellow born to be
In every kind a Plague to me,
Went home, and chancing then to find
His Friends not come, as they design'd,
Return'd with Speed, as he thought fit,
And saw me coming thro' the Street;
That I had baulk'd him straight he knew,
But yet that he might Mischief do,
Me at the Door he soon had seen
Where the great Cadiz liv'd let in;
Saw my fair Saint, whose Eyes stroke deep,
Divinely from her Window peep;
And finding me such Favour share,
Must think 'twas Love that brought me there;
A kind old Woman straight made way
And brought me up where Beauty lay;
Where my fond Heart receiv'd a Feast
Of Pleasure not to be express'd.

Cut-beard stood watching all this time,
And I, my Joy was so sublime,
Had tir'd the Hours that hurry'd on,
And stay'd so long 'till Prayers were done.

But scarce did I with Love pursue,
 Th' Effects of this dear Interview,
 But at the Door a Noise we heard;
 For which my Angel, not prepar'd,
 Found that it was her Father come
 Before he was expected home.
 She knew his rigid Humour well,
 And how t' excuse me could not tell;
 Yet hop'd, altho' she me had met,
 He'd not to her Apartment get;
 But that she should, with little stay,
 Get me from thence convey'd away.

But now, whilst she my Soul did cheer,
 You shall another Story hear;
 And how this Shaver, doubly curst,
 Still plagu'd me, as he did at first.

The Reverend *Cadiz* taking Care
 Of managing his House Affair,
 Had, for some grand Performance slipt,
 Order'd a Slave to be well whipt;
 Who feeling the Effects, his Voice
 Extended with outrageous Noise,
 And made such Clamour within Doors
 As if a Hangman shew'd his Force;
 Which made this Devil, who stood close
 Where I first saw the *Tuba Rose*,
 Hearing the Blows repeated be,
 And the Cry last, believe 'twas me;
 And that the *Cadiz*, known severe,
 Had slash'd me for my coming there.
 Mad with a Crime of Wrong suppose,
 With furious haste away he goes;
 Calls all my Servants instantly,
 And every Neighbour that was by;
 Tells all the Story known of late,
 And how that odious Magistrate
 Finding I to his Daughter slipt,
 Had, like a School-boy, vilely whipt.

The gather'd Mob the *Cadiz* hated,
 And hearing now this Tale related;
 That they'd pull down the House, they cry'd,
 Were I not freed, and satisfy'd.
 Their Rage the Barber strove t' augment,
 And to his slanderous Tongue gave vent;

A BARBER a Fury.

And hearing the old Father swear
That never any Man came there,
Runs up to him with Oaths and Yells,
And this prodigious Story tells.

Ye cursed *Cadiz*, how should you
Know all things in your House they do?
Your Daughter hides her am'rous League,
And you know nought of her Intrigue;
'Till you the vent'rous Youngster got,
And flisht him for his loving Fault;
But I must tell your mudled Brain
She knows how she should entertain;
She gave him tender Entrance when
Your Honour pray'd and cry'd *Amen*.
Appear'd with Charms kind Lovers draw,
And this that I declare—I saw.
Oh horrid Monster! fit for Jayl,
Oh poy's'nous Tongue! beyond avail,
Did ever Fiend tell such a Tale?
The *Cadiz*, as I told you here,
Was grave, and wise, and most severe;
To Honour ty'd, and Dignity,
So regular to his Family,
That if his Daughter wild had bin,
And wantonly had let me in;
She managing no more Essays,
Had lost his Grace her rest of Days.
The Lady too was quite undone,
At this vile Speech was carry'd on;
Who knowing what was done of late
Was to retrieve my Soul from Fate,
Was almost to Distraction brought
To find her Charity—her Fault;
But I confounded more had been,
I trembled, and durst not be seen;
But got up to some Room above
To hide me from that burstling Drove.
Mean time pray mind the Father's Case,
Who glad to give the People Ease,
Declar'd he nothing knew of me;
That they should search, that they should see;
That he well knew his Daughter's Care,
Had ne'er espous'd that strange Affair;
Which hearing they got quickly loose,
And all went in to search the House.

Whilst

Whilst they were gone with Mobbish Hurry,
 To save me from the Father's Fury,
 I look'd about my new got Place
 To seek what Hole to hide me was;
 And accidentally a Chest
 I found, where Lumber had been press'd;
 Old Shirts and Stockings, Coats and Hats,
 With Med'cines stow'd in Gallipots.
 In short more Scents it did inclose
 I han ever damnify'd a Nose;
 But these were Essences to me
 If I could hide in't, and be free.

A catching Lock there was that would
 Have clos'd me well, but e'er I could
Ensconce comes up this Devil agen,
 Faith, Sir, you're right, says he, get in;
 Best way to be unknown you take,
 I'll bear ye off upon my Back;
 The Neighbours here are ready too
 To help ye without more ado.

With that he took the Chest away,
 Not hearing what I had to say;
 But call'd his Neighbours, one by one,
 To help him with his Burthen down.
 I was so stunn'd at this strange Ill
 I let him do't, and so lay still;
 Believing if I fell in Rage
 His act I could not disengage.

But now behold the Curse I got
 By this damn'd busy Fellow's Plot;
 They made such haste with their Affairs,
 And went so jumbling down the Stairs,
 This cursed Barber slipt at last,
 And down ten Steps the Chest was cast.
 My Leg so vile a Sprain it gave
 No Remedy I'm like to have;
 Yet tho' this faral Mischief came,
 And I'm to be for ever lame;
 Tho' thus my Body plagu'd must be
 By this vile Scoundrel's Villany,
 Yet what fell afterwards gave more
 Of Wrong than I had known before.

The *Cadiz*, that had noted all,
 Stood just below, and saw me fall;

A BARBER a Fury.

251

Found that the Barber right had been,
And that his Daughter let me in;
The Shame of which, in its Degree,
So nauseous to his Gravity,
He made a Speech the Mob to quell,
And shuts *Amanda* in a Cell.

Own'd there some wanton Truth must be,
And would have known the Truth from me;
But I, with Pain by my strange Sore,
Made shift to get me out of Door;
And hobbling then, tho' not apace,
Not far from thence I found a Place
Where liv'd a Friend that baulk'd the Rout,
Lock'd me soon in, and kept them out;
The Barber and his motley Crew,
That he had rais'd, my Love t' undo.

Now, Sirs, you find me quite undone,
My Love betray'd, my Mistress gone;
The *Cadiz* raging to degree
Against his Daughter there, and me;
Resolving all the Truth to know
Whatever Scandal it might shew;
Whilst I, that did the Mischief find,
That now I ne'er should make her kind,
And that her Father's Anger might
Pursue me with uncommon Height;
Straight left the Town disturb'd and griev'd
Where he and this curs'd Barber liv'd;
Hoping, tho' lame, to find some Ease
Where he should ne'er my Sense displease.

Now to *Batfora* being retir'd,
And here a friendly Surgeon hir'd,
He scarce one Week has help'd my Evil,
But here agen I've met this Devil.
And thus you'll find my Tale will close,
For now I've met my worst of Foes,
And better should a Treat esteem
With Satan, than to dine with him.

And now the noted Tale was done
The Gentleman would fain be gone,
Finding, to raise the Comedy,
Barber was going to reply;
Who made wry Mouths, with Hums and Haws,
As if he would controul the Cause;

But

232 *The Plague of Impertinence; Or,*

But they that heard were so well pleas'd
With what the Gentleman express'd,
They would not let the Shaver speak,
But took him rudely by the Neck;
And all together pray'd the Host
He might not share the Boil'd nor Roast;
Who, willing to please all were there,
Thrust Barber out to dine elsewhere;
Resolv'd no farther to commence
The Plague of such Impertinence,



Now to Barber's shop I found a Place
Where I'd a friend that call'd the Room
Lock'd me in, and kept them out;
The Barber and his money Crew
That he had rais'd, my Love, and
Now, give you and me quite undone,
My Love being, my mistress gone;
The Cause rising to degree
Against his Daughter there, and me;
Rejoicing all the Truth
Whate'er scandal is
Which I now did
And that I
But now I
And thus you'll find my Tale will close,
For now I've met my worst of foes,
And better should a Treat esteem
With Satan, than to dine with him.
And now the noted Tale was done,
The Gentleman would fain be gone,
Blaming, to raise the Comedy,
Barber was going to reply;
Who made wry Mouths, with Hums and Haws,
Common the Cause;

ETAROCOS

Socrates and Timandra:

O R,

Love the best PHILOSOPHER.

The first Moral STORY in Two CANTO's.

Done from some Hints in Prose out of
the *French* by Monsieur *Bel Forrest*,
into *English* Verse.

With large Additions and Embellishments by
T. D'URFET.

The first Moral STORY.



LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHETWOOD, at Cato's
Head in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.* 1721.

Socrates and Timandra.

O R.

I love the best Philosopher.

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Socrates and Timandra:

OR,

Love the best PHILOSOPHER.

The first Moral STORY.



WHEN *Europe* glori'd in her Learn'd and Brave,
And *Greece* from many Empires bore the Prize;
When Wealth to Arts and Arms Precedence
gave,
And Men esteem'd it Grandeur to be Wise:

When sounding Title was a Trifle thought,
And Virtue prov'd an Ornament of State;
Then *Socrates*, that Rules in *Athens* taught,
Was known for Judgment to be truly great.

His Soul adorn'd with glorious Sciences,
And Prudence, which did all his Actions guide,
Made large Atonement for the taking Grace,
Which Nature, to his Person, had deny'd.

4.
Neglectful Nature, Fav'rite but to few,
Had sent this Jem unpolisht to the Light;
Rough in the Quarry of ingrateful Hue,
And only in its native Virtue bright.

5.
But Fame, to make Amends, his Worth had rais'd,
Far as extended Wings the Mass could bear;
And with loud Eccho's of repeated Praise,
Renown'd his Reputation far and near.

6.
The large Esteem he gain'd, of Good and Wise,
Had o'er the Continent such strong Effect,
The Natives, and oft-times whole Families
Implor'd his Aid to counsel and protect.

7.
Amongst the Rest, a Senator, who dy'd,
And to the Sage did perfect Friendship bear!
Confiding in the Virtue he had try'd,
Bequeath'd his darling Daughter to his Care.

8.
Divine *Timandra*, beautiful as Day,
When first the sacred Fiat Nature blest;
All that was Fair did in her Face display,
Whilst all was good adorn'd her lovely Breast.

9.
A poinant Fancy, mix'd with solid Sense,
Grew blooming onward from her Infant time;
Whose Seeds blest Reason's Rules did influence,
And mellow'd for the rare Meridian prime.

10.
The grateful Soil to make maturely fit
For fam'd Philosophy to cultivate,
She readily prepar'd to form her Wit
And Knowledge, daily by a learn'd Debate.

11.
For *Socrates* resolving to refine
The charming Mould, by bounteous Nature given,
With willing Labour taught her Arts divine,
To add to the peculiar Gift of Heaven.

12.
And often would wear out the tedious Day
To hear her Reasons, and Disputes admire;
Dull spite of Knowledge, like an Insect play
Around her Eyes, not thinking they were Fire.

13.

Why * do you think (most lovely of your kind,
Oft would he say) the Gods made you so fair?
Why have they with a Dress adorn'd your Mind
Uncommon and particularly rare?

14.

They chose you not thro' Anger or Distate,
To others which wise Nature did produce;
As if not being with such Beauty blest
They were not thought so proper for their Use:

15.

But to proclaim the Soul's triumphant Grace,
Adorn'd with Reason, that celestial Charm,
And shew how far its Lustre do's surpass
The outward Ornament of fading Form.

16.

For were the sweet Attractions of your Eyes
Less prevalent to vanquish and engage,
Your Conquest o'er the proud Assaults of Vice,
Would be but weak Example to the Age.

17.

But when in the most celebrated Piece,
That Nature pleas'd with her rare Work has done,
The brightest Planet, Paragon of *Greece*,
Who gilds the Plains like the Meridian Sun:

18.

There shall be found a Soul so nobly strong,
So firmly 'gainst all Passions fortified;
Which no vain Transports here below can wrong,
Nor from celestial Principles divide.

19.

How will your glorious Story charm the Minds
Of crowding Nations, and great Princes Courts?
How will rash Libertines, whom Error blinds,
With Shame reflect upon their vain Efforts?

20.

Timandra's Fame shall charm th' admiring Throng,
Her Beauty greatly prais'd, her Virtue more:
Timandra Tunes the Poets noblest Song
With Matter to his Muse unknown before.

* *The first Lesson of Socrates to Timandra.*

258 SOCRATES and TIMANDRA: Or,

21.

Substantial Matter, born of lofty Thought,
By Wit inspir'd, and dress'd in artful Phrase;
More pure than e'er our former Sages taught,
Or can be equall'd in succeeding Days.

22.

Then when your Bayes, that must be always green,
Yearly your Temples with a Wreath supplies;
I too, aloft, shall glory to be seen,
Born on the Plumè with which your Eagle flies.

23.

And whilst your Fabrick of Philosophy
Propt on the Pillars which my Art did raise,
Exalts its Front more eminently high,
The more shall I by future Bards be prais'd.

24.

Thus with a Pleasure fanciful and great,
The learn'd *Athenian* often spent his time;
Teaching new Precepts early still and late,
To form *Timandra's* Knowledge more sublime.

25.

He taught her how wild Passions should be curb'd,
A Love divine be priz'd, a Loose suppress;
But oft was in this rare Design disturb'd
By an Occasion fatal to his Rest.

26.

For prudent, as the noted Sage was known,
And learn'd, as e'er the Schools of *Athen* bred,
There yet was Failure in his Judgment shewn,
By a too speedy rash Consent to wed.

27.

To tie that fatal Knot too with a Dame,
Vexatious, proud, and terrible as Death;
Who seem'd, as by eternal Doom she came,
Only to keep his Virtue still in Breath.

28.

For tho' from Parents honest, rich and wise,
In *Greece*, of good Regard, * *Zantippe* sprung;
Her Character more grateful did not rise,
But lessen'd by the Tempest of her Tongue.

* Wife of Socrates.

29. For

29.
For * loud as *Northern Blasts* that swell the Deep;
Adding fear'd *Ruin* to the Merchant's Care;
Perpetual Jargon did her Organs keep
In constant Discord, and unabated War.

30.
A pale lean *Village*; fraught with envious Air;
Discolour'd Lips, and upward turning Nose;
Brows destitute of well-becoming Hair,
Depletes too plainly one of *Wedlock's Foes*.

31.
Yet these were Signs of but too frequent Note,
In her who *Socrates* had made his Spouse;
Whose Eyes still met him with an angry Gloate,
Which daily caus'd Distractions in his House.

32.
For 'mongst the Furies, fond of such Retreat,
The Passions lodg'd in her unruly Breast;
Who daily with that clam'rous *Demon* met
With which a scolding Woman is possess'd.

33.
Dire Jealousy had gain'd superior Sway,
The worst Ingredient of the Female Curse;
Who wanting Patience Reason to obey,
Subjects her Will to its unthinking Force.

34.
Timandra's Beauty fann'd the fatal Fire,
Th' Indulgence too of *Socrates* was blam'd;
Wife Rules, with which he did her Breast inspire,
Enrag'd *Zanippe*, slighted, and defam'd.

35.
Who proud of a Reserv'dness, nick-nam'd *Chaste*,
Of which her foul Deformity was Cause;
Was with such noisy Insolence possess'd,
It great Distate, instead of Liking, draws.

36.
Her Virtue still was constant Argument,
Which he profess'd did all her Actions guide;
Virtue that gives ill Nature President,
And strong Advantages to Womens Pride.

Had you the Art of *Her Character*:
Or curious Painting, and no doubt should find
Not noted for a sake of great Renown,
To take Delight to curst her Will.

37.

Virtue of Grace divine participates,
And in its self has still a rich Reward;
But when its Worth it proudly over-rates,
Becomes a Vice, and is of small Regard.

38.

Why have the Gods (the cry'd) possess my Heart,
With such a Largess of connubial Flame,
That from vow'd Constancy I never start,
Or with loose wand'ring Thoughts my self defame?

39.

If tempting Change be such a luscious Fruit
That you must Taste, why, *Socrates*, not I?
For there's the Theme that causes our Dispute,
'Spite of the Gloss of grave Philosophy.

40.

Timandra is a Pupil of nice Kind,
Perhaps her Person fairer too than mine;
Which now to prove Variety you find
Great Pleasure with your Learning to refine.

41.

If *Alcibiades*, that charming Greek,
To hear me read too in my Room were lock'd,
Had *Socrates* no Reason then to speak,
Or be with Pangs of Jealousy provok'd?

42.

Yet must my Patience bear this very Day,
Whilst Dove-like Humour must reform my Will;
Tho' I have heard one of your Scholars say
Inflated with the Tenets you instil.

43.

That studious Art for different Sexes had
No Philosophick Point but one, to state,
That Male and Female, only two were made,
And sent into the World to propagate.

44.

If so, 'tis fitter for your Gravity,
Whose Precepts all Love Vanities controul,
To shun *Timandra*, lest there chance to be
Something to charm your Sense besides her Soul.

45.

Had you the Art of mixing Colours known,
Or curious Painting, the no doubt should fit:
Now noted for a Sage of great Renown,
You take Delight to cultivate her Wit.

46. But

46.

But those who modestly, for Virtue's sake,
Teach reverend Morals with instructive Care,
Without some ill Intentions seldom take
Their Pupils of that kind to young and fair.

47.

And here the String now to the utmost strain'd,
And highest Pitch, had more discordant bin,
If *Alcibiades* to see his Friend,
The haras'd *Socrates* had not come in.

48.

'Mongst all the Heroes then renown'd in *Greece*,
Whose Names the Trump of Fame resounded far;
None so exalted were to vie with this
For noble Birth, or brave Exploits in War.

49.

A Son of *Mars*, victorious in the Field,
When Honour rais'd aloft its verdant Palm;
Tho' conqu'ring *Venus* often made him yield,
Who heal'd his Wounds with Beauty's soveraign Balm.

50.

His * Person tall, his Love-inspiring Face
Bore Female Sweetness, mix'd with manly Air;
A lovely Aspect, and commanding Grace,
To awe the Foe as well as charm the Fair.

51.

Whose sweet, tho' fatal Kind, lov'd to Excess;
His Constitution sanguine, hot and dry;
In Times revolving made his Credit less,
And flag'd the Glory that once soar'd to high.

52.

For wild with lewd Desire he stop'd no Tide,
But let unbounded Inclination sway;
Neglecting Reason, that should be his Guide,
To give himself to ravenous Lust a Prey.

53.

Temples, as some believe, he durst profane,
Nor would the Domes, or sacred Shrines excuse,
If tempting Beauty there was hopes to gain,
Nor Cell divine was safe from his Abuse.

* Character of *Alcibiades*.

262 *SOCRATES and TIMANDRA: Or,*

A Mixture so admir'd, of Good and Bad,
Such Fruits of Nobleness, such Seeds of Ill,
In any Age ne'er Composition made,
Nor any Breast but his were known to fill.

Who tho' with *Socrates* most intimate,
And oft restrain'd by his prudential Care,
Who knew his Vices in so rank a State
Timandra's Name had yet ne'er reach'd his Ear.

Close in its Casket long this *Jem* had been,
Which now *Zanippe* swell'd with Female Spire,
To instigate this lordly Libertine,
Unlocks, to make it glitter in the Light.

And with malicious Pleasure loudly told,
Mangre her Husband's Signs to make her cease,
The secret Treasure, far more priz'd than Gold,
Which daily his Philosophy did dress.

Praising the Beauty which she ne'er had seen,
"I'll she the hot Voluptuary fir'd;
Then wanting farther Mischief to begin,
She only to recruit her Breath retir'd.

Whilst he, as Creatures us'd in th' Hunting Game,
Are charm'd with Sounds from the delightful Horn;
Rouz'd with this sweet Account of Beauty's Fame,
To hear it farther, longs for her Return.

Mean while he thus attacks his learned Friend
* Is it then so your Morals you impose,
That whilst to us their Laws you recommend,
The sacred Mystery your self you lose?

And tho' Contempt of Passions be your Theme,
And slight Regard of fleeting Joys of Life;
You nourish the same time a Love extreme,
As it appears now by your angry Wife.

* *Alciades harangues Socrates about Timandra.*

62.

Who having late discover'd by her Wit,
(For what can a jealous Woman find)
Results when you this rare *Timandra* meet,
Believes ye more than morally inclin'd.

63.

Her Beauty, 'tis declar'd, is wonderful;
Besides, when blest Occasion too invites,
I'll never think Philosophy so dull
To baffle what so sweet a Charm invites.

64.

You'll say, perhaps, the daily Rules you teach,
Like Bulwarks can your Heart from Passions fence;
Which sits aloft beyond Temptation's Reach,
Or vain Delights that would corrupt the Sense.

65.

I thought so too when late your Lessons school'd,
My roving Fancy, and sublim'd my Thought;
Yet was at last by fair * *Nemea* fool'd,
Who routed all Philosophy had taught.

66.

How often reasoning with my self I'd say,
Can I submit to burn in such vile Flames,
Who could be favour'd, would I once essay,
By any of the chief *Athenian* Dames?

67.

Shall I, whom once a Queen did not disdain,
T' acknowledge worthy of her Royal Grace,
Veil my Ambition to a Courtezan,
And Scandal fix on my illustrious Race?

68.

No, tho' her Beauty fires my youthful Veins,
A due Regard still to my self I'll have;
For Pleasure's sake alone take am'rous Pains,
Be still her fav'rite Friend, but not her Slave.

69.

But little do's that resolute wife Man
Who boasts his Safety, know what Love can do;
Nemea all my swift Designs out-ran,
Not only captiv'd, but deceiv'd me too.

Mistress of Alcibiades before his first Exile.

70.

The pleasing Charm of each bewitching Smile,
The Wit that from her Lips did sweetly flow,
Made me believe the Palms of Glory vile,
And afterwards what follow'd this you know.

71.

I know, * reply'd the Sage, your loose Amours,
Did you to Dangers and Disgrace resign;
Ills which no Passion in my Breast can force,
For there's vast Diff'rence 'twixt your Soul and mine.

72.

Your Riches still solicit your Delights,
Your Pleasures sought are suiting your Degree;
My Fortune's mean, secure my Days and Nights,
Nor can wild Luxury have Power on me.

73.

I value Beauty as a rare Effect
Of Nature, and to know its Cause and Powers
My Virtue thus to Exercise direct,
By the same Matter which Debauches yours.

74.

Nor should a peevish Woman's Sentiments,
The fleeting Visions of a jealous Brain;
From which she hourly forms her Discontents,
Make you a weak Belief of me retain.

75.

This Lady Chance committed to my Care,
Was my Friend's Daughter, and in *Phrygia* born;
Whose Soul, in which I noted something rare,
I own I have delighted to adorn.

76.

And Fair altho' she be as Morning Light,
Yet what Communication can you guess,
Can be 'twixt Woman's Beauty in its Height,
And the unalter'd Soul of *Socrates*?

77.

Not but the Virgin we have lately nam'd
Is worthy what Affection best can prove,
Apt to give others Cause to be inflam'd,
Altho' my Soul's incapable of Love.

* *Socrates answers Alcibiades in Defence of himself and Timandra.*

78.

The Seeds that form'd it of uncommon kind,
Have in the Mixture giv'n to great Allay,
Joys of more sacred Relish fix my Mind,
And only Reason there permit to sway.

79.

Thus Moralizing long the Sage went on,
'Till th' illustrious Greek, whose Head was full
Of brisker Matters, thought fit to be gone,
Now thinking such Expostulations dull.

80.

Timandra's Character had charm'd his Soul,
The Image of rare Beauty fill'd his Sense,
And all Affairs of lesser Weight controul,
To give his new born Love-Design Pretence.

81.

He longs to see this Rarity so priz'd,
But how t' affect it finds is somewhat hard;
At last resolves that he must do't disguis'd,
And take nice Methods to deceive her Guard.

82.

A *Phrygian* in Resemblance likeliest was,
He thinks, to gain Admission to her Sight;
Who of her native Country could express
Something like News that should her Ears delight.

83.

This plotted closely, the next thing must be
To dog his Friend, the Bower of Love to find;
Which too was done, yet all this Subtlety
Controul'd by Cunning of another kind.

84.

For *Socrates*, who well the Value knew
Of the bright Gem intrusted to his Care,
Resolv'd he would admit no Interview
That might endanger or molest the Fair.

85.

And therefore to grave **Aglaonice*,
A Female Sage, whom at his House he kept,
He gave strict Charge none should *Timandra* see,
And that all Letters she should intercept.

A fantastical Astrologer.

86. This

86.

This Matron fill'd with frothy Vanity
That oft intoxicates a Female Brain,
Believ'd the Science of Astrology
To be a Prize that she with Ease could gain.

87.

Some smattering she had got of Terms of Art,
With oblique Scrawling too could Schemes erect;
Conceiving still the Planets would impart
Their choicest Secrets, and her Will effect.

88.

Timandra's Name to own too she was taught
By that Deceit all Corners to amuse;
A Plot by *Socrates* with Cunning wrought,
'Gainst Ills that wanton Folly might produce.

89.

Which as it many had deceiv'd of late,
So now our Hero in his *Phrygian* Drefs,
Inquiring for *Timandra* at her Gate,
Was introduc'd to the Astrologers.

90.

But never did a harmless Village Maid
With greater Terror, or Surprize, start back;
Who gathering Cowslips in a flow'ry Glade,
Perceiv'd beneath the verdant Leaves a Snake.

91.

Then *Alcibiades*, when hollow Checks
And low sunk Eyes he in that Visage saw,
His Senses are benumb'd, he nothing speaks,
But to the Door was going to withdraw.

92.

When *Aglaonice*, whose am'rous Heart
In th' contrary with him was strangely charm'd,
Unwilling from that gracious Form to part
That had the Orders of her Soul alarm'd.

93.

Gently demands what might that Visit mean
That to her Art such Honour thus had done;
And whether there were Dangers unforeseen,
Which to avoid might by the Stars be shewn.

94.

Adding, whatever Planet seem'd to lowr,
So brave a Person he appear'd to be,
They all should veil to her judicial Power,
And he from future Dangers should be free.

95. When

95.
When he, who with the noble Sciences
Thro' his past Life was ne'er displeas'd before,
Thought he had reason now to prize him less,
Believing they must cause his teazing more.

96.
For now she tells him that on second Thought,
She knows th' Occasion why he thither came;
Was from the Rumour lately spread about,
And loudly founded of *Timandra's* Fame.

97.
And that his curious Sense might understand
What Beauty the great *Socrates* admir'd;
Give me (said she familiarly) your Hand,
Which done they to an inner Room retir'd.

98.
A Lab'ratory deckt, and furnisht round
With Globes and Schemes, and Instruments of Art;
'Tis here, she cry'd, where constantly is found
The sacred Knowledge that the Stars impart.

99.
Here you see what more deserves your Praise
Than all the Beauty Nature frail can shew;
The Fate of Empires in our later Days,
And all the memorable things below.

100.
Here likewise daily I the Fears secure
Ingendred in the Breast of *Socrates*
Of some Insults, caus'd by the Soul impure
Of the young Rover *Alcibiades*.

101.
Whose Figure, tho' it never met my Eyes,
The Stars minutely in my Fancy draw;
Whose every Action also open lies,
As if each Moment I stood by and saw.

102.
No sooner the false *Phrygian* heard his Name,
But a Vermillion Blush his Face o'er spread;
Whence if the Matron had perceiv'd the same,
The Cheat might plainly then from Stars be read.

103.
But she whose Thoughts were otherwise employ'd,
Soon gave him time that Danger to escape;
Whilst tickling Pleasure every Vein enjoy'd
To hear her Follies in his borrow'd Shape.

104.

He now desires her, since the Hero nam'd
Was his peculiar Friend, and dearly lov'd;
As she design'd to have her Knowledge fam'd,
And rare Appointment of the Stars approv'd;

105.

To let him know (since easy 'twas to her)
How *Alcibiades* was then employ'd;
Which if perform'd he would her Art prefer,
And scorn the Ignorant who durst deride.

106.

At hearing which she straight unscrews her Face,
And smiling Grimace turns into a Lowr,
Pores on her Book, do's all the Planets trace,
And Signs, for near the space of half an Hour,

107.

Which being wasted she her Face restores,
And with an Air that she design'd should please,
Tells him th' illustrious Rover in Amours,
And courtly Arts still past his Hours of Ease.

108.

And was that very Moment making Love
To a most charming and illustrious Dame;
Who his Addresses kindly did approve,
And met his Passion with an equal Flame.

109.

Scarce flew these Words from forth her skinny Jaws;
When our young Lover, with Desire to laugh,
Now almost black in th' Face, gave short Applause,
And with a slender Complement got off.

110.

Leaving the feign'd *Timandra* to pursue
The new Resolves she now had cause to take,
To prove her Judgment in the Planets true,
By their effectual Power to bring him back.

111.

Who scarcely had an hundred Paces gone
From the close Place where this last Scene was play'd,
But *Socrates* returning Home alone,
For all his strange Disguise, Discovery made.

112.

To whom the Lover, who beheld a Frown
Arming the angry Visage of his Friend,
Made free Confession of what late was done,
And what Attempt that Habit did intend.

113.

In rallying Words the Web unravell'd quite
Wove at his House, and every Passage there;
But in Conclusion told him that he might
For ever after rid himself of Care;

114.

For if the Lady, Governess of Stars
And Schemes, was his *Timandra* renowned
He had much rather in the Field of Mars
And Front of Battle, than with her be found

115.

Her ghastly Beauty for Infernals fit,
Should ne'er again deceive his curious Sense;
Nor the robust Irruptions of her Wit
Provoke the Fire of his Incontinence.

116.

And thus with his Satyrick Vein well pleas'd,
The great *Athenian* for some time went on;
Whilst *Socrates*, who now was much more eas'd
Than at the *Crisis* when the Speech began;

117.

Believing his Contrivance had secur'd
The true *Timandra*, and the false expos'd;
Longing to find his Cunning more insur'd
Made haste away to hear the Truth disclos'd.

118.

Which done, and *Aglaonice* had heard
How *Alcibiades* in *Phrygian* Dress
Was he with whom she lately had confer'd,
And sought the Stars to prove his Love's Success:

119.

The Passion she had newly entertain'd
At this Discovery utter'd Rages higher,
And scarce from breaking out could be restrain'd
Such inward Strugglings bred her am'rous Fire.

120.

A Whim possess'd her Astrologick Pate,
Her Planet had with his some time agreed,
And in each House, as pre-ordain'd by Fate,
By Signs some close Conjunction must proceed.

121.

With this Opinion pleas'd, Joy decks her Face,
In which grave *Socrates* believ'd he shar'd;
And she her Hearts Contentment did express,
That she so well had been *Timandra's* Guard.

122. He

111.

He therefore once again repeats his Charge
To keep the Secret, and still use the Name;
Recounting the past Dangers, or at large
Of which, fore warn'd, they could not fear the same.

112.

But envious Fortune that still takes Delight
By Crosses Life's Tranquillity to change,
Gave Product to a Counter-plot of Spite
By Accident, both unforeseen and strange.

113.

The true *Timandra* from her close Recess,
Where daily pass'd her solitary Hours,
Was for Refreshment wander'd to a Place
Near which her Guardian held their late Discourse.

114.

Where plainly was deliver'd to her Ear
The dire Resolve of her Confinement close;
The Plot of *Alcibiades* for her,
And how their Cunning did his Art oppose.

115.

But hearing the deform'd *Astrologers*
Had wrong'd her Beauty, and usurp'd her Name;
A glowing Blush o'er spreads her lovely Face,
And Anger from her Breast breaks out in Flame.

116.

Affront a Woman for her Dearth of Wit,
Or want of Virtue, which makes Honour live;
It yet may chance, she may the first forget,
And possibly the last she may forgive.

117.

Slander of Family she may excuse,
And patiently such Injury controul;
Subdue her Heart to bear the sharp Abuse,
But blast her Beauty, and you pierce her Soul.

118.

It gives a Wound in the most feeling part,
It tortures, and the Pang she cannot bear;
The Vein is cut that Branches through the Heart,
The Life Blood bubbles, and tis mortal there.

119.

All which was prov'd in this unsteady Maid,
Who, tho' the Plot was form'd for Virtue's sake,
She must the rigid *Socrates* upbraid,
Nor could such Resolutions kindly take.

131.
When at her Toilet she beheld her Face,
Sweet as the rose Glories of the Morn;
The charming Bloomings, and attractive Grace,
That her delightful Person did adorn:

132.
And then beheld foul Aggravation
With furrow'd Brow, sunk Eyes, and barked Skin;
She rages at the vile Indignity,
And strong Vexation tortures her within,

133.
So strong, that she resolves her self to right,
And that uncommon Injury redress;
Set out her Beauty in its proper Light,
Altho' she makes her Virgin Credit less.

134.
Th' Abuse impos'd, on that illustrious Youth,
Who came to see her, thither led by Fame;
She now resolv'd to contradict by Truth,
And free her Beauty from the present Shame.

135.
Which purpos'd, each severe and modest Rule
That Socrates had taught she passes by;
Neglects the awful Precepts of the School,
Whilst now Revenge alone diverts her Eye.

136.
Full of the Passion Women dearest prize,
For Wrongs suppos'd, a Letter she designs,
And to the noble Greek, late in Disguise,
With rash Resolve indites the following Lines.

TIMANDRA'S Letter to ALCIBIADES.

137.
IN vain your Curiosity propos'd
A Satisfaction from the Face you saw;
The true Timandra is not yet disclos'd
From whence you may your own Conclusions draw.

138.
This known, let generous Principle pursue
Belief of Truth, now flowing from my Breast;
That whilst I to my Fame some Justice do,
My modest Guilt is blushing for the rest.

139.

This folded up she by a Servant sent,
Upon whose faithful Trust she could depend;
Who, tho' he with a speedy Duty went,
Yet could not bring his Purpose to right end.

140.

For tho' the Billet to the Hero's Hand
He closely gave, expecting good Reward;
He soon perceiv'd a Frown in Furrows stand
Upon his Brow, which Bounty did retard.

141.

Th' Occasion thus: Craz'd *Aglaonice*,
Who still had Hopes, each Planet kindly meant;
Insur'd of their predicting Verity,
Had just before an am'rous Letter sent.

142.

Which being answer'd in neglectful Terms,
That rather Scorn than Kindness had express'd;
This second Missive gave him new Alarms,
Believing 'twas from her who wrote the last.

143.

And therefore without reading the Contents,
He bade the trusty Boy convey it back;
And since he was instructed in its Sense,
This verbal Answer to *Timandra* take.

144.

*That Rules of Friendship which he did profess,
He must above all other Things prefer;
And that Engagements with great Socrates
Were such, as would admit of none from her.*

145.

Then likewise adds, his sensual Appetite
No Taste of her divine Acquirements had;
Proceeding on thus with invective Wit,
That now the very Groom believes him mad.

146.

Who well remembring that the Letter came
From one who could all Hearts with Love inspire,
And kindle in each Breast a lasting Flame,
Do's at this strange Repulse the more admire.

147.

But when to fair *Timandra* he declar'd
The rude Return th' *Athenian* Chief had sent;
She hardly would believe the Words she heard
Could come from him, or could to her be sent.

148.

As when the Lilly mingles with the Rose,
Each vary'd Sweet delights the Eye by turns;
Now pale, now red, her Colour comes and goes,
Whilst in her Breast acute Vexation burns.

149.

Anger and Shame her inward Peace molest,
Her Look confus'd do's charming Feature spoil;
But here 'tis fit the Muse a while should rest,
Lest it should weary grow of studious Toil.

End of the first CANTO.



CANTO II.

150.

AS Heat and Cold imprison'd in the Sky
Within a Cloud, unruly Strugglings make;
And dart Ætherial Flashes from on high,
Dispersing Terror when the Crust do's break:

151.

So in the Void of fair *Timandra's* Breast
Storms too are pent, which tho' of milder Kind,
Are fierce enough to rob her Soul of Rest,
And break the Bounds in which they were confin'd.

152.

Her Heart must purchase Ease by Force of Words,
Whose angry Sounds reverberate in Air;
Whilst Passion vented kind Relief affords,
To Pangs which else frail Nature could not bear.

153.

When she reflects upon the Character
The Hero bore, of Amorous and Brave;
She wonders more; since his base Slight of her,
Had late confirm'd him for a Soul-less Slave:

154.

Her Billet thus return'd, in bits she tears,
And whilst her Glass reflects her just Disdain;
She's blushing pleas'd that Beauty rare like hers
Was now past Pow'r of that dull Sex to gain:

T

155. For

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155.

For now a dire Resolve her Mind possest,
Since he the first had grac'd had prov'd so blind,
A second never should disturb her Breast,
But from that Moment she would scorn the Kind.

156.

Not so resolv'd was our Astrologess,
Who took her late Repulse in other Sense,
As merely Humour in the Stars, to bliss,
Or vex, as vary'd was their Influence:

157.

She thinks her self too well confirm'd in Art
And skilful Sense of what must come to pass; -
The Joys of happy Fortune to desert,
Of which in Aspect such Appearance was.

158.

For tho' his Answers all were short and cold
As freezing Gifts, when Winter Gales do blow,
The am'rous Scrolls she wrote were warm and bold;
And Bundles weekly now his Tables strew,

159.

To such degree, that Patience being tir'd,
He writes at last (to prove Dislike and Scorn,
And sends by a new Messenger he hir'd)
A Piece that could admit of no Return.

160.

The Bearer formerly his Nurse had been,
At *Lacedemon* born, of Humour free;
Skill'd in Intrigue too, and th' Effects had seen,
And still most pleas'd, when Lovers did agree.

161.

This Pandress, that Miscarriage might no more
Be fear'd, he charges to *Timandra's* Hand
To give the Scroll, not knowing what it bore;
Who straight pursues with Cunning his Command.

162.

A Merchant of strange Wares she feigns to be,
Buys foreign Plants, and Flowers petrify'd;
Odd Fish, and Insects rare, of Earth and Sea,
With Animals of monstrous Nature, dry'd:

163.

And furnish'd with such Rarities as these
She to the Bow'r where Beauty dwells made haste,
Where both *Timandras* (as it chanc'd) she sees;
Who great Delight to see her Things express'd,

164. *Espe*

Especially learn'd *Aglanice*;
Who in the Sage's Absence was so kind
To grant her beauteous Charge the Liberty
To view the Wonders brought from *Orm* and *Ind*.

But whilst to pore a clearer Light she sought;
And at an open Window made a Stand;
The subtle Nurse the Billet that she brought
Would have convey'd into the Fair one's Hand,

Believing by her Face it must be her
To whom th' illustrious *Grecian* had address'd:
Then told her softly, whispering in her Ear,
That Rarity of all was much the best.

That there a precious Secret was inclos'd
That would her greater Admiration frame,
And more surprizing, was to be suppos'd,
Since from great *Alcibiades* it came:

Which Words no sooner reach'd the injur'd Fair
But fresh Confusion penetrates her Sense;
Amaz'd, that the first Rudeness offer'd her
Should now produce this second Insolence;

But with a Look where Anger lovely shone,
And darting Rays her Eyes with Lustre grace,
She bade *Amelia* instantly be gone,
(The Name of our new form'd Embassadress;)

And to her Patron back return with this,
That she would have him bate his Self-esteem;
Since her Engagements to learn'd *Socrates*
Were such as would admit of none from him.

And thus concluding, to an inner Room
With haughty Air and Motion she retires,
Leaving the Nurse, who had receiv'd her Donor,
Like one who by the Law for Crimes expires:

Her Trinkets straight she huddles up in haste,
And now is glad she has escap'd so well;
And that *Timandra* was so kind at last
The Plot she did not to the Matron tell.

173.

But to her wanton Lord when home return'd,
 She gave Retort in Words so well he knew;
 With drooping Phiz her ill Success she mourn'd,
 Whilst Mirth in him the Repetition drew:

174.

His Laughter still encreas'd at the Conceit,
 Which to *Aniela* seems a Wonder rare;
 Believing rather that a Loss so great
 Would sooner have provok'd him to Despair.

175.

But when she heard him rally on her Face,
 As pleas'd he from such Uglinefs was free,
 Her frightful Figure, and affected Dress,
 That form'd the Mass of foul Deformity,

176.

She stops him in the Heat of his Career
 At such Description, being more amaz'd,
 And tells him the strange Words he made her hear
 Were such as half confirm'd her he was craz'd:

177.

Then paints, as if inspir'd by curious Art,
 Her Forehead, rosie Cheeks, bright Eyes, and Hair;
 The sweet Composure of each other Part,
 Divinely fashion'd, and compleatly rare:

178.

But that there was another who stood by,
 A Matron with thin Jaws, and aukward Mien;
 Who with her swarthy Skin, and hollow Eye,
 Seem'd as created to increase the Spleen.

179.

Whose wither'd Face, and vile ungraceful Form
 Might well a Bedlam in his Fancy make,
 Whilst t'other Angel was all over Charm:
 Which now confirms him in his strange Mistake.

180.

As in a Forest when the tim'rous Deer
 O'er rising Shrubs, and verdant Bushes bouds,
 Uncurb'd and free, do's on a sudden hear
 The fatal Noise of some approaching Hounds,

181.

At first do's start, attentive then stands still,
 Whilst now the more he hears makes less his Ease;
 Just so surpriz'd with dreadful Sounds that kill,
 Was our half murder'd *Alcibiades*:

182. His

182.

His Eyes are open, and his Sense is clear,
The Letter plain too by *Timandra* sent;
Which with his arrogant retort to her
Is what his Soul do's above all torment.

183.

Now likewise plain appear'd the Project laid
When lately he the false *Timandra* met;
By which the Charmer well may him upbraid
For gross Injustice, and for want of Wit.

184.

Stupid beyond the common Dross, he cry'd,
How could a Charm from that sweet Angel's Pen
Find a regardless Soul so stupified,
Unless possess'd by the most vile of Men?

185.

Had Goddess Nature been thy Patroness,
Or prompting Reason rarify'd thy Mind,
Each Vein and pulse about thee must confess
The Influence that was so near, so kind:

186.

But on the contrary lost and forgot,
The Sense despoil'd of each discerning Grace;
A most unnatural and sordid Blot
Has stain'd my 'Scutcheon, and defam'd my Race.

187.

Thus cursing his unlucky Stars a while,
Our now repentant Lover fretting stood,
Giving himself all Terms that could revile,
Or make Addition to his angry Mood.

188.

When wise *Amelia*, whose uncommon Wit
Was not with common Baulk to be suppress'd,
Do's in her quick and fertile Brain beget
A Plot, might make Amends for what had pass'd.

189.

She counsels *Alcibiades* to feign
Reluctant Love to the Astrologers,
And hint by Letter his late slighting Vein
Was only caus'd by martial Stubbornness:

190.

That now her great Ascendant had prevail'd,
And powerful Planets warring on her side,
His Heart's repugnant Fortrels had assail'd,
And to a meek Surrender brought his Pride:

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191.

Telling him, this no doubt would reinstate
His Love with *Aglaonice* at least;
And open him a Passage soon or late,
By which *Timandra's* Wrongs might be redrest.

192.

To this Advice he timely lends an Ear,
And as 'twas good puts it in Practice straight;
Rewarding the Inventress for her Care,
Whose Project laid, may good Success create.

193.

For now an am'rous Billet he indites,
Full of endearing Words and glossing Terms;
Mingled with fanciful poetick Flights,
That soon the Matron's hoping Heart alarms;

194.

Small Argument her Reason could convince
That Influence of the Stars had caus'd this Change,
That her Ascendant had controul'd his Sense,
And giv'n him now no longer Power to range;

195.

At which rejoicing, she an Answer sent
Expressing Thoughts reciprocally kind;
Then to *Amelia* do's a Ring present,
Her future Service faithfully to bind;

196.

Who pleas'd with good Success straight speeds away
To tell her bounteous Master Tidings rare,
How his new Mistress made a kind Reply,
And should be more than bless'd to see him there.

197.

Thus far the new invented Plot went well,
To *Aglaonice* in Haste he goes,
Who met him thenceforth daily in her Cell,
Whilst absent *Socrates* yet nothing knows.

198.

And now the Project being ripe for Fact,
And every subtle Motion order'd right;
He thinks it proper time to put in act
A Turn to bring him to *Timandra's* Sight.

199.

This th' Astrologess, being still at Home,
He found a Matter hard to compass was,
Unless invited she Abroad would come,
Which in few Days he likewise brings to pass.

200. Not far from *Athens* stands a pleasant Grove,
By Nature furnish'd with all fresh Delight;
A Seat renown'd for Learning, and for Love,
Where Youths pursue Amours, and Sages write.

201. Of Academies 'twas the native Seat,
A *Grecian* Bard in *Athens* loudly fam'd,
For Tracts of Learning, and Essays of Wit,
And from him the Academy was nam'd.

202. Here Conferences Philosophical
By *Socrates*, and *Plato*, oft were held;
Young Pupils too of lesser Note, and all
That in the noble Sciences excell'd.

203. 'Twas here that *Alcibiades* believ'd
The Shades most proper too for his Design,
Where the Astrologers might be deceiv'd,
Whose Stars to him *Timandra* would resign.

204. Her he conjures by all the Powers of Love,
Since his wife Friend was newly return'd Home;
And they Amours could not with Freedom prove
To that Recess at such an Hour to come.

205. Who straight consults the Stars, and thinks 'em kind,
And every Influence do's Favour give;
When we resolve, 'tis hard to bend the Mind,
And what we wish we easily believe.

206. The Summons she obeys with eager haste,
And to the fam'd *Lycium* nimbly flies;
Whilst *Alcibiades* before had plac'd
To watch her going out his trusty Spies:

207. Who soon informing him the Coast was clear,
Since the Astrologer was newly gone,
With throbbing Heart he straight his Course do's steer,
And to the Paradise of Love goes on.

208. An easy Entrance there at first he gain'd,
But when endeavouring the Stairs to mount
A Servant his Intent would have restrain'd,
Of whom the Lover made but small Account;

209.

For with a Frown, his Hand laid on his Sword,
The trembling Slave on th' Instant gave him way;
Whilst he proceeding to the Fair ador'd,
Soon found the sweet Alcove where Beauty lay.

210.

As a young Eagle whom his Mother's Wing
Has shelter'd close 'till ripening Days came on,
Whom she to try to a high Mount do's bring,
Teach him to soar and gaze upon the Sun,

211.

At first is baulkt, he winks and shuts his Eyes,
Too weak as yet to bear the glorious Light;
Just so our Hero fares, struck with Surprise,
Confus'd and dazzled at *Timandra's* Sight:

212.

Delightful Beauty pleases him and pains;
Shame for his Guilt, and Love for what he saw
Possess him so, that stupid he remains,
'Till kneeling down at last with rev'rent Awe,

213.

Whilst she with Virgin Glory paints her Face,
Pow'rless to bear the Force of her Surprise,
His Tongue begins the Passion to express
Which in his anxious Bosom glowing lies;

214.

* Was it to you, then, brightest of that Kind,
That Heaven to joy the World chief Blessing meant,
When it the most peculiar Grace design'd,
That the late horrible Repulse I sent?

215.

Did you, to whom my Heart was fetter'd fast,
As soon as Artist Love the Chain could make;
Whose Charms, tho' distant, could subdue my Breast,
Send me Commands that I refus'd to take?

216.

Oh Soul-less Clod! oh Lump debas'd and rude!
As Nature first, unform'd by high Command;
Expell'd from all Effects Divine and Good,
What greater Curse could come from *Pluto's* Hand?

* *The Harangue of Alcibiades at the first Sight of Timandra.*

217. My

217.

My Senses lost did I so vilely slight
The noblest Product of celestial Care,
Expell'd from Reason, and depriv'd of Sight,
Affront the Beauty I now find so rare?

218.

Ah, Madam, what Atonement can I make?
What Punishment do I deserve to feel?
'Tis far too little if I Death should take
From Fire, or Poyson, or avenging Steel:

219.

Or worse than all, condemn my self to lose
The Blessing of adoring those sweet Eyes;
But that my Soul's Perdition would enclose,
For in that Torment sure Damnation lies.

220.

To purchase Grace could my repentant Heart,
And all the Love and Service couch'd within,
For ever to be lasting have Desert
To make Amends for its late sordid Sin.

221.

See at your Feet where low and humbly lies
Your Beauty's Slave, the Creature of your Will;
Who lives for you, and by your Order dies,
So absolute's your Power to save or kill.

222.

By Bounty undeserv'd, if I may live,
Then of Injustice done you I complain;
Nor can I *Socrates* allowance give,
Whose Humour do's your Liberty restrain;

223.

Excluding thus the World from a Delight
Superior to all other Happiness;
And what, like Goddess Nature, by its Sight
Can all the Works of the Creation bless.

224.

'Tis fit for him who the Soul's Beauty courts,
The Pleasure of the Senses to reject,
And cause the Auditor whom he exorts
Of that divine Repast, to taste th' Effect;

225.

He with Desires by Moderation sway'd,
Sedate and calm, scarce feeling that they warm,
May save himself from Passions that invade
By moral Tenets, and by want of Charm;

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216.

But Rules like these by Nature still condemn'd,
And disallow'd by Heaven, do plain appear,
By Proof, that better Precepts were esteem'd
When it design'd ye so divinely fair.

217.

It form'd ye, Madam, to be lov'd and priz'd,
To reign o'er Souls in proper State to dwell;
And not as if forlorn, and ill advis'd,
To hide that heavenly Beauty in a Cell.

218.

Then as to what concerns my learned Friend,
If the wise Morals he do's daily teach,
And Practice, can his Heart so ill defend
That Love aspiring soars above their Reach;

219.

He must not wonder that a Heart unarm'd
Of that strong Mail of Reason he has on,
Should be, by Graces so resistless, charm'd,
Which his Philosophy wants Pow'r to shun:

220.

Or if, with Blindness seiz'd, he loves ye not,
'Tis strange Injustice then to hinder me,
Whom Nature's Pow'r, and sweet Impulse has taught
A Passion mounting to extreme Degree.

221.

I gaze, and I adore, the spreading Joy
Fills all my Veins, and captivates my Sense;
For you I languish, and for you shall die,
Unless my Love may hope some Recompence.

222.

Forget then, Fairest, Precepts that arise
To such unnatural and strange Degree,
And let indulgent Sense instruct your Eyes
To dart a Glance of Favour upon me;

223.

Who thus am fix'd eternally your own,
As from my Birth no doubt I was ordain'd
Who prize a charming Smile beyond a Crown,
Or all the Trophies Glory has obtain'd.

224.

And here on th' sudden seizing her fair Hand,
His eager Kisses close the Argument;
Whilst she do's in the first Confusion stand,
'Till he to Courtship gives a second Vent.

235.

He fancies something tender in her Eyes,
A silent sweet Content to hear him speak;
Therefore to Rhetorick gives quick Supplies,
And pleas'd with Hope a fresh Attack do's make.

236.

He kneels, he reasons, presses, and sheds Tears,
With moving Air, and influencing Grace;
Now humbly sues, now sighs, now doubts, and fears,
Whilst fluent Phrases one another trace;

237.

'Till antique Time, that never-weary'd Post,
Twice sixty Minutes had run out, and more;
When sweet *Timandra* who in Thought was lost,
And the extreme Surprise she had before,

238.

Recovering from her Agony of Fear,
That gave her Senses time to understand,
Could not retard some starts of Joy to hear
He did not his rough Scroll for her intend.

239.

His gracious Figure too successful pleads,
And now she entertains some little Pride;
To see a Hero at her Feet, whose Deeds
Had made him all o'er *Europe* dignify'd.

240.

By Diffidence and Modesty controul'd,
A while she wants the Pow'r to use her Tongue;
Which freed, at last her Answer do's unfold
In sweeter Notes than e'er the Muses sung.

241.

* The great Esteem your Merit, Sir, has gain'd,
Ne'er by my Anger was so mortify'd;
But that since I perceive my Name was feign'd,
And that your rough Return was well apply'd,

242.

My first Opinion still authentick stands,
With hopes my too rash Freedom you'll excuse,
Which could not help committing to your Hand
The Knowledge both of mine and your Abuse:

* *Timandra's Answer to Alcibiades.*

Shew I avout to love Alcibiades
A Maid thus forc'd her Weakness to confess
Not for your Judgment, that I know to great
And in one word, conclude my Virtue less.

243. The

284 *SOCRATES and TIMANDRA: Or,*

243.
The odd Mistakes that from that Cause arose
Might raise some small Concernment, but can ne'er
With Reason make you thus your self expose,
And stem the Tide of Dangers, staying here.

244.
Can you pass by the fair *Athenian* Dames?
Can Curiosity, that blindly leads,
Bring you from Beauties of exalted Fames
To one whose Sight wife *Socrates* forbids?

245.
One of whom Love, you say, exacts his Care,
Which Care, 'tis true, do's constant Service shew;
Yet sure it is not Love, or if it were,
'Tis more, as yet, than either of us know?

246.
But I am well assur'd he Virtue loves,
And that he still instructs me to pursue:
Thus too secures by Precept, which he proves
What he has fears your Merit may undo.

247.
Ah, go then, Sir, and let my Soul have leave
To relish well the Morals he has taught;
Retire, whilst I have Aptness to receive
That Good, and can oppose a wav'ring Thought;

248.
For blushing I must own I something find
Couch'd here within that's prone to take your Part,
And strives to shadow those bright Rays of Mind
That 'gainst such Frailty us'd to arm my Heart.

249.
Take then Compassion on my Innocence,
And tho' your Force my Weakness could controul;
Let me o'ercome with my Remains of Sense,
And the small Reason that yet guards my Soul.

250.
With Speed then let me beg you to retire,
And Pity take on my Philosophy,
That these late Years my Bosom did inspire,
And in one Hour might now confuted lie:

251.
Shew Favour too, and generously treat
A Maid thus forc'd her Weakness to confess;
Nor let your Judgment, that I know so great,
By what I've said, conclude my Virtue less.

252. And

252.

And at these Words a fresh Vermilion dy'd
The rosie Frame of her angelick Face;
And from his Hand, who closely held her, try'd
By struggling, to seek out another Place.

253.

In which kind Posture I the happy Pair,
To treat of other things, must leave a while;
And let th' Astrologess perform her Share,
Whom our false Courtier did so late beguile.

254.

With Patience, rarely in a Lover found,
She long had watch'd, 'till Darknes enter'd was;
When Fortune, who Endeavours seldom crown'd,
If with'd for, plagu'd her with another Cross:

255.

For as she sate, with amorous Passion fir'd,
In Hopes her long'd-for Hero to embrace,
It chanc'd that *Socrates* that Night retir'd
From publick Company, and chose that Place.

256.

And whilst with Thought himself he entertain'd,
In which his dear *Timandra* had best Share;
Th' Astrologess, 'twixt Joy and Trouble pain'd,
Gave, by soft Greeting, notice she was there.

257.

The Name of *Alcibiades*, and Dear,
Gave him occasion her Intrigue to know,
And made him with the sudden Stroke appear
As if a Thunderbolt had giv'n the Blow.

258.

When just prepar'd his Anger to let loose,
And his Trustee for Treachery upbraid,
He found another did his Sense amuse,
Who snatching at his Arm his Speech delay'd.

259.

This was *Zantippe*, whose rank Jealousy
Had brought her there, her Husband's Haunt to find;
And finding now another Woman by,
Began her Rant in this outrageous kind.

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^{260.}
* Is it then thus that *Socrates* employs
His leisur'd Minutes meant for grave Discourses;
Who whilst he to the Vulgar would seem Wise,
Exerts his Soul as fordid as a Brute's?

^{261.}
And must Intrigues of wanton Gallantry
Dispose of that immortal Influence?
Is this the Bulwark of Philosophy
That still to Virtue teaches such Defence?

^{262.}
'Tis well indulgent Darkness do's obscure,
And Guilt and glowing Shame from Sight deter;
When you thus lewdly act your Thoughts impure,
And blot the Name of a Philosopher;

^{263.}
Whose Science be from henceforth counted vain,
And so too the Repute of Learn'd and Wise;
Your Morals are but Whimfies of the Brain,
Your Reasons Trifles, and your Tenets Lies.

^{264.}
Whilst kindly the dear Precepts Nature gives,
And Heat shall be by me from henceforth priz'd;
And thus whilst Joys of Sense my Soul believes
Your School Enthusiasms shall be all despis'd.

^{265.}
And here Disorder, which her Rage had bred,
Her Arm stretch'd out, for Action had prepar'd,
If *Socrates*, with new Surprize half dead,
Had not slip't off to find what worle he fear'd,

^{266.}
If *Aglaonice*, when the dread Name
Of *Socrates* she heard too, had not fled,
Grumbling at Stars she had such Cause to blame,
That would not let her their Predictions read.

^{267.}
† *Saturnia* one and t'other now befriends,
Hides fierce *Zantippe's* Rage, the Matron's Shame;
Whom there we'll leave, since now the Muse intends
T' express the tortur'd Sage when Home he came.

* *Zantippe's second Harangue to Socrates.* † *Night.*

268.

To make the Proof of his Misfortunes clear
He soon got Entrance by a private Key,
And as he fear'd, surpris'd the Lover there,
Who had (tho' press'd) no Power to get away.

269.

Timandra, now from Love's close Fetters free,
Retires as soon as *Socrates* she saw;
Who with an Air perplex to high Degree,
And Words insuing reverential Awe,

270.

Told *Alcibiades* 'twas Tyranny,
And high Offence to Friendship he had done;
Since he from Acts of am'rous Gallantry
Of all the Female Sex reserv'd but one;

271.

Whose Love for Learning having long admir'd,
He to improve did carefully pretend;
As being by perfect Amity inspir'd,
Since 'twas the darling Daughter of his Friend;

272.

And that 'twas height of vile Ingratitude
To force a Secret fatal to his Rest;
Or on a Virgin's Privacy intrude,
Who fill'd with Love of sacred Things her Breast.

273.

And here, in spite of grave Philosophy,
Some angry Words flew rashly from the Sage;
Whilst t'other with mild Reasons do's apply,
The truest Recipe to cool his Rage.

274.

To touch him nicely on the tuneful Strings,
On which with Art so tenderly he play'd,
He found out prudently the only thing
That could his late unfriendly Fault evade.

275.

He therefore thus harangues; * Altho' your Blow
Is arm'd thus, *Socrates*, against your Friend,
That my Intrusion here you disallow,
As hindring Morals you to teach pretend;

* *Alcibiades Harangues Socrates*

276.

I plainly must detect your Fallacy,
And speak the Truth, 'tis not the Rays of Mind
You would inspire, which hinder'd now by me;
Incites your Wrath, but what's of nicer kind

277.

You love the true *Timandra*, Jealousy
Is what do's the extreme Proof on't shew;
I've thought so long, spite of Philosophy,
And subtly was resolv'd the Truth to know

278.

If I mistake prove your Reserv'dness still,
And leave the charming Student to my Care;
But bid me not suppress voluptuous Will,
Unless you are secure your self you dare

279.

I must confess I do some Pleasure take
In the undoubted Truth of what I find;
That I your Rules may less convincing make,
And you to Youth's Defects may be more kind

280.

For let your Tenets harass the dull Brains
Of poring Pupils, tasteless Joys to prove;
When Merit's Wreath at last renowns our Pains,
I find the best *Philosopher is Love*

281.

This Sentence had no sooner pass'd his Lips,
But the learn'd Orator so mute was struck
His Cheeks no longer the true Colour keeps,
But pale and ghastly was his troubled Look

282.

He suddenly fell backward in a Chair,
As if some Epileptick Fit did seize;
And after some small time of pausing there,
Thus makes return to *Alcibiades*

283.

* What have I done, oh Troubler of my Peace,
To merit from your Hand this Cruelty?
My Friendship has been firm ev'n to Excess,
And train'd to serve you every Faculty

* *The last Harangue of Socrates in Answer to Alcibiades.*

285.

Your Interests in all times have been my own,
My Credit's Hazard, and the World's Esteem;
I've ventur'd to establish your Renown,
And from your Foes Inver'acy redeem.

286.

My Life too I have slighted for your sake,
And against Swords and Darts your Buckler stood,
For which let * *Polides* mention make,
Where you were bought with my Expence of Blood.

287.

And when the Victor's Prize was to be worn
By him who did the noblest Action there;
I, tho' 'twas given, would not my self adorn,
But judg'd it fittest for your Brow to wear.

288.

Think it not strange I twit you with my Deeds,
And draw your Obligations near your Eyes;
When I perceive ungrateful Humour breeds
Within the Breast that Amity should prize.

289.

Ingratitude, the ugliest of all Sins
That e'er deserv'd eternal Punishment,
Superior ev'n to Murder's cruel Offence,
And all that Reprobation can invent.

290.

When I perceive th' Effect of Wantonness
Can make you at my dearest Secret laugh,
Ingrateful I must call ye, to express,
And drag up Thoughts to light I knew not of;

291.

In which you prove most cruel and severe,
Since you have stir'd up something in my Breast;
A Passion that I yet ne'er knew was there,
That will for ever rob me of my Rest.

292.

How oft have I your casual Weakness hid,
When Errors to reproof did you resign!
In just Return then, of a friendly Deed,
Could you not once think fit to wink on mine?

293.

* A famous City besieg'd by the Athenians, where Socrates re-
cibiades.

U 293. Could

293.

Could you not prove your self a faithful Friend,
By sparing me so natural an Ill;
Excuse a Frailty time perhaps might mend,
Or what you thought you could not help, conceal?

294.

Oh, *Alcibiades*! if 'tis not true
That I the beautiful *Timandra* love,
By this Aspersion Friendship you undo,
Since you can ne'er your Accusation prove?

295.

And if I do, as I begin to fear,
The Injury is worse that you intend;
By rashly hazarding the Curse to bear,
Of being my Rival, who should be my Friend.

296.

Withdraw then from the Danger you incur,
And whether you regard me in Degree
Or Station of a learn'd Philosopher,
Who from all Passion frail exempt should be;

297.

Or whither, as a true or faithful Friend,
Whose active Service you have prov'd before,
Retire from Ills, must have so bad an End,
And let *Timandra* see your Face no more:

298.

Let it suffice your Point is gain'd on me,
And that your Cunning my Defect do's prove,
Since by Acknowledgment of Jealousy
You may infallibly conclude I love.

299.

Lay then my Fault on frail Humanity,
Whose Weakness cannot Beauty's Power sustain,
Since Excellence I in *Timandra* see
Can force the Will, and make all Reason vain.

300.

Your Presence here is fatal to my Peace,
How you can Love inspire too well appears;
Each charming Grace of yours retards my Ease,
And shewing what I want exalts my Fears.

301.

Let it be then your Glory to resign,
And Beauty upon Friendship's score forsake;
He best the Hero proves who do's decline,
And spare the Life is in his Power to take.

302.

My Heart has ever been for you entire,
For you disturbing Cares have fill'd my Breast;
Let then returns of Gratitude inspire
Your Soul, and give to mine th' expected Rest.

303.

Here scorcht with Shame that in his Visage glows,
The Sage in great Confusion held his Peace;
Perplex that he such Frailty should expose
To the Insults of *Alcibiades*;

304.

Who straight with open Arms carest his Friend,
And Promise gives to answer his Desire;
That to *Timandra* he'd no more pretend,
But his rare Virtues, in her stead, admire.

305.

Concluding all with Themes of Amity,
Recording Deeds of Friends in former Days,
Delighting *Socrates* to high Degree,
Who sends him Home with Complement and Praise.

306.

But oh, when Lust unquenchably do's burn,
The Heat corrupted, and the Mind impure,
Small Tye depends on Words, or what is sworn,
And weakly do's that Promiser ensure:

307.

For *Alcibiades*, whose wanton Will
Still influenc'd him more than friendly Trust,
Regards a Breach but as a trivial Ill,
And hold at nought the Titles of unjust:

308.

For 'gainst seducing Opportunity,
To which the frail *Timandra* lent her Aid,
The Sage's Vigilance no Force can be,
Who finds himself by his false Friend betray'd.

309.

The precious Gem is stol'n away by Night,
Which he in Science had once richly set;
Who being both Friend and Lover, took Delight
Still to improve her Reason, and her Wit;

310.

But vicious Sense that did the first pervert,
Soon brought the last to be subservient too;
The Gloss of outward Beauty fills her Heart,
And do's all Thought of inward Grace subdue.

192 SOCRATES and TIMANDRA: Or,

To *Granium* with her wanton Lord the fled,
Who was to Exile doom'd too by the Laws;
From whence * *Lysander* plots to get his Head
A Present, for revolting from his Cause.

He *Bagoas* and *Sisemithres* sent,
With others arm'd, the Fugitive to seize;
Nor did wrong'd *Socrates* the Plot prevent,
Whose Melancholy now bred strong Disease.

The Loss of his *Timandra*, spite of all
The patient Pow'r Philosophy had bred,
Made all remaining Joys of Life so small,
That only Ease by Death now fills his Head;

Which some time after (when † condemn'd to die)
Made him with such Contempt the Poyson take,
Since Griefs were caus'd (which in his Breast did lie)
For Love's, as well as for Religion's sake.

Yet like a Hero did he nobly die,
Despising numerous Gods, adoring One;
And for the Frailty of an am'rous Sigh,
The sacred Martyr largely did atone;

But e'er his Death he the Destruction saw
Of his false Friend, and that unhappy Fair;
Who quickly on themselves did Ruin draw,
Exempted from his Patronage and Care.

The Band sent out to take 'em round the Place,
A lonely Hut, to which they had retir'd,
And dreading th' Force of *Alcibiades*,
Basely, to drive 'em thence, the Cottage fir'd.

Ah! then with dreadful Horror you might see
An Object would torment a generous Heart,
The Lovers forc'd from their Security
By the strong Foe, who fought with Sword and Dart.

* *Lysander*, General of the Lacedaemonians, Plots with *Phargazabus*
the Persian General to murder *Alcibiades*.

† *Socrates* was put to death drinking the Juice of Hemlock, by the A-
thenian Judges, for despising plurality of Gods, and introducing new Wor-

319.

Yet whilst he Life retain'd the Hero stood
Guarding his Mistress from their fatal Power,
But faint with many Wounds, and loss of Blood,
Falling at last th' unequal Fight gave o'er.

320.

Dead at her Feet the great *Athenian* lay,
Whose Fate soon usher'd hers, * as Story tells ;
Whose sad Example may the Truth display
Of Mischiefs bred from Love's seducing Ills ;

321.

And by this Moral teach the Young and Fair
With sacred Rules to fortify the Heart ;
That may 'gainst Powers of wanton Courtship war,
And not depend on Sciences or Art.

322.

Vain are the Precepts of Philosophy
Without the Tincture of celestial Grace,
Whose want *Timandra* made untimely die,
And soon destroy'd great *Alcibiades*.

End of the second CANTO.

*Written at Ramsbury
Manor, Anno 1706.*

* *Timandra dies of Grief.*



ELEGIES,
POEMS,
AND
NEW SONGS.

By Mr. D'URFEY.



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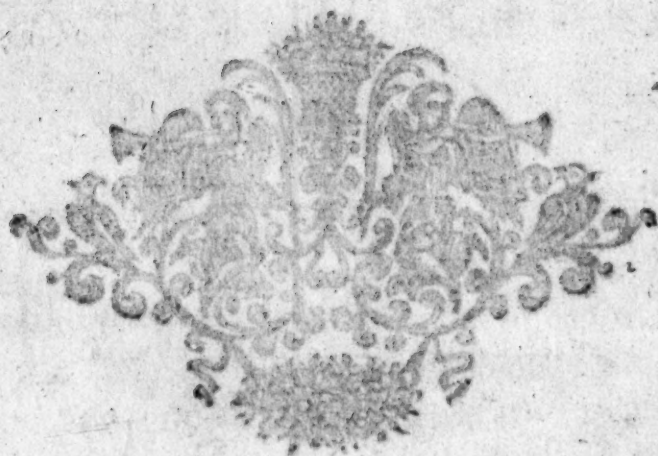
ELEGIES

POEMS

AND

NEW SONGS.

By M. D'URFEE.



LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CROFTWOOD, at CROFT'S
Head in Roper-Street, Cornhill. 1781.



The POET'S *Vision.*

FUNERAL POEM,

IN

PINDARICK VERSE:

*Sacred to the Memory of that ever to be admir'd,
and most excellent Princess ANNE, our late
Gracious Sovereign Lady. Written in the Year*

1714.



HE Sun now posted to his watry Bed,
The Evening was with gloomy Clouds o'erspread,
When from a solitary Grove I home retir'd;
But found my self (alas) not now inspir'd
With any Genius for Poetry,

Such as on nice Occasions us'd to be;

But

But ominous Melancholly prest
 My Spirits, and with strange Infection fill'd my Breast :
 The Faculties and Orders of my Soul,
 Thoughts sad as Death did now controul.
 I hastned to repose, but could not rest,
 'Till with long watching tir'd, a troubled Slumber eas'd
 My wearied Sense, or rather fatal Numbness seiz'd
 My vital Parts all o'er, whilst to my Eye,
 In visionary Scenes, was shewn this Prodigy.

II.

A Royal Banquet in a spacious Place
 Hung round with *Arras*, figuring the Race
 Of Gods, of Heroes, and of Kings;
 And wond'rous Stories of most wond'rous things
 Methought I saw prepar'd; at which in State
 The gracious * *Gloriana* sat:
 Around her all the Nobles of the Land,
 Those that bore Office and Command,
 Place, or Dependance from the Crown;
 With others also that had none,
 In order were; grave Heads that Mitres wore,
 Grandees that held white Rods, Judges in Robes with Fur;
 And round the Hall on large Degrees rais'd high
 Another august Company,
 The great Supporters of the Diadem,
 And of the Nation's Glory and Esteem,
 The *English* Commons sat
 Like the Disposers of resolving Fate;
 Who from the prying Croud did Rev'rence draw,
 By Looks, with Signs of Knowledge grac'd, and legislative
 Awe.
 Next these were mixt a Number more
 Promiscuously that Office bore,
 And each in's happy Station did reveal
 The secret Joy his Heart did feel,
 Down from the Pages that attend, up to the potent Seal,
 A grand Affair there was to do,
 Form'd to promote the national Interest,
 As well as make the City blest;
 And in a Charter newly wrote, presented to her View,

* *The Queen.*

And here, methought, the Prætor of the Town,
 With all his Brethren, Traders of Renown,
 Wrapt up in Fur, with each a Chain embellishing his Gown,
 Made the demure Petition on their Knees,
 And never seem'd so well at Ease;
 All with a Look sincere, in humble View,
 Tho' perhaps perfect at the Heart but few;
 (What cannot Citizens for Profit do?)
 Whilst to their fam'd Recorder, grave and wise,
 Awkward and formal, subtle, and precise:
 Th' attentive Sovereign, with a Smile,
 Short Answer made, but in so kind a Style,
 That now they thought their Feast well given;
 Praising their Royal Saint,
 In Expectation of her Grant,
 Beyond the brightest Cherubin in Heaven.
 And nothing now was heard and seen
 But joyful Hums, and Grins, and Looks, half comick,
 half serene,
 All closing with, Oh, happy we, and long, long live the Queen.

III.

But whilst this general Joy
 In every Face appear'd,
 All blest with *Gloriana's* gracious Eye;
 Who pleas'd with what she saw and heard,
 With Freedom gave her Satisfaction vent,
 And full of easy Goodness shew'd her Liking and Content;
 From the swol'n Bosom of a gloomy Cloud
 A thunder Clap was heard so loud,
 With such a frightful Sound
 As when the mighty Saviour dy'd,
 The sacred Temple did divide;
 And divine Vengeance rent the trembling Ground.
 Amazing Horror straight surpriz'd each Face,
 Nor now could that Majestick Grace
 That late in *Gloriana* shone, appear,
 For even she grew chang'd with Fear:
 Her chearful Face, with deadly Pale o'er-cast,
 Lookt like a fragrant Flower struck with a withering Blast.
 Then straight, methought, the Roof was seen to cleave,
 Rafter torn out, the tottering Building leave,

Whilst

Whilst Eastward from the Sky
 A Radiant Form descending charm'd each Eye
 With Glories of immense Divinity
 Four Cherubs that on th' Angel came to wait,
 Whose Looks a Pow'r display'd superior to Fate,
 Went up where *England's* Guardian Regent sat;
 Her seiz'd, then with their precious Load withdrew,
 And thro' the wide expanding Air to their third Heaven flew;
 Whilst *Uriel*, for now might each one see,
 By his bright glittering Form, and lucid Front, 'twas he:
 One of the glorious Seven that always stand
 In sight of God's high Throne, on his right Hand,
 And to the lower World still bears his dread Command:
 With sacred Voice thus spoke, whilst every Stander by
 On the blest Orator fixt a heedful Eye,
 All charm'd with the Ambassador, and thirsting all to hear
 his Embassy.

IV.

Not yet, oh sinful People, are your Crimes
 Blotted from the Eternal's Memory;
 The Faults of past and present Times,
 In the Omnipotent's All-seeing Eye,
 Bear yet too fresh and deep a Dye.
 To let his Justice grant ye true Felicity:
 Instead of that your vile Offences are
 Writ in so large a Roll, he do's prepare
 Severest Vengeance, greater still, and more
 Then e'er yet scourg'd your stubborn Land, or *Egypt*
 heretofore.

The Plague of Frogs, of Locusts, and of Lice,
 Or chrystal Currents turn'd to Blood;
 When all the fetter'd Fish in vain devis'd
 With finny Wings to 'scape the gory Mud,
 Equals not half the Wrath to you is bent,
 Nor half the Curse, nor half the Punishment.
 Your Queen, your earthly Goddess here below,
 To whose excelling Virtue you your Blessings owe;
 Whose Smiles, like the bright Ruler of the Day,
 Made all things flourish, all things gay:
 Your *Gloriana*, whom you so adore,
 Ah! wretched beyond Thought, shall bless your Eyes no more.

Thus has the angry Maker doom'd, and his Decree
 Is thus pronounc'd by him, *His Title wrote in Blood*
 The dear lov'd Genius of your Land shall die, *Dead doing*
 And pass thro' Nature to Eternity; *She straight*
 From mortal Cares immortal Blessings prove, *Which crown*
 And leave a fading Glory here for lasting Joys above. *And*
 This spoke, the glittering Angel disappear'd, *T*
 And now, methought, was heard *And*
 A confus'd horrid Noise *To know the World*
 Of Shrieks, and Groans, and Cries,
 The glorious Scene too chang'd, and in its stead
 Infernal Night her blackest Fogs had spread
 Over the baleful Place, dark as the Regions of the dead.
 'Till by some Flashes of æthereal Fire,
 And fatal Fulgor, glimmering Light was lent;
 Which shew'd a Cavern where the Fates retire,
 And where in dreadful Shades their horrid Hours are spent.
 Around the Place where ugly Shapes of Death,
 Bare Skeltons, and all the Floor beneath
 With Heaps of Skulls and Bones were scatter'd o'er;
 Of Men that had been Mighty heretofore,
 Mingled with Scrolls of human Names spotted and stain'd
 with Gore;
 Brought thither by a grisly Train,
 Which for that Work the Sisters entertain
 DISEASES call'd a foul mishapen Crew,
 That thousands daily to Destruction drew,
 And first, with numerous Scrolls, came FEVER, winner'd,
 lean,
 His Heart and Inwards scorcht within
 With unseen Fire that long had flaming been;
 Next him remorseless PLAGUE, his Charge resign'd;
 Swol'n Dropsy then with slow Consumption join'd;
 Their deadly Labels brought, more toiter'd too behind,
 Down from the lowly Country Girl up to the Sovereign
 Queen.
 But amongst all that on this Office came,
 Death's Friends and Agents, Gouty, Blind, and Lame,
 Methought I saw one bring a Scroll
 That with new Terror fill'd my Soul;
 A Scroll where in large Characters was *Gloriana's* Name.

Trembling

Trembling at this I found, as near I prest,
 His Title wrote in Blood upon his Breast,
 Dead-doing *APPOPLEX*, whom when pleas'd *Globo* saw,
 She straight a slender Twine was seen to draw;
 Which envious *Lachesis* soon on the Distaff put,
 And *Atropos*, as soon prepar'd, with bloody Shears to cut.
 Then each with dismal yelling Voice,
 And hellish Grin, seem'd to rejoice
 To know the World should lose such an inestimable Prize.

VI.

'Twas here the Vision left my fetter'd Senses,
 Here Fears anew 'gan to commence,
 And Grief straight follow'd close; for scarce my Eyes
 Had made their Opticks free from Sleep's Surprise,
 But to my Ears the Horror enter'd in
 Of dreadful News, the Sickness of the *QUEEN*.
 Too true 'twas found, for now each Hour accurst
 Flew with more fatal Tidings than the first;
 From bad to worse, 'till the third dismal Day
 We heard the Life of our *Britannia* lay,
 The Prize of Death, just languishing away;
 That darling Life, more precious than the Store
 Of *India's* Jems, or universal Ore.
 Oh Heaven! maugre all our Tears,
 Our fervent Wishes, and our Prayers;
 The Skill which all the skilful Sons of Art
 With nicest Judgment could impart,
 One suddain curst Disease had Power
 In a few Moments to devour,
 And by Commission from eternal Will
 Mock the Divine's, and the Physician's Skill.
 Thus when Omnipotence do's Blessings give
 He thus asserts his high Prerogative,
 When serv'd bestows the Gifts we all partake,
 And when his Grace we lose he calls 'em back;
 Wisely demonstrating superior Right,
 The Creature's Merit, the Creator's Might.
 But now, oh Muse! how can thy Influence
 So far inspire my Sense?
 How shall my ill-performing Pen and Hand
 Describe the gushing Sorrows of the Land,

Shew

Shew the attending Mourners that stood by,
Who, each with frighted Look and flowing Eye,
Made the vast Deluge swell so universally,
That all around Grief so immense appears
As if the World, a modern Way, were to be drown'd in
Tears?

Our hapless Land a Woe particular,
Beyond the rest of Nations did prefer;
And whilst new Seas of Brine surround our chalky Shore,
Albion was ne'er so true an Isle before.

VII.

Oh, *Albion*, in thy Loss more curst by far
Than in all Ruins of thy Civil War:
Thy florant Soil's a barren Desert now,
Sad as thy Natives Weeds, and clouded as each Brow.
Bend thy aspiring Head, let Ashes crown
Thy haughty Front, and for past Crimes atone,
That like offending *Nineveh* of old,
Dire Desolation by this Blow foretold,
May by thy humble Sackcloth be delay'd,
And Heaven's consuming Vengeance by Repentance stay'd.
And now my drooping Muse agen is at a stand,
My Pen shakes in my trembling Hand
At my bold daring thus my Thoughts to raise,
On *Gloriana's* Theme or Praise:
Virtue that scarce has equall'd been, or will in future Days,
That Royal Virgin that so long maintain'd
The *English* Cross, and with such Judgment reign'd,
That forty Years the Joys and Toils of glorious Empire
knew,
Ne'er such Applause or Adoration drew
As matchless *Gloriana* in her few;
That happy Princess govern'd when
Obedience was a Gift in Men;
When mild Allegiance bow'd to sovereign Awe,
And Duty was contiguous with Law.
But *Gloriana* fated to put on
The weighty Trouble of a Crown,
In a hot Ferment found the State
Perplex'd with factious Jarring and Debate.
Yet still encourag'd by celestial Aid,
The Royal Shepherdess divinely sway'd;
Held out her Crook, and the rude Herd obey'd.

And

And as the famous *Theriac* Poet once
Drew to his Lyre Birds, Beasts, and Trees and Stones,
So th' savage Inmates by mild Arts she could
Some curs'd the Cause, but now the Conduct blam'd,
Her Foes her charming Grace so much had won,
The worst but faintly env'y'd her the Throne.

VIII.

So *Esther*, who her Nation's Rights restor'd,
For Piety and Wisdom was ador'd;
And so will *Gloriana's* Name eterniz'd be
Thro' future Years to all Posterity;
The last of Female Sovereigns, and the best,
But ah! the Saint is gone, — and Miracles are ceas'd,
And well might she the Name of Saint deserve,
Who the Almighty did so truly serve:
Her regular Devotion every Day
Might even teach Piety it self to pray;
None could be wicked in her Service blest,
Her holy Flame divinely warm'd each Breast,
Example first the Good began, and Shame perform'd the rest.
Nor was her Wife-like Virtue less admir'd,
But every Breast where Honour was inspir'd,
So much, that even our sensual Nation
Began their brutal Crimes to see,
And honest Wedlock, Amity,
Began again to be in Fashion.
Thus all her Hours did strict Goodness sway,
Angelically thus she spent each Day;
Thoughtless of Ill, unless 'twere to prevent;
Her mirthful Minutes too so innocent,
As if a Life Divine she meant to try,
Before she came to die.

And th' great Disposer of her Soul was always standing by.

IX.

For Pity too, for heavenly Clemency,
None ever more renown'd than she;
Who Justice Scales so mildly did command,
And held the Sword in such a guiltless Hand,
That even the Malefactors of the Land
In Murders train'd, and Traytors made for hire;
Nay tho' they durst against her precious Life conspire,

And

on the Death of Queen ANNE. 305

And thereby Punishment more justly drew
Than th' rest of the incorrigible Crew;
Yet was she never found the more severe,
Nor ever Death's black Warrant sign'd but wet it with a
Tear.

Oh! were that great Apostle here to see,
That preach'd Salvation gain'd by Works of Charity,
Her wondrous Mercies in that kind,

And the unwearied Bounties of her Mind

Far above all the rest,

He'd still pronounce her blest;

And fix for her a heavenly Seat next the most high Degree.

She needed but a small Translation there,

Half of Perfection had the Angel here.

Poor Protestants, by foreign Vileness, driven

From their Abodes, for the dear sake of Heaven;

Forlorn and starving in the Fields,

Her pitying Bosom sacred *Manna* yields.

Thus Numbers from the giving Saint receiv'd;

Thus Numbers daily her blest Hand reliev'd.

Oh! sacred Virtue there is still in thee

So sweet a Charm, such true Divinity,

That when thou wilt unfold thy beauteous Face,

And with thy Beams frail human Nature grace,

How pallid to thee the World's vain Pleasures are,

How sickly do they taste, how wretchedly appear?

Thou, divine Essence, always didst inspire

Blest *Gloriana* with thy hallow'd Fire;

The Royal Saint was still a Type of thee,

As thou art of angelick Piety.

X.

Mighty in Power, yet mild still as a Dove,

A Temper form'd of Piety and Love;

Devout as *Deborah* at a Sacrifice;

Chaste like *Susanna*, and like *Sheba* Wise;

Like *Michal*, kind and dutious to her Lord,

And like a Saviour lost, lamented and ador'd.

More Attributes, much more might be express'd,

But Sorrow stops my Pen, and hinders all the rest;

My Muse grows weary with this glut of Woe,

And now no more can do.

X

Only

Onely methinks I see from high
A radiant Cherub soaring thro' the Sky,
Saying, Let Women be no more defam'd
Nor ever henceforth for past Frailty blam'd
Th' unbounded Virtues of this One
Do amply for their Faults atone;
With the eternal Compensation make,
And all the rest of Female Kind are pardon'd for her sake.

FINIS





ELEGY.

*Occasioned by the much lamented Death of the
Right Honourable HENRY Earl of Port-
land, Viscount Woodstock, Baron of Ciren-
cester, and Knight of the most Noble Order
of the Garter.*



B RITAIN might well expect the Sea to roar;
And rage with Tempests seldom known before;
That Comets blazing in the Hemisphere
Should with their fatal Light raise panick Fear;
How comes it then that no Irruption was
In Heaven nor Earth to shew our mighty Loss?

Nature with dreadful Wreck was terrify'd,
Oaks fell uncut; the Storm did Rocks divide
Some Years ago, when a Usurper dy'd;
But now when loyal *Portland* ceas'd to live,
Who was a Blessing great as Heaven could give;
The Elements are still, at Peace the Winds;
The Sun, as if he mockt our Grief too, shines.
Nay dull *Batavia*, that ungrateful Soil,
Once honour'd by his Birth, is grown so vile;
The muddy Floods within its Dams to stow;
That should in gushing Deluges o'erflow.

But hold, oh Muse, let not thy Sorrow make
Construction wrong; perhaps I may mistake;

Wise Providence, 'tis possible, intends
 Convulsions in the Bosoms of his Friends,
 Of such strong Force, that being beyond Expression,
 Shall quite surpass all outward Desolation.

Ah! 'tis too true, the Meteors that should blane
 Abroad, are shewn in every mourning Face;
 Continual Sighs swell to a blushing Gale,
 The Mind tormented, and the Visage pale
 Creates a stormy Ferment in the Blood,
 Great as what rolls the Sea, or cracks the lofty Wood.

He's gone! the great Example of our Time,
 To grace the eternal Court with Worth sublime;
 Merit uncommon soon attracts the Sky,
 Heav'n marks such Men, and bids 'em quickly die.
 The Wife, and those for Justice famous known,
 Are set apart as its peculiar own;

And amongst all that claim a *Premium* there
 A faithful Statesman has the greatest Share.

And now methinks at my recording this
 From the dark Entrance of a fam'd Abyss,
 Within a stately Dome^a, by th' Ancients made,
 To shine the Ashes of the Royal Dead,
 A late Triumphant^b Monarch takes new Voice,
 And from his sacred Cavern loudly crys;
 Such was illustrious *Bentinck*, whose great Name

I think it now my Glory to proclaim,
 And with indulgent Gratitude commend
 A faithful Subject, Counsellor and Friend.

Thus far the Monarch, and what then was said,
 Gave just Occasion for the Muse to add,

On Themes of Prudence, blest Fidelity,
 The learned Sisters all employ'd should be;

No Pen be idle, nor no Brain be free
 From Labour on a Theme of such Degree.

Great *William* this Encomium best could prove,
 Who found his Loyalty and dutious Love;

Found as excelling all that Verse could praise,
 Done to his Fellow-Kings in former Days;

And own'd it always with serene Regard,
 As much too great for Thanks as for Reward.

Witness the first Performance, and most great,
 When by the amorous Hero sent to treat

^a Westminster-Abby.

^b King William.

^c His first prudent Managements of the Match between the Prince of Orange and the Princess Mary.

With gracious *Mary* on connubial Love, A tender and buA
A Work decreed by all th' Elect above; To have that virtuous
He like a favourite Cherubim was sent Oh! sacred
To act the Order of th' Omnipotent. came to be
Thus taught by sacred Wisdom to proceed, Where Advice
Each Word successful, he perform'd the Deed; And makes
And made by the Dispatch so well address, The kindly
His Master happy, and three Nations blest. Was by the song

So when of old the Maker of Mankind His spirit by a
To Mortals a superior Good design'd, You can this
To bless the Creature with th' indulgent Word, Great Power
A *Michael*, or a *Uriel*, was impower'd; That good
Who by celestial Influence and Skill, No powerful
With Care could manage the eternal Will. His will

As matchless Prudence thus is verifi'd, but his will
So often was his Faith and Duty try'd, for his Affection
His Hero^a rais'd by Merit to a Throne, His Character
When many wavering Friends around were shewn; No less
Whoever fail'd him he was sure of one. A Politician
Brave^b *Portland*, Pilot like, would steady be Just to our
To steer his Vessel in that rolling Sea. You never
Tho' the unsettled Crowd had various Ends, His soul to
And many real Foes were seeming Friends, Great souls
Still did the noble *Bentinck* stem the Tide, going with
With Arms and Counsel his great Master guide, loyal
And left the rest for Heaven to provide. crown'd
Nor did his Duty shew its constant Force rapid
In happy Times, but on Occasions worse; And in the
When Sicknes once his princely Patron vex'd, The
And with Disease^c of nauseous kind perplex'd; Obedience
When pale Attendants stood aloof for Fear, Reliance
Who slack in Diligence and tender Care, on
Forsook his Room, and shunn'd the fulsom Air. was
This brave, courageous, faithful Friend pursu'd, was
The highest Sentiments of Gratitude, to his
Offering when the Distemper was most great, A Master
In Bed to nurse him with his kindly Heat; This well

^a His Courage and Conduct.

^b He attended King *William* at the Revolution, and was esteem'd his ablest Counsellor.

^c His Fidelity.

^d His incomparable Duty and Love, he sav'd the King's Life by lying in the Bed when he had the Small-Pox, and by drawing them out.

And by a tender Action rarely shewn,
To save that valu'd Life expos'd his own.

Oh! sacred Circumstance of friendly Love,
Scarce to be parallel'd by Saints above;
Where Amity in full Perfection is,
And makes Complement of seraphick Bliss.
The kingly ^a Prophet, in his debile Days,
Was by the Sons of Art advis'd to raise
His Spirits by a Virgin's warm Embrace;
Yet can this act of Duty, tho' Divine,
Great *Portland*, never be compar'd to thine:
That good old King had no Disease but Years,
No poysonous Stench the weak Condition bears;
Hers might an Act of true Obedience prove,
But his was Duty mixt with tender Love.

Nor had Affection here its final Date,
His Care that was in time of Sickness great,
No less in Health was us'd in ^b Turns of State.
A Politician from his Cradle known,
Just to our Nation, civil to his own;
Yet ne'er could Bribe or subtle Flatt'ry draw
His Soul to act unwarranted by Law.

Great Souls that thus their Sovereigns bravely serve,
Sowing with Toil, oft reap what they deserve;
Royal *Nassau*, just to the last Degree,
Crown'd true Desert with Wealth and Dignity;
Repaid his faithful Care with Bounty large,
And made him Knight Companion ^c of St. *George*.
The greatest Mark of Favour Kings can give,
Or Subjects for due Merit can receive.
At *Reswick* too ^d his wise Performance rais'd
From every sage Occasion to be prais'd:
That famous Treaty by the Nations made
Was form'd by Rules from his superior Head;
Who still was own'd by general Consent
A Master in the Art of Government.

This well was prov'd when he soon after made
Thro' *Gallick* Towns ^e his glorious Cavalcade;

^a David.

^b His great Service in Politicks.

^c Created for his great Merit in 1689, Earl of Portland, and in 1697
Knight of the Garter.

^d One of the *Plempe's* at *Reswick*.

^e Sent by King William Ambassador into France.

When haughty *Lewis*, even burst with Rage,
To see his Port and pompous Equipage;
Choice were his Servants, splendid their Attire,
Right was their Velvet, and their Gold was Wire.
Not so *Tallard*,^a who of mere out-side bragg'd,
Glaring at first, but a Month after ragg'd;
And thus their native Temper lets us know,
Compounded all of Fallacy and Shew.

'Twas here with Models of consulted Art
The noble Statesman^b play'd his subtle Part;
He knew, as nought is clouded from the Wise,
He in a Region was of Enemies;
Whose Hearts were false, tho' frequent were their Grins,
And Treacheries as numerous as their Sins;
Their Minds so barbarous, tho' they seem'd to laugh,
That scarce the Nation's Law could keep him safe:
Yet by his Skill and Prudence most profound,
Fenc'd too by his good Genius hovering round,
His deep Designs he did to Period bring,
Outwitting both their Nobles and their King.

Thus *Monsieur*, to our Fame, himself might view,
Out-done in Politicks, and Grandeur too;
Tho' deeply learn'd in King-craft's close Affair,
And tho' he signing Peace, intended War;
Our *Machiavil* found out the Secret Ill,
And match'd the Guile in the Partition-Bill.

Cease here, oh Muse, thy vent'rous Pen let fall,
Too many Virtues crowd to mention all:
Let Honour, Goodness, and Humility,
Candor and kind Indulgence be laid by,
As Themes for all Poetick Skill too high;
And let the bright Archangels all agree
To write above a sacred Elegy.

Now let our Worthy then in Heaven find
The Joy which by th' Eternal is consign'd,
And Glory too, in what he left behind.
The noble Heir^c approv'd by general Voice,
Who Parent Virtues in all kinds enjoys;
A gracious Figure to delight the Eye,
Where Nature did her utmost Skill employ;

^a *Tallard's Equipage very slight and trivial.*

^b *His great Policy and Conduct.*

^c *The present Duke of Portland.*

A Wit that do's with clear Politeness shine,
 Mix'd with a Temper second to Divine.
 May then his Scene of Sorrow quickly be
 Chang'd to a Prospect of Felicity,
 And for a filial Duty kindly shewn,
 A Father's unfurmounted Joy be known;
 Whilst his fair Consort of great * *Noel's* Race
 With a bright Offspring shall his Table grace.
 And thus as in a Round the Ages run,
 The deceas'd Parent, and the living Son
 Th' eternal Hand with high Reward will crown;
 And with a Bounty great, as Heaven can shew,
 The first be blest above, the last be blest below.

* *Marry'd to the Right Honourable the Lady E. Noel, eldest Daughter to the late Earl of Gainsborough.*

F I N I S.





FUNERAL ELEGY:

FOR, AN O D E,

*Sacred to the Memory of my late
noble Patron, the right Honou-
rable THOMAS Lord LEIGH,
of Stoneleigh in the County of
Warwick, who died Novem-
ber Anno 1710.*

The MUSE Addressing to Stoneleigh House.

I.

 H stately Pile, where oft the sprightly Muse,
That now involv'd in Sorrow sings,
Inspir'd with Joy did often use
To sound her Lyre, and touch the tuneful Strings;
What Cloud is this hangs o'er thy Head,
Like Mountains shadowed with expected Rain?
Why blasted looks that flow'ry Mead,

That

That by thy honour'd Side,
 Washt by the charming *Avon's* Tide;
 So sweetly still the Eye did entertain;
 Ah! now alas, too well I guess,
 Sadness is nat'ral in Distress;
 Thy noble Patron's call'd away
 To change for State Divine his mortal Clay,
 And this forgetting his blest State, o'erwhelms thee with
 Disinay.

II.

Mourn then, dejected Pile, let Grief renew,
 And as Companion take me too;
 Who in thy fair Apartment late
 Fed by his Bounty nobly great,
 With Pride and Pleasure saw my flourishing Estate;
 So great my Joy to be by him carest,
 Whose every Look and Motion was a Feast;
 That I can scarce forbear
 To wish him once more here,
 From lasting Glory and eternal Joy;
 Which still perpetual is, and ne'er can cloy,
 For worldly selfish Ends
 To be agen, as once he was on Earth, my best of Friends.

III.

Nor did on me alone his Bounty fall,
 His free Indulgence was bestow'd on all;
 That ancient City harra's'd with Distress,
 Where *Leofrick* of old exacted Homages;
 Which blest *Godina* did from Tribute free,
 At Price of her undaunted Modesty,
 Shar'd oft the liberal Grace of noble *Leigh*;
 Exalted *Warwick* too, that stands so high,
 Proud of the ancient Monuments of famous *Guy*,
 Often oblig'd, must justly own,
 His Goodness was not dol'd alone;
 But all around diffus'd with generous Speed,
 As sacred *Manna* once in time of Need;
 Mechanick Traders well were paid,
 And Peasants earn'd with Joy their Bread;
 Then for the Alms he gave
 He do's no Second leave;

Witness

Witness the daily Loads of charitable Meat,
And Troops of pamper'd Beggars crowding at his Gate.

IV.

Who all with dropping Eyes like falling Rain,
Lament their Loss, a Loss so much his Gain,
Thus erring Nature makes us wrong our Friends,
We grudge their Happiness for our own Ends;
And rather wish that here they'd stay,
Than their Translation hence to Bliss and Time without
Decay.

Since this, alas, must be,
And that profound Philosophy,
Wants Power to contravert the Strife
Between our Sense of heavenly Joys, and those of human
Life:

Oh! give us leave to mourn great *Leigh's* Remove,
Who blest us yearly with his friendly Love;
Who was for godlike Temper try'd,
And like a guardian Saint, so far from Pride,
That even his noble Title, Wealth and Place
Was lost in the familiar Grasp of Amity's Embrace.
His open Hand even Bounty did forestall,
So generous and so kind to all,
That weary Strangers travelling by
On Business or Curiosity,
Perhaps that hungry were and dry,
Need not with piteous Look the Patron's Aid implore,
Kind Invitation drest in Smiles stood always at the Door.

V.

Mourn too ye learned Sons of blest Theology,
Ye sage Professors of Divinity;
Nor think a tributary Tear
On your good Patron's Hearse too dear;
Oft at his Table has he cheer'd your Hearts,
And made his Bounty strive to equal your Deserts:
A Treat so copious, so immense a Mind;
A Heart so free, a Look so kind;
The Reverend of your Tribe will seldom find:
For tho' the first or second Course
Your Inclinations could not force,

To contradict your Gravity,
 He still had a Desert of Loyalty.
 A noble Relish for the Churches Cause,
 Ancient Religion and the Laws;
 That still would all demure Regard controul,
 And by a large capacious Bowl
 Begin to do you Right, and shew the Greatness of his Soul.

VI.

Nor need my Muse thus tedious be
 In praising his known Hospitality,
 As if that special Grace was all his Store;
 Alas! he had a thousand, thousand more,
 Excelling even the Thought of any Friend,
 As now they do my Genius to commend;
 Behold they shine in glorious Bloom
 Like Planets, lighting him to his eternal Home;
 Whilst we that mourn around his Tomb
 Should even our selves with Grief destroy,
 Were there not giv'n one Beam of Joy
 To cheer each weeping Friend, and ease the Mind,
 When we the noble Offspring view he yet has left behind.

VII.

To you, Lord Edward then, the noble Heir,
 That equally his Worth and Honour share,
 And on his Hearse, by Duty bound, have shed a filial Tear.
 I consecrate this Elegy;
 Which your Indulgence will, I hope, receive,
 And at the instant too believe
 The Branch I Honour to a high Degree
 That have so long rear'd the Tree;
 As then you like the Rising Sun appear,
 May you shine out, and influence the Year;
 And be your Morn so bright we may forget
 The Evening when your honour'd Father set:
 Next let the Muse remember too,
 The Tribute to your worthy Consort due;
 Good, Faithful, Virtuous, Rich and Wise,
 The kind Beginner and Preserver of your Joys;
 May she a Series of long Years possess,
 Connubial Love, and lasting Happiness;

And see her charming Offspring, now in Bloom,
 Grow up and mellow in the Vents to come;
 May Comforts one another still pursue, and
 You blest in her, my Lord, and she in you;
 'Till by eternal Aid you taste Fate,
 And Time to your continu'd Bliss wants Power to give a
 Date.

VIII.

And lastly, tho' not least in Memory,
 Since by the Muse admir'd in high Degree;
 Since too, kind Heaven's bounteous Hand
 Has yet more Blessings at Command,
 My highly valued, ever honour'd Friend:
 Most worthy *Charles*, I next condole with you,
 Who know for your dear Parent's Loss what kindly Grief
 is due;
 Whose Candor, Wit, and Sense of Amity
 Must filial Duty raise to a supreme Degree,
 Prepare to take the blest Reward,
 Which Heaven to Merit gives of such Regard;
 So with your noble Brother shall you prove
 Equality in Happiness as Love;
 Fraternal Friendship crowns your dear Embrace,
 He your *Drifter*, you his *Phaides*:
 As Brother, and as Friend, you Emulation raise,
 And by it merit every Good Man's Praise;
 Such did strict Rules of Amity maintain,
 In the next Age to that when God corrected *Cain*:
 And tho' as to his elder Birthright due,
 In a good Wife he claims Precedence now of you;
 He's but of present Happiness possess'd,
 Which you, whene'er you please, may taste;
 Since Heaven, that of its Favourites, still takes peculiar
 Care,
 Reserves for you the second Gift, the Rich, the Young,
 the Fair.
 That done, thro' Tracts of Time, and Scenes of Joy,
 Ye noble Friends, united Amity employ;
 Let each the others Love pursue,
 Whilst we that joyfully the Concord view,
 With happy Luxury, Regale in you.

Then

Then shall the awful Sire look down,
His Head impal'd with a celestial Crown;
And with a smiling Grace,
Such as he pleas'd us with in transitory Days,
Rejoice to see his own, by Right of Blood,
With Persons fit to grace a Court, and Parts to their
Country good.

III.

And lastly, tho' not least in Memory,
Since by the Muse's hand in happy Hours;
Since too, I have been taught to stand
Has yet more pleas'd at Command, than in
My highly valued, ever honour'd Friend;
Most worthy & sweet, I next console with you;
Who know for your dear Parent's Loss what kindly Grief
is due;
Whole Candor, Wit, and Sense, or Arms;
Man full Day, calls to a juster Deed;
Prepare to call the Bless'd Reward;
Which Heaven to you, as of such Regard;
So with your noble Parent, you move us
To pity, and to love.



As Brother, and as Friend, you raise
And by it in the next Age
Such did this World receive;
In the next Age, as the next
And tho' it be the next
In a good Wife, he clasp'd new of your
He's but of private Hope's possessor;
Which you, when'er you please, may raise;
Since Heaven, that of us favours, still takes notice
Care
Reserves for you the second Gift, the Rich, the Young,
the Fair.
That done, the Tragic of Time and Scourge of Joy,
Ye noble friends, united Arms employ;
Let each the other's Loss pursue;
While we first lastly the common view;
A happy Family, Reg'd in you.



P O E M Elegiacal,

On the Death of our late

GLORIOUS MONARCH,

KING *WILLIAM* III.



Triumphant Fate had with severest Spite,
Now giv'n the World Proof of its envious Might;
The sacred Urns of Monarchs newly built,
Oft shew'd the Fines, paid Heaven, for Nature's
Guilt:

Castillian * Royalty in Dust was laid;
A *British Caesar* ^b too, by Bigots sway'd,
And the blind Errors of his Church mislead.
His broken Sceptre dropt, with these a Flower,
Just blooming ^c cropt in an untimely Hour;

* *King of Spain.*

^b *King James.*

^c *Duke of Gloucester.*

Which

Which had it space its Sweetness to disclose,
 Might have excell'd each ancient *English* Rose;
 Nor stopt the murd'rous Head of Destiny
 Yet here, but ravag'd to a worse Degree;
England's Patron, "steadfast Foe to Rome,
 Great Umpire of the Arms of *Christianity*;
 In whom all *Europe's* Princes found their Hope,
Spain's Guardian, Scourge of *Gaul*, and the Pope;
 Whose Valour's Beams still cheer'd the warring bold,
 Who in the Shade now hovering stand, and cold.
 He, he who yearly crown'd his Subjects Bliss,
 Not only fam'd for Conduct, but Success;
 This Mighty, more than Man, now nothing lies,
 This Royal Oak, whose top late touch'd the Skies,
 Bows his high Front, shrinks at the blast, and dies.

Oh! who could count that Hour the Streams of Woe,
 Nor were mine least, which from my Eyes did flow;
 Succeeding Days still gave fresh Cause to grieve:
 We walk'd, and look'd, and talk'd, but did not live:
 Nor was the Night less comfortless, for there
 The Hero still would in my Dreams appear;
 Some glorious Action for his *Albion* done,
 Press my relenting Soul, and force a Groan;
 At last, 'mongst various Visions, this was one.

Methought, on *Helicon*, in grand Debate,
Apollo and the mourning Muses sate;
 The Fate of Monarchs was the baleful Theme,
 Each for her Hero sorrowing in extreme;
 And each, by Honour bound, in Elegy
 Her choicest Genius was oblig'd to try;
 But doubting Skill in such august Essays,
 And diffident to give deserving Praise,
 They thus invoc'd the Patron of the Bays.

MUSE'S Suit to APOLLO.

Great Influencer of the happy Nine,
 Who us'd to charm the Globe with Songs Divine;
 These mighty Dooms so much our Souls affright,
 The awful Subject makes us fear to write:
 The Gods on Earth, since Monarchs are so call'd,
 Should only be by those, like you, extoll'd;

▪ *Protestant Religion.*

▪ *King William.*

For

For us, alas, to build great *William's* Praise,
 Presume at Altars only you can raise,
 Would forfeit all our Titles to the Bays.
 His boundless Glory claims *Apollo's* Wit,
 Th' eternal Theme for you is only fit;
 Sing out then, oh thou Soul of sacred Arts!
 And let the mighty Ode transport our Hearts.

Thus spoke * *Caliope*, the prostrate rest
 Consenting, joyn'd to second her Request,
 When the inspiring Deity, whose Eye
 Was always known to dart a Beam of Joy,
 Dejected now, and gloomy as the Grave,
 Their Suit refus'd, — and thus his Reason gave.

APOLLO's Answer.

His matchless Fame is so beyond all Praise,
 Nor Gods, nor Men, can proper Altars raise;
 Others, by Flights of yours, will famous grow,
 My *Pegasus* no middle Tract do's know,
Nassau's a Theme too high, and all the rest too low.

* *Muse Herick.*

F I N I S.





Funeral POEM or ELEGY,

*Sacred to the Memory of my most Wor-
thy and ever Honour'd Patron and
Friend, Sir HUMPHRY FORSTER, Bar.
who died December, Anno Dom.*

1711.

I.



OW was the beauteous Summer Season past,
And plenteous Autumn with succeeding hast
Unloaded had her Stores, and bleak was gone
To tell sad Tales of Winter's coming on;
When from the *Barbours* Paradise, whose Name,
And stately Dome the Record fills of Fame,
That near the lovely *Kenet* proudly stands,
Whose argent Purl enrich the verdant Lands,
Back to our City Desert home I came.

II.

With that mean Title *London* must dispense,
Whilst *Eden Aldermaston* charms my Sense;

* Aldermaston.

As

As vulgar Females scarce are Women call'd,
When the *Beaumonts* appearing are extoll'd,
Sweet *Aldermaston* do's from high appear,
For choicest Pleasures fam'd both far and near;
And like *Britannia's* Goddess sits above,
Bright as the Palace of Olympick Jove,
Queen of her own, and Chief of all the Shire.

III.

From this *Elizium* beyond Parallel,
Where Honour, Virtue, and the *Lares* dwell;
Unlucky Business forcing my Retreat,
Subject of mine as well as *Cowley's* Hate;
With clouded Soul I went, its Patron too,
Generous and kind, receiv'd my last Adieu.
Oh! fatal Word, since Heaven had then decreed,
To raise my Grief, it should be so indeed,
By dreadful Doom that did too soon ensue.

IV.

For scarce had I my Discontent suppress,
And freed from Loads of ominous Care my Breast;
Scarce in Affairs had here few Days employ'd,
Affairs that Sweets of Country Life deny'd,
When the dire News that like Contagion spread,
Struck like a Blast, my honour'd Friend was dead;
The Generous, the Wise, the Good, the Just,
Fell'd like a lofty Pine by fatal Gult,
And all dear Hopes of future Favours fled.

V.

Ye prudent few, that can that Word commend,
And know by Merit how to prize a Friend,
To you I now address, for this was one
Form'd in Perfection.—But, alas! he's gone,
Snatch'd by divine, immutable Decree,
T' improve above celestial Amity;
Fruit of his Virtue had so rich a taste,
And 'mongst Immortals there so highly grac'd,
The heavenly Seraphs begg'd at last the Tree.

IV.

Mourn then, oh Muse! and aiding what I write,
 Let Grief perform, and Gratitude indite.
 Let Honour, Justice, Generosity,
 Each with a proper Tear remembered be;
 Or if 'tis not by watry Woe exprest,
 As Woe is greatest still, when Tears are least;
 Let dire Affection inwardly controul
 The thoughtful Orders of the anxious Soul,
 And Sighs, as well as mine, swell every Breast.

VII.

Mourn too, ye rural Hinds, that near him dwelt;
 And frequent Doles of his kind Bounty felt;
 Shew that his Memory is still rever'd,
 Let Hearts ake now that he so oft has cheer'd;
 Who with a free and open Hand on all,
 Like Heaven on *Israel* let his *Manna* fall:
 All who in need of his Assistance stood,
 A Patron found so noble and so good,
 The great were not distinguish'd from the small.

VIII.

Grandeur of Soul his Actions dignify'd,
 And yet tho' great, the farther still from Pride;
 The Opulence of Power or Wealth to him
 Of no Regard, did always Trifles seem;
 But modest Virtue ever was rever'd,
 And Learning's Art with willing Patience heard:
 So noble *Atticus* in *Rome* of old,
 Extracted still from Dross the purer Gold,
 And thro' divided Factions wisely steer'd,

IX.

Nor with the rest that consecrate his Urn,
 Canst thou (* oh Venerable) cease to mourn,
 Thy noble Friend, as well as Patron's loss;
 Pious as are thy Thoughts 'tis no slight Cross:

* His worthy Chaplain.

The

The Rules of sacred Writ, tho' they enjoin
That Creatures to the Maker's Will resign;
Yet human Nature is not so refin'd
But it may leave some Rust upon the Mind,
And 'mongst the rest of grateful Hearts, on thine,

X.

'Mongst which, you, honour'd ^a Matron, who have seen
His Date of Time, and when it did begin;
That prop'd by Providence makes Age obey,
And Life enjoy, in spite of its Decay;
Whose Sense is quick, whose Fancy young appears;
Whose sprightly Judgment feels no Doze of Years,
Must own a Pang for him whose dutious Love,
Seem'd as 'twere copied from the Saints above,
That to his Maker hourly Altars rears,

XI.

Your virtuous ^b Daughter next large Share has here,
With whom must you his dear lov'd Niece appear;
The noble Heirefs of his Family,
To whose succeeding blest Posterity,
All will in time descend; who as you're Chief
In near Relation, are so too, in Grief:
Nor do blest ^c Sisters you your selves exclude,
Who fam'd for Goodness, Beauty, Gratitude,
Your Candor pay, tho' nought can bring Relief,

XII.

Then, ye Domesticks, whom his Goodness fed,
That many Years were cherish'd with his Bread;
Whose gentle Rules did still your Service crown,
Cheer'd with his Smiles, but never saw his Frown:
With clouded Visage let your Grief appear
Black, as the dismal Livery you wear;
For oh! your kind, your generous Master's gone;
He's gone, and Seconds like him there are none,
To bless your Lives with such Indulgence here.

^a The Muse addressing to, Mrs. Forster, his Mother.

^b Lady Forster, and the Right Honourable the Lady Stawell, his Niece.

^c Mrs. Cheshire and Mrs. Coden.

XIII.

Yet left your Sorrow should too much annoy
Your mourning Duty past, there's yet some Joy;
A Female *Phoenix* rising from his Pile
To gild your Woes, and once more make ye smile.
Hail, awful Modesty, * let these Essays
In Verse presume your sorrowing Thoughts to raise;
Excuse me if I prompt your pious Ear,
Just Characters of true Desert to hear,
And give my Veneration leave to praise.

XIV.

In your past Life the Candid must confess
All that can prove the Marriage State a Bliss;
Sprung from the Loyns of honour'd *Winch*, whose Fame
For Wisdom soar'd; you've Title to the same:
And these rich Gems without Reprisal get,
The Father's Worth, and the good Mother's Wit;
Virtue innate, and Knowledge well acquir'd,
By all below belov'd, by all above inspir'd;
Like *Esther*, perfect, good, and like wife *Deborah*, admir'd.

XV.

In this divine Condition long both liv'd,
Thus still continue, you that have surviv'd.
Farther to go the Muse in vain Essays,
A State so glorious is beyond all Praise:
Rest then in Peace, thou hallow'd dear Remains,
Accept my Duty in these humble Strains.
Oh! might their Value but obtain to keep
Pace with thy tow'ring Fame, I then should reap
The noblest Harvest for Poetick Pains.

* Addressing to Lady Forster.

† Sir Humphry Winch, her Father.





A N
E L E G Y,

*Sacred to the Memory of the Pious, and
highly Honour'd Lady WINCH, and
most humbly Dedicated to the Lady
FORSTER her Daughter.*



E friendly Mourners, dry your trickling Eyes,
Sorrow should cease in sacred Obsequies;
She's gone to that Empyreal Mansion, where
Angelick Souls eternal Blessings share,
And bright Rewards beyond the Art of Praise,
For virtuous Deeds done in their mortal Days:
And tho' lamenting Nature bears the Cross,
With Pain for an indulgent Parent's Loss;
Tho' sorrowing Tears seem to have just Pretence
To raise a Flood, and Grief afflicts the Sense;
Yet Reason argues there's some Cause for Joy,
Since Heaven's the Purchase when the Pious die.

You then, her honour'd Daughter, (whose Decease
Has given her Claim to everlasting Bliss)

Whose pregnant Knowledge in what's strictly Good,
 Descends into your Breast by Right of Blood;
 The mourning Tribute justly paid, may now
 With decent Grace raise your dejected Brow.
 Let this atone for a good Mother's Loss,
 That the Translation so transcendent was;
 The Joys of Heaven, should Earth compare with them,
 Are Gold to Dirt, a Pebble to a Gem;
 Advanc'd too now in that celestial Sphere,
 She Leisure has, to praise your Duty here;
 Blest in that bright angelick Company,
 She now has happy Time in Hymns of Joy,
 To recommend your filial Piety,
 Approaching near the Throne,
 To parallel your Virtues with her own;
 And tell her Sister Saints, who joyful gaze
 Upon the Glories of the Maker's Face:
 There, there, she kneels, who lives below so well
 Seraphick Dwellers scarcely can excel.

This Truth of you, maternal Love would say,
 Let us be grateful then, and Truth repay.
 Permit me, Madam, and my humble Muse,
 By you inspir'd, to consecrate her Dues;
 And since her sacred Gifts are rarely found,
 Thus let 'em be in hallow'd Verse renown'd.

First let her charming Godliness take place,
 Her darling Fav'rite from her infant Days,
 That here the mortal Mansion beautify'd,
 And built her an Eternal when she dy'd;
 That thro' the Series of her Years shone bright,
 And with her Offspring shar'd the glorious Light,
 Which in her Life was of so high Regard,
 Omnipotence can only now reward.

Next, wretched *Paupers*, shed your briny Flood,
 You've lost your Alms, that charitable Good,
 That late reliev'd and fed ye from her Store,
 Descends like *Manna* on your Heads no more;
 Relentless Fate consigns ye now to those
 For Charity, whose Charity is froze.
 Not so the Dame, from whom you now must part,
 Her Hand was alway open as her Heart;
 Reflecting in her Mind the sacred Word,
 Who gives the Poor, still lends it to the Lord.

Endless her Praise would be could I design
 To sum the total of her Life divine,

Her

Her Wisdom, Candor, and Indulgence rare;
 Her Wit, with which scarce any could compare;
 Still satisfy'd, the Expectation rais'd,
 And ever gave occasion to be prais'd:
 But oh, ye Mourners, she's no longer here,
 No more then can these Qualities appear.
 The blessed Soul rests in its State sublime,
 Immortal in its Joy beyond all Time,
 Whilst we that for our Loss severely grieve,
 Yield up with Patience what we can't retrieve.

F I N I S.



AN



FUNERAL POEM,

*Sacred to the Memory of the late
Right Honourable, and never
enough admir'd and lamented
PHILIP, Earl of LEICESTER,
&c. who made his Country un-
happy by his Death, March the
6th, 169⁷.*



THOU proud Destroyer of all human Things,
From lowest Rabble to the highest Kings;
Relentless Fate, who do's no Merit save,
The Young, the Fair, the Great, Good, Wise,
nor Brave :

Thy cruel Fury now we scorn and dare,
Urg'd by the fierce Convulsions of Despair;
Glut thy Ambition, dig a spacious Grave
To bury Nature, not one Creature save:
For since the Best and Worthiest of our Race
Given us, deprav'd Humanity to grace;

Since

Since Learning's Patron by thy Doom must die,
How base a State is poor Mortality?
How Soul-less now appears each Muse's Son,
What can Wit's Fabrick now depend upon,
When noble *Sidney*, its best Arch, is gone?
The Master of our tuneful Art is dead,
From hence to his inspir'd Relations fled;
And Science, that did late the World controul,
Is dead with him, a Corpse without a Soul:
Beauty nor Fame can now the Genius fire,
Nor *Phœbus* Beams, or Influence inspire;
Sweet Poetry's soft Charm will please no more,
Nor *Pegasus* o'er Wilds of Fancy soar:
But Griefs sad Lethargy from henceforth blind
The Sense and trickling Eyes of human Kind.

Methinks I see from their now withering Home,
The Muses Race in sad Procession come,
In Weeds of customary Sables clad,
And Looks so dismal as if they were dead;
A Cypress Wreath each drooping Mourner lays
Upon the Brow that lately wore the Bays,
Prefer'd to Fame by mighty *Leicester's* Praise;
Their Patron's blasted Glory each bemoans,
In Storms of Sorrow, Tears, and Sighs and Groans.

Their zealous Grief even blames the Deity,
Why should we lose thee thus, great Soul, they cry?
What dreadful Crime have we committed here,
That Fate do's make us pay a Fine so dear?
The Mysteries above no Mortals know,
But angry Providence now seems to shew
Th' Offence uncommon by th' uncommon Blow.
Our boasted Empire must, alas! decline
When *Phœbus* on his Race do's cease to shine.
Sidney, the great Instructor of our Times,
Whose matchless Knowledge his fam'd Life sublimed,
Withdraws his Beams that nourish'd us below,
And like the Sun, made Wit's Plantation grow.

The best *Mæcena's* of the learned Kind,
He fed at once the Body and the Mind;

The chieftest * Bards of *Albion's* happy Land,
That felt the Bounty of his generous Hand;
And yearly from his plenteous Table took
The kind *Regalia* grac'd with kinder Look,
Improv'd were too, by his experienc'd Wit,
That rich Desert still adding to each Treat.

No Flight so lofty but his Sense could reach,
Nor none so Learned known but he could teach;
From Youth he labour'd in the golden Mines
Of wise Philosophers, and grave Divines,
And as bright Reason did his Soul direct,
Digested both, to both gave due Respect;
But still his Sense so wise a *Medium* chose,
The first could not delude, the last impose:
But where's the Worth that Envy will not blame,
Or Ignorance with its vile Breath defame?
Some Novices, in the Soul-saving Art,
Against great *Leicester's* Fame their Nonsense dart;
Whose mellow'd Reason could not theirs obey,
Nor chuse the Road to Heaven the common Way:
For as we see some fam'd Astronomers
Can thro' their Glasses find out Spots in Stars;
So some Church Errors, by his Judgment known,
Made him reject their Rules to keep his own.
But to the Learn'd and Wise gave due Regard,
His Purse was open, and his Praise not spar'd;
Their nicest Tenets he both read and knew,
Not only saw with them, but farther too.
Nor to the all-commanding Deity,
Did he refuse to bend the willing Knee;
And tho' there are a poor unthinking Crew,
For even the Clergy have their Rabble too,
Who in his awful Face the Dirt of Atheism threw;
The Hypocrites found only his Disdain,
Who pray for Custom, and who preach for Gain.

How has this fatal Stroke his People gor'd?
How do they groan for their departed Lord?
The Genius of old stanch Nobility,
For ever lost within his Grave do's lie.
The Will that Charity so nobly spar'd;
The Hand that Service did so well reward;

* Five Days in the Week, all the Year, he treated the Lords and Gen-
try; and every Saturday the Poets.

The

The Heart that so much Goodness did retain;
The Tongue that never spoke a Word in vain,
Taught by the Art of his seraphick Brain,
To curse their future Days by Fate's strong Power,
Must do their heavenly Offices no more.

Long, long with Diligence and Industry,
A Family's best prov'd Oeconomy;
With active Eagerness, and dutious Will,
Effects of their great Master's Influence still;
An easy Service blest their happy Days,
A Nod, a Look, a Word, in order sways;
One Note from *Orpheus*, the whole Grove obeys.
But now, alas! that Scene is plaid no more,
The Duty's past, and the Indulgence o'er:
Now all confus'd perform a different part,
Tho' fruitless is their Labour, and their Art:
In vain they'd hinder the last running Sands
Of that unvalu'd Ore that Fate Commands.
For now th' Immortal Spirit must be gone
To be adorn'd with an eternal Crown;
Tho' Kindred, Servants, Friends, to save him strove,
All shew'd their Weakness, tho' all shew'd their Love.

And now the Scene of Horror is prepar'd,
Nothing but Tears are seen, and Sighs are heard.
Now, now the Thought of each blest Quality
That blest the Body that do's breathless lie,
Draws full-grown Drops from every Blood-shot Eye:
His Patience, Kindness, Bounty, fresh in view
Appear, and every Moment usher new;
Unnumber'd Words they to his Praise apply,
And every Word is ended with a Sigh:
Yet one chief Mourner all the rest excell'd,
Whom a too-pond'rous Bulk of Sorrow fill'd;
Related nearly to his noble Blood,
And like him too, Kind, Patient, Wife, and Good.
To her, methinks, I see the awful Shade,
With a paternal Blessing bow his Head,
And with a Godlike Grace accost the weeping Maid.

No more, dear Saint, afflict thy precious Soul,
Let Sighs blow off, and Tears no longer roul;

Thy

Thy Sorrow cease, let it sufficient be,
 Thou matchless Virtue, 'tis declar'd by me;
 That all thy Sex may Duty learn of thee.
 Thou that in Youth would'st lose its dearest Gains
 Of Pleasure, rob thy self, to ease my Pains;
 Employ thy Time still to allay my Care,
 My Nurse, Physician, Comfort, Year by Year,
 In Will obedient, and in Heart sincere;
 That when I seem'd at Ease, wouldst be so too,
 And when I groan'd a Sigh, soft Pity knew;
 Do hourly Deeds to shew true filial Love,
 But never any Fault I could reprove;
 What were the Pleasures of the World to thee,
 Thy Pleasure still was in attending me.
 On blooming Youth the Sun in vain did shine,
 Thy Youth seem'd Age by influencing mine.
 Thus, thus, methinks, he speaks from Heaven above,
 Charm'd with Remembrance of her dutious Love;
 For which a thousand Blessings will succeed
 Each other still, and hourly crown her Head;

And now behold a Troop of Mourners come
 To bear the Body to its latest Home,
 A Hearse enshrines it, and with proper State
 Makes its slow *Exit* from his Palace Gate,
 To *Penshurst* now the noble Relick's drawn;
Penshurst, where Woes are young, and Grief is yet in Dawn;
 But will, when the sad Pomp of Death they view,
 Grow up to our Meridian Sorrow too;
 The unhappy Tenants all dissolve in Tears,
 And moan with Grief when their dead Lord appears.
 The Trees their Sap forc'd down, nor Buds will shew
 Nor from their Banks the Flowers peep out to grow;
 But backward Spring anew feel Winter's Breath,
 Whilst Nature mourns for noble *Leicester's* Death.

F I N I S.



POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

AND

SONGS.

By Mr. D'URFEY.



LONDON:

Printed for WILLIAM CHETWOOD, at Cato's
Head in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.* 1721.



P O E M Congratulatory,

On the Right Honourable

Sir THOMAS PARKER, Bar.

Lord Chief Justice of *England*,

Now Lord High Chancellor.

Upon his Creation of Lord Chief Justice.



From the Trees that did in *Eden* stand,
Well fixt and planted by th' eternal Hand,
The Maker chose out one with sacred Skill,
Whose Fruit to taste gave Sense of Good and Ill;
Which thus prefer'd, and eminently plac'd
With Reverence was distinguish'd from the Rest:

So our blest Sovereign who wisely saw
And judg'd the awful Sages of the Law;
Her Kingdoms Int'rest having too in View,
Wanting a Worthy the great Work to do,
Mongst all the Rest, my Lord, selected you,

The

The noble anxious Weight with her to share,
And ease her Bosom from its Load of Care.

Heaven that to Merit does Reward bestow,
Wisely thinks fit to give some Trouble too,
To keep within due Bounds the Grace assign'd,
Depress Ambition, and to poize the Mind:
Thus happiest Mortals have their troubled Days,
And even Empires Joys have their Allays.

Blest with such Candor, and such learned Skill,
Well were you chose the Judgment-Seat to fill;
The prudent Sovereign who resolv'd the Deed,
Forefaw he best could judge, who best could plead;
And that great Office most politely knew,
Who spoke with Rhetorick and Reason too.
This, tho' in Seasons past 'twas often known,
Is in these present Times more amply shewn;
Witness the fam'd Oration lately made,
When *Passive Duty's Case* was open laid,
And Tyranny with Freedom nicely weigh'd:
Not more from great *Quintilian's* Mouth could come,
Nor greater *Tully* so rever'd in *Rome*.
Each solemn Paragraph with Influence
Such Pressure made upon the Hearer's Sense;
None knew, who there the graceful Action saw,
If 'twas most Wit, most Reason, or most Law,
In vain did scanty Sophistry maintain
Opposing Notions in a Case so plain;
Tho' strong Philosophy shew'd Difference rare
Between a Pulpit Speech, and at the Bar;
The tender Fair too, that were in such Pain,
Pour'd out their Non-resisting Tears in vain;
Your Answer turn'd the flowing Tide again:
And whilst their moving Orator they prais'd,
Your Speech admir'd, tho' his their Liking rais'd;
In which did Art or Verity excel,
There, as it oft in Tragedies besel,
They wept because the Scene was acted well.
Here then let *Pegasus* more lofty fly,
Pursuing glorious Tracts sublimely high,
And grave Law Volumes for a while lay by.
Your Genius, my good Lord, can mount a Sphere,
Diviner still, and nobly make appear;
You *Maro's* Art, as well as *Keyling's* share:
When to unbend the Mind with Business cloy'd,
From golden Profits seldom well enjoy'd.

You grace the Muses with Poetick Strains,
With artful Numbers charm the learned Swains,
And steady hold the volant Courser's Reins:
Thus as your Leisure, and Affairs agree,
In Business solid, in Diversion free;
For Turns of sprightly Wit none more renown'd,
Nor none in grave Solutions more profound.
Inspiring Musick too delights your Ear;
True Proof of him who do's blest Temper bear:
Dull Sons of Earth, who slight seraphick Sound,
Like fruitless Trees, incumbring still the Ground;
Curst from Creation, can no Kindred claim,
But their vile Parent Earth from whence they came:
Whilst you, my Lord, translated, soar on high
Amongst the radiant Seraphs of the Sky,
Who charm celestial Ears with Wit and Harmony.

May then the Honours you now justly wear,
New Blessings yield in each succeeding Year;
May fresh and blooming Comforts daily grow,
May Ages, Troubles, gently come, and flow;
And may you justly, as alternate due,
Beholding be to Time, as Time to you.

Fame in our Days new Wonders shall rehearse,
Our gracious Sovereign Lady do's disperse
Her Arms, as Umpire o'er the Universe.
And whilst our Gen'ral too o'ercomes abroad,
And *France* looks pale, that late all *Europe* aw'd;
You in your Station here, serenely wise,
Quell the outrageous Fires of spreading Vice:
To Guilt a dreadful Instrument of Fate,
To Innocence a friendly Advocate;
'Till by Example of your Virtue shewn,
Decreasing Mischiefs clear th' infested Town,
And Maiden Sessions frequently are shewn.

And now, tho' for our present Benefit,
You rise, my Lord, let not my Muse forget
Uncommon Merit, so rever'd of late.
Tho' learned *Holt* lies low within his Tomb,
And Nature moulders still, his Virtues bloom;
And like the verdant Laurel, fresh will grow,
'Spight of all Blasts that Envy e'er can blow:
His Fame unsoil'd o'er *Albion* long has spread,
Which yours, with equal Lustre, do's succeed;

And

And if Degrees can in Perfection be,
 And Excellence increase in Dignity,
 May that Renown he has acquir'd so well,
 And nobly gain'd, in you, my Lord, excel.
 Like th' Royal Teacher may your Wisdom flow,
 'Till try'd in all you have no more to know.
 And as the sacred Prophet, mounting high,
 Do'd to his Friend the heavenly Mystery
 May you, like honoured *Holy*, record your Name,
 And gain a double Portion of his Fame.

F I N I S.





POEM Congratulatory,

On the Right Honourable

WILLIAM Lord COWPER,

Late Lord High Chancellor.



WHEN *Phœbus* cheers us with a Morning Ray,
And thence proceeds a bright and beauteous Day;
The mounting Lark exalted on the Wing,
Prepares its pretty tuneful Voice to sing;
Just so my Muse, when great Desert is rais'd,
By Royal Bounry, and in general prais'd,
Inspir'd begins her Harmony,
And makes her Lyrick Numbers fly
Around the Globe of Earth, and scale the lofty Sky.

II.

Propitious Omens point our future Joys,
When Merit is observ'd, at Court, to rise;

The Iron Age wears out, these latter Years,
 And now the Golden, once agen appears,
 The stupid Sons of sordid Ignorance
 No more shall own their Greatness to blind Chance;
 But Arts and Sciences shall be
 Distinguish'd in their high Degree,
 And flourish in judicious Law, and artful Poetry.

III.

To you then (Wise and Great) tho' press'd with Fear,
 Which do's my Duty and my Reverence bear,
 I consecrate these Lines, and beg the Grace,
 Amongst the num'rous Off'rings of just Praise,
 They may in your indulgent Favour share,
 And gain a Wreath beyond a Laurel there:
 Superior Wits still grace a Muse,
 And tho' indulgent, kindly use,
 Who best knows how to write, knows best how to excuse.

IV.

Let then the Influence that so bright do's shine,
 Fated to nourish Arts, enlighten mine;
 Let him who knows by Skill maturely wise,
 When *Pegasus* do's flag, and when he flies;
 In great *Apollo's* Hall, deign to appear,
 And form a florid Court of Chanc'ry there;
 Aloft on Wit's Tribunal be,
 The Poet's Causes mildly see,
 And there, as wisely here below, distribute Equity.

V.

Divinely has blest Providence design'd,
 For Business, as for Wit, your copious Mind;
 As the vast Globe is form'd of Earth and Sea,
 So is your Head the World's Epitomy:
 In each firm Part material Substance grows,
 Whilst round it the *Castalian* Ocean flows,
 This famous Bards shall chant, and long
 The Theme be of each Poet's Song;
 Decrees, like learned *Bacon's* wise, pronounc'd by *Tully's*
 Tongue.

VI. Here

VI.

Here too, lest generous Actions in Extreme
Should be neglected in this glorious Theme,
Applaud (oh Muse) a Soul so nobly Great,
Profits their Virtue lose, and Gold its Weight;
No Bribe can move, nor State Allurement bind
Th' unbounded Candor of your steadfast Mind;

Since royally you can forget
The prime of Office Benefit,
And Monarch like, with Scorn refuse the golden Perquisite,

VII.

Thus still the truly Great will greatly do,
A Grace Divine giv'n to peculiar few:
You, Eagle like, can gaze on solid Light,
Whose Rays are too extreme for vulgar Sight;
And what best proves the Firmness of your Eyes,

Is the late happy Comfort made your Choice;
Whose Qualities and Virtues joyn'd,
Enriching her celestial Mind,
Complete the Joys that bounteous Heaven to make you blest
design'd.

VIII.

Well may her hourly Joys seraphick be,
Whose Soul compounded is of Harmony;
When Wit and Musick jointly strive to please,
Well may the Bridegroom boast Content and Ease;
The charming Banisher of worldly Care,
To drive out anxious Cross is always near,

In tuneful Strains her Love to shew,
When Business furls, to clear your Brow,
And Angel-like, prove Wedlock State a Paradise below.

IX.

Oh! may my happy Verse prophetick be,
And to Time's end may last your Melody:
Blest Pair, whom Nature, perfect in her Trade,
And taught by Heaven, for one another made;

Fruits of your Wisdom are her Virtues due,
Her Wit and darling Gifts are chose for you.

Thus blest in *Hymen's* sacred Art,
And Love conjoind, you make one Heart,
And one another's all in all, and all in every Part.

X.

So much the grateful Muse dares boldly sing,
And to the World in *Lyrick* Numbers bring;
Truth without Flatt'ry paint, and justly prove,
As once *Appelles* did, the Queen of Love:
Or write what fading Colours cannot shew,
Great ANNA's Justice, and her Judgment too;

Selecting one to mend each Flaw
In the so long perverted Law,
Whose Equal the contentious World so rarely ever saw,

XI.

For as when the Creator made the Earth,
And all things had from *Chaos* Form and Birth;
The glorious Sun with dazzling Lustre dress'd
Of new Perfection, was esteem'd the best:
So you, my Lord, whose sprightly Genius frees
From dark Oblivion obsolete Decrees;

Like that indulgent Light appear,
The Truth from Clouds of Error cheer,
And gain the Prize from Ages past in one propitious Year.

F I N I S.



VERSES

VERSES Congratulatory,

To the Honourable

WILLIAM BROMLEY, Esq;

On his being chosen SPEAKER of
this present Parliament.



When *Hyperion* with victorious Light
Expels invading Powers of gloomy Night,
And vernal Nature youthful dress'd and gay,
Salutes the radiant Power that forms the Day;
The mourning Lark exalts her joyful Note,

And strains with Harmony her warbling Throat:
So now my Muse that hopes to see the Day,
When cloudy Faction, that do's *Britain* sway,
Shall be o'ercome by Reason's darling Ray,
Applauding Senates for their prudent Choice,
The Will of Heaven by the Peoples Voice,
First greets ye, Sir, then gladly do's prepare,
In tuneful Verse, your Welcome to the Chair.

Awful th' Assembly is, Angust the Queen,
In whose each Day of Life are Wonders seen;
The Nation too, this greatest of all Years,
Who watch to see blest Turns in their Affairs;
Slighting the Tempest on the *Gallick* Shore,
Hope from the Senate much, but from you more:

Whose

Whose happy Temper Judgment cultivates,
And Forms so fit to aid our Three Estates.

The Change of Ministry late order'd here,
Was fated sure for this auspicious Year;
That you predestin'd at a glorious Hour,
To be chief Judge of Legislative Power,
Might by your Skill that Royal Right asserts,
Like Heaven, reconcile the jarring Parts.

Nor thine your Influence, Sir, here alone,
The Church must your unequal'd Prudence own,
Firm to support the Cause, but rough to none.
Eusebia's Sons, in Laws divine possess,
Can learn from you how Truth should be express;
Whether in modest Terms, like Balm, to heal;
Or raving Notions, falsely counted Zeal.
Our holy Writ no Rule like that allows,
No People an enrag'd Apostle chose,
Nor taught our Saviour, or *St. Paul*, like those.
Reason was mild, and calmly did proceed,
Which harsh might fail to make Transgressors heed;
This Saint your Rhet'rick best knows how to prove,
Whose gracious Method can inform, and move;
Direct the Elders that such Errors make,
And shew both how to preach, and how to speak.

Oh! sacred Gift, in publick Matters great,
But in Religious Tracts divinely Sweet;
Since to this Grace they only have Pretence
Whose happy Learning joins with a celestial Sense.

That, Sir, you share both these, the Muse forgive,
If I presume to write what all believe.
Your Candor too, and charming Courtesy,
Rever'd by them is justly so by me,
Let me not then offend your Modesty,
If now my Genius to a Height I raise,
Such Parts, and such Humanity to praise.

This ancient *Baginton* can witness well,
And the rich *b* Library before it fell;
The precious Hours amongst wise Authors past,
Your Soul with their unvalued Wealth possess;
And well may he to heights of Knowledge come,
Who that *Pantheon* always kept at home.

* The ancient Seat of the Bromleys in Warwickshire.

* A famous Library burnt there.

Thus once, Sir, you were blest, and sure the Fiend
That first entail'd a Curse on Human-kind,
And afterwards contriv'd this fatal Cross,
Design'd the publick, by your private Loss.

Oh! who had seen that Love to Learning bore,
The matchless Authors of the Days of yore;
The Fathers, Prelates, Poets, Books where Arts
Renown'd explain'd the Men of rarest Parts,
Shrink up their shrivell'd Bindings, lose their Names,
And yield immortal Worth to temporary Flames,
That would not sigh to see the Ruins there,
Or wish to quench 'em with a flowing Tear.

But as in Story, where we Wonders view,
As there were Flames, there was a *Phoenix* too;
An Excellence from the burnt Pile did rise,
That still aton'd for past Calamities;
So my prophetick Genius in its Height,
Viewing your Merit, Sir, foretels your Fate.
Your valiant * Ancestors, that bravely fought,
And from the Foe the Royal Standard got;
Which nobly now adorn your Household Coat,
Denotes the former Grandeur of your Race;
Your present Worth fits you for present Grace.

The Sovereign must esteem what all admire,
Bromley and *Baginton* shall both raise higher,
Fate oft contrives Magnificence by Fire.

* Vide *History of Warwickshire*.

F I N I S.





VERSES

Humbly Address'd to the Right Honourable

WILLIAM BROMLEY, Esq;

SPEAKER of the House of Commons

*Occasioned by his generous giving me Pri-
priety to a Lodge standing where once
was the famous Baginton Castle.*



HIS little *Phoenix* Fabrick rising from
The Ruins of the former stately Dome,
Tho' small in its Dimensions, is compleat,
And fills the Fancy with what once was great.

Of were our ancient Anchors heard to say,
There, *Norfolk* arm'd, and here King *Richard* lay,
When two great Dukes, possess'd with fatal Pride,
Black Treason's Case by Combat would have try'd;
The glorious Castle then aspiring stood,
'Till raz'd by Time, and a rebellious Brood;
When afterwards, in spite of bar'rous Foes,
To cause new Fame, this pretty Mansion rose;

Devouring

Devouring Time nor Chance could not controul,
 Since thus appears a part still of the whole;
 And by the honour'd *Bromley* rais'd from thence
 A Monument of old Magnificence.

You likewise, Sir, to celebrate your Name,
 And add a new Addition to your Fame,
 Have given it to a Muse whose lab'ring Brain
 Its long lost Honour shall revive again.

The Situation of the verdant Wood,

That seems the Court of some great *Sylvan* God,
 And thro' the Trees by charming Prospect leads
 The well-pleas'd Eye down to the flow'ry Meads,
 Near which a chrystal Current glides along,
 Gives tuneful Theme to each fam'd Poet's Song.

My Genius on th' Occasion rises higher,
 Fam'd *Baginton* my Muse shall still inspire;
 Fam'd *Baginton* with *Bromley* join'd; shall ever tune my
 Lyre.

And tho' a dreadful Flame did late intend
 To give its blooming Glory fatal End,
 The noble Pile do's timely rise again,
 And its once famous Splendor well maintain;
 Then when the lofty Pillars shall be plac'd,
 The Pile with curious Architecture grac'd;
 When ablest Art adorns your Rooms of State,
 And the great Standard's waving at your Gate:
 When far as our *Metropolis* we hear
 The echoing Voice of those your Worth revere,
 I sitting in my small Retreat with Joy,
 My little *Ilium* in the view of *Troy*,
 Shall with my pretty Neighbours on each Bush,
 My kindred Linnet, Nightingal and Thrush,
 Your Fame in sweet united Consort raise,
 And in harmonious Carrols chant your Praise.

F I N I S.

VERSES,



VERSES,

*Humbly Address'd to the Wise,
Virtuous, and Honourable Mrs.
BROMLEY, on her presenting
me her worthy Husband Mr.
SPEAKER's Picture.*



OUR Present, Madam, generously design'd,
Most amply shews the Bounty of your Mind;
Goodness, and graceful Condescension too,
Indulgent Courtesy, best shewn in you.
With his auspicious Form you nobly give,
Nor could I miss the Pleasure to receive.
Tho' like a Miser, griping still at Store,
I knew the Instant I was taking more,
His Portraiture was in my Heart before;
Which by the Opticks of the Mind I view
More perfect than Appelles ever drew;
The gracious Features that adorn the Face,
Full of serene, and yet delightful Grace,
That long have bred a dutious Zeal in me,
As well as Pleasure in all those that see;

And in my Bosom now so brightly shine,
Nought but a Glory want to seem Divine.

Like me too, Crowds of Lookers on admire,
If then a Shadow can so much inspire,
How daily would the graceful Substance charm,
Where solemn Sense is equal to the Form?
Ah! were they with my happy Chance possess'd,
And with his pleasing Conversation blest,
They would in Flames of ardent Passion burn,
And, Madam, (all that heard) your Rivals turn.

But Pardon, awful Goodness, I pretend
To that Presumption only as a Friend;
Let me that valued Honour but obtain,
And long may you in your blest Empire reign.
The sacred Spirit of Connubial Love,
Like Eagles out of Sight, still soars above;
My Dove flies lower, which in humble Sense,
The Merit that you love I reverence.
Thus weak Philosophy can Nature trace,
But Heaven's *Empyreum* has too vast a Space.

And well did sacred Providence foresee,
You only blest could in each other be;
The Mild, the Modest, Constant, and the Good,
Noble as well in Nature as in Blood;
Mature in Judgment, just without Disguise,
Like *Hester* Pious, and like *Deborah* Wise;
Long doom'd by Fate, had a predestin'd Birth,
By Heaven's Decree to match great *Bromley's* Worth.

And long may Joys reciprocal succeed,
Long may ye Turtle-like together feed;
The Bliss of Marriage you divinely prove,
Equal your Tempers, equal is your Love;
And thus whilst pleas'd with one another's View,
You leave the Fiction to enjoy the true.
I gazing on the Picture once a Day,
In joyful Tenders Gratitude will pay;
And pride my self whilst I in *Lyrick* Song
Can praise the Substance whence the Figure sprung.

FINIS

THE



THE
ROYALIST'S ADDRESS,

Congratulating her sacred Majesty's restor'd Health, and expressing in Verse, with humblest Duty, her Welcome home from Windfor.



Inspir'd by some Caelestial Influence,
That more than *Phaëbas* charm'd my happy Sense,
As the run'd Lark expands her tow'ring Wings,
So mounts my Muse aloft, and thus she sings.

As to the poor afflicted Patient, Ease,
Long robb'd of Rest by violent Disease;
As to the Gally Slave, half dead with Pains,
A joyful riddance from his grinding Chains;
As to the frozen Plants th' indulgent Sun,
That bids the beauteous vernal Queen come on:
So gracious Sovereign, Goddess of each Year,
So Welcome are ye to your Loyal, here;
To all true Hearts, in general Degree,
And in particular, as Health, to me:

Long have we pin'd with desolating Woes,
By Winter, and your Absence, doubly froze:
Long has our Genius, whose celestial Face,
Us'd to refresh us with indulgent Grace,
Been like the Sun in cold bleak *Greenland* lost,
And like that wretched Soil, our *British* Coast.
In vain we hope to see the infant Year,
Propitious in her vernal Dress appear:
In vain expected Comforts should increase
By joyful Benefits of welcome Peace,
When late in our *Metropolis* there rose
Nothing but factious Storms and cloudy Woes:
The fair *Augusta* mourn'd each luckless Day
Her Queen of Consolation was away;
Nor was she for a Season lost, but worse,
A sad for Ever had improv'd the Curse;
For soon a second Tribe of *Belial's* Brood
Rebels by Nature, * foreign to all Good,
To revel in their wish'd Impiety,
And crown their Hopes, had made an Angel die;
Sent her with Envy to that glorious home
Where they themselves must ne'er expect to come:
But gracious Providence that had ordain'd
Uncommon Joy to our distracted Land,
Soon check'd th' *Aguish* Ill,—cheer'd us that mourn'd,
And their expected Curse a Blessing turn'd.
So once when *Bala* execrably bad,
Oppugnant to the Power and Will of God,
Dispatcht the holy Seer with fell Design,
To curse the favour'd Troops of *Israel's* Line;
The Champion Angel charm'd the Prophet's Breast,
And those he journey'd to destroy,—were blest.

So, mighty Sovereign, may you ever be,
And as, instead of Death, your Health we see,
Restor'd by Heaven to a more large Degree;
May it increase each Day to bless your Ile,
And baulk the Expectations of the Vile.
May Ease and Comforts crown each joyful Year,
So blest so long as may make those despair
Who wish to see your Tomb, and curse your Regal Chair.

* The fictitious Report of the Queen's Death.



To his GRACE the
 DUKE of BEDFORD,
 VERSES Congratulatory, on the
 Birth of his Son, the Marquis
 of Tavistock.



IN sweet Retirement, freed from anxious Care,
 From Court Delusions, and the noisy War;
 From Business that disturbs the tranquil State,
 And palls the best Contentment of the Great;
 From Town Disorders, and infectious Wine;
 From Libertines who live by base Design;
 Wisely your Grace, and worthy of all Praise,
 Has chose to consecrate your happy Days.
 Oh! lucky Change, a Blessing only due,
 By Heaven's peculiar Bounty, to a few.
 Here in ambrosial Bowers you entertain,
 With varied Joys, the Body and the Brain;
 Sweet Contemplation gains the foremost Place,
 Whilst Books instructively do Science raise:
 Sports too, for Relaxation of the Mind,
 The Season fit are proper in their kind:
 Nor is the Blessing only on your Part,
 But shar'd by her who wholly shares your Heart.

Your virtuous Consort, of *Elizium* Dreams,
Here pregnant with connubial Love she Teems;
And that concurring Comforts may not fail
To enlarge your noble Race, brings forth a Male.
Thus has eternal Providence decreed,

To grant the only Blessing you could need.

Take it, my Lord, as 'tis divinely meant,

A Gift peculiar, from Heaven sent;

A Sanction to promote your Happiness,

And crown your Solitude with lasting Bliss:

To please a Parent Plants may kindly shoot,

But Children are the quintessential Fruit:

The charming Prattle, and the Tales they tell,

By Nature taught, all Musick far excel.

May then th' illustrious Babe with speedy Growth

Stretch out his Infancy, and haste to Youth;

From Youth to Manhood may his Years improve,

Blest with a Father's Joy, a Mother's Love,

And sacred Gifts descending from above.

The Eternal in your Favour do's bestow,

A Comfort glitt'ring Courts but seldom know;

A quiet Life from proud Ambition free,

An Heir too, to support your Family,

Sent to exalt, and make your Pleasures great,

In the calm Halcyon Days of your Retreat.

So in the *Roman* State, when Civil War

Harrassed the Natives by intestine Jar;

When Rage in Triumph rode thro' ev'ry Street;

And he whose Arm was strongest had most Wit.

The noble *Arrius*, in rural Bowers,

Past with selected Friends, and Books, his Hours.

Sometimes his beauteous Spouse too, would improve

The Day with Tales of Constancy and Love;

But yet no Males could bring till *Juno*, prone

To Pity, sum'd at last all Joys in one,

Heard her devoted Prayers, and blest her with a Son.



VERSES Congratulatory,

On the Right Honourable the

Earl of DORSET,

*At his Election and Instalment as
Knight of the Garter.*



OST by ill Ministry in ANNA's Reign,
Your Honours with Addition you regain;
Thus Merit in its sacred Virtue great,
Fixt like a Star, continues in its height,
Clouds may obscure, but ne'er can dissipate.

Permit me then, my Lord, with grateful Heart,
Raising an Altar to your true Desert,
Amongst the joyful Crowd that daily wait,
Your rising Glory to congratulate.
Far has great George already fixt Renown,
His Valour, Virtue, and his Justice shewn;
Amongst the other Graces that excel,
He gives best Proof he can distinguish well.
The valued *Dorset* is to Ages known,
And priz'd as the chief Jewel in the Crown;
Witness your noble Father fam'd of late
For poinant Wit, superlatively great;

Whose

Whose Sense still charm'd us with seraphick Grace,
 Whilst brilliant Glory circled round his Face:
 Like him you shine, but your propitious Ray
 Extends his equal — a more solid way.
 Your Genius is for weighty Business fit,
 And Policy is temper'd with your Wit,
 Thus proper Judgment with quick Fancy meet.
 So thought the awful Regents of the State,
 Who sent you with the News of ANNA's Fate;
 Adroit for that Affair, they wisely knew,
 Your loyal Candor, and to prove it true
 Your Zeal was eager, and your Duty flew:
 You flew with so much Speed,—the Message told,
 Warm'd the King's Cheeks e'er scarce the Queen was cold,
 Which rising Grandeur (timely brought from far,
 To crown the Illustrious Heir of *Hanover*;
 Now Charms in kind) to make you more sublime,
 The Morning Planet *Phospor* of your Time;
 Who brightened by his Luster will appear,
 Serenely blazing, like the Star you wear.



356
My Life's dear Friend,
Praise the glorious Lord, and win the crown
Thou may your time spend, be thankful
To see Example, and to Young a Guide
I
So
A
X



To my dear MOTHER,
Mrs. FRANCES D'URFEY.

A N
HYMN on PIETY.

*Written at Cullacombe, the
Day of September, 1698.*



H! sacred Piety, thou Morning Star,
That shewst our Day of Life serene and fair;
Thou milky Way to everlasting Bliss,
That feedst the Soul with Fruits of Paradise;
Unvalu'd Jem, which all the Wise admire,
That well canst bear the Test of Time and Fire;
By thee the Jars of Life all end in Peace,
And unoffended Conscience sits at Ease.
Thy Influence can human Ills assuage,
Quell the worst Anguish of Misfortune's Rage,
Pangs of Distemper, and the Griefs of Age.
Since thou, the Mind's celestial Ease and Mirth,
The greatest Happiness we have on Earth,
By Heaven art fix'd in her that gave me Birth,

}
}
}
}

My

An HYMN on PIETY.

357

My Life's dear Author, may your virtuous Soul
Pursue the glorious Race, and win the Goal.
Thus may your true Desert be dignified,
To Age Example, and to Youth a Guide.
Lastly, to with my self all Joys in one,
Still may your Blessing, — when your Life is done,
As well as now, descend upon your Son.



A 2 4



A NEW
 DIVINE POEM,
 In VERSE.

*Done from the PROSE of that Excellent
 and Majestick Prophet and Poet, King
 DAVID; being his hundred and fourth
 Psalm. Explaining the Magnificence
 and Power of Almighty God, and his
 miraculous Works. Beginning with the
 sacred Anthem herein embellished, in
 the first Stanza. Dedicated to the
 Dutcheß of CHANDOIS.*

The ANTHEM, containing three first Verses of the 104th Psalm.

I.

7. 1.  Raise, oh my Soul, th' Almighty Lord,
 Let thy celestial Judgment see
 Those dazling Rays of Majesty;
 Power only can to him afford.

II. None

III.

None with such Glory shines as he,
Nature he forms, and can controul;
Praise then the Almighty Lord, my Soul.

III.

- ŷ. 2. When radiant Light adorns thee round,
The Heavens thy Curtains are;
ŷ. 3. And when thou'lt range in Waves profound,
A Cloud's thy Chariot there;
Aloft the Winds their Wings display,
And great eternal Will obey.

End of the ANTHEM.

IV.

- ŷ. 4. Bright Angels all are Spirits made,
His Saints attend with dutious Love:
ŷ. 5. The Earth's Foundation firm he laid,
So steadfast it can never move.

V.

- ŷ. 6. A foaming Flood th' Eternal makes,
High Hills the Water deep retains;
ŷ. 7. And when fierce dreadful Thunder breaks,
Afraid, at his Rebuke it Rains.

VI.

- ŷ. 8. Streams mount o'er many a lofty Seat,
Then down the Vales large Billows flow;
The Waves still seeking a Retreat
Where thou appointest them to go.

VII.

- ŷ. 9. Thus bounded by the King of Kings,
They shall no more the Earth destroy;
ŷ. 10. Thou sendest to make Rivers,—Springs,
That purl among the Hills with Joy.

VIII. ŷ. 11.



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VIII. ŷ. 11.

VIII.

- y. 11. The rural Beasts their Thirst may slake,
 And the wild Asses freely graze;
 y. 12. Whilst Birds on Trees that Nests do make,
 In Branches sing their Maker's Praise.

IX.

- y. 13. The Mountains dry are cool'd with Rain.
 The Lawns beneath thy Works do know:
 y. 14. Thou giv'st green Herbs for Use of Men,
 And Grass to make their Cattle grow.

X.

- y. 15. Thus, Father-like, he feeds his Race,
 And giv'st us Wine the Heart to glad;
 Oil too, to make a chearful Face,
 And daily strengthens us with Bread,

XI.

- y. 16. With Sap are fill'd the Cedar Trees,
 Old *Libanus* bears heavenly Plants:
 y. 17. Tall Firrs too with the Stork agrees,
 Whose top gives dwelling that he wants,

XII.

- y. 18. The lofty Hills a Refuge are
 For all wild Goats and *Sylvan* Flocks,
 And as they think they're happy there,
 So Conies leap o'er stony Rocks,

XIII.

- y. 19. Great are the Works of thee, O God,
 For certain Time thou giv'st the Moon;
 The Sun too mounts, and shines abroad,
 Yet timely knows his going down.

XIV.

XIV.

- ŷ. 20. Thou mak'st it dark, and then 'tis Night,
When Human Kind betake to rest;
Yet in that Station of Delight
There wakes and roves each Forest Beast.

XV.

- ŷ. 21. The Lion roars to find his Prey,
And seeks from God his Comfort then;
ŷ. 22. But when the Sun arises gay,
Retreats, and lays him in his Den.

XVI.

- ŷ. 23. Man early in the Morn begins,
Then 'till the Evening Labours hard,
ŷ. 24. And in large Doles he Blessings wins,
Whole Wisdom makes him praise the Lord.

XVII.

- ŷ. 25. And as thy Wealth the Earth do's bound,
So wond'rous is the spacious Sea,
Where Fish enumerate are found,
And small and great depend on thee.

XVIII.

- ŷ. 26. There sail the Ships for Pearl and Ore,
There that *Leviathan* is made
Who waits for thee with all the Store
ŷ. 27. Of less, by thy great Order made.

XIX.

- They gather when thou giv'st it them,
ŷ. 28. And when thou spread'st thy plenteous Store,
They gratefully thy Doles esteem,
And praise the Gulphs, tho' Tempests roar.

XX.

ŷ. 29. But when thou hid'st thy Face, O Lord,
 Their Breath is lost, they pine, they die;
 And to their Dust, in Death abhorr'd,
 Forake the Light with closing Eye.

XXI.

ŷ. 30. When this shall be they are no more,
 But if thou giv'st Command they live;
 One Look renews, and shall restore
 What Blessings the whole World can give.

XXII.

ŷ. 31. The Majesty supreme of God,
 Shall to the Date of Time be known,
 And whilst Men Wonder spread abroad,
 He shall rejoice as they renown.

XXIII.

ŷ. 32. The earthly Race shall tremble all,
 Whene'er he deigns to cast a Look;
 Hills, if on them his Touch do fall,
 Innately shall with Fervour smoke.

XXIV.

ŷ. 33. Oh! let me sing, whilst sing I may,
 Since he has Voice and Judgment given;
 To God I'll Version raise each Day,
 Chanting's a glorious Gift in Heaven.

XXV.

ŷ. 34. So shall my sacred Stanza's please
 My awful Master's Ear and Sight,
 And I ascend to high Degrees
 Of more than Mortals' call Delight.

XXVI. ŷ. 35.

XXVI

Y. 35. Thy Doom all Sinners can confound,
Yet for Repentance Grace afford;
And let my Voice for ever sound
Praise, O my Soul, th' Almighty Lord.

To the Right Honourable

THOMAS CRANFIELD

Earl of Dorset and Middlesex



By Appointment Secretary to His Majesty



To the Right Honourable

LIONEL CRANFIELD,

Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,

AND HIS

Highly Honoured and Deserving **LADY,**

VERSES Congratulatory,

On the Birth of their Son the Lord
BUCKHURST, *born* February
the 6th, Anno Dom. 1710; be-
ing also the Birth-day of her sa-
cred Majesty Queen ANNE.



ND now the Hour, an Hour long wish'd for
came,
Blest to relieve the beauteous pregnant Dame;
Great Goddess Nature sent her timely Aid;
And diligent *Lucina* Duty paid,
Whilst on the happy Day that once gave Birth
To ANNA, the most glorious Queen on Earth;

Apollo,

VERSES Congratulatory.

185

Apollo, that on her his Radiance threw,
Regal'd with smiling Beams this Infant too,
Then dol'd his Rays of Joy, my Lord, to you.
Who the fam'd *Bucklers* have retriev'd once more,
A Title rev'renc'd in the Days of York.

And as your Joys are great, for who can guess,
Much less describe, a Father's Happiness,
When the illustrious Family Affair
Exacts Devotion to implore an Heir?
So is the general Satisfaction known,
So great, it even ascends to reach the Throne:
The Sovereign who commands our *British* Isle,
Gracing the happy Tidings with a Smile.

Well she remembers when past Tract of Time
Had fram'd her Actions Royal and Sublime;
In Virgin Years, e'er Days of Woman-hood,
The now glad Mother at her Elbow stood,
Serenely Modest, and discreetly Good;
And for such Worth must condescend to grace
The Infant's Birth with Joy, the Parent with her Praise.
So 'mongst the Groves of Peace, and rural Bowers,
Within a Garden deckt with fragrant Flowers;
Where in their primitive Perfection grows
The Jessamine, and delightful *Tub* Rose.
The Patroness that opportunely found
A Plant of rarer Kind within the Ground,
That long her Senses had with Pleasure crown'd,
Hearing from one who to delight her sought,
Another young one from the Root had shot;
Joys to indulge both tender Sprout and Stem,
And thinks she ne'er can have too much of them.

The Sovereign's Favour, and a Son and Heir,
Are Blessings with which very few compare;
Since both Essential when ordain'd by Fate
To crown the Happiness of Human State:
You to the first, my Lord, have just Pretence,
For Virtue, Prudence, and judicious Sense;
That wisely can your Vessel steer so well,
Where jarring Winds, and raging Billows swell;
And to the last for Love extreme pursu'd,
'Mongst tender Sentiments of Gratitude;
When by the Fair esteem'd your generous Heart,
Tho' less than all, too mean for her Desert.
And here might *Pegasus* his Wings extend,
In noble Flight, your Merit to commend;

The

The Muse inspir'd, my Lord, inclines to tell
 In what renown'd Perfections you exel;
 But solid Judgment, great Humanity,
 Your charming, as uncommon Courtesy
 Are Themes on which she dares not make Essays;
 The greatest Minds are still least fond of Praise:
 Yet tho' my failure in Poetick Skill
 Leave off *Encomiums*, free are Wishes still;
 Which are, that all your Blessings be sublime;
 Succeeding this to the last Date of Time;

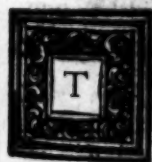


VERSES Epistolary,

To my ever Honoured and Worthy Friend

DR. WILLIAM GIBBONS,

*As a grateful Acknowledgment
for his Care and Skill, in lately
curing me of a very dangerous
Distemper.*



THE generous Man that's truly great in Mind,
And knows the sacred Office of a Friend;
Great Deeds of Charity his Duty calls,
And lessens Bounties that the World extols.
Your Goodness, honour'd Doctor, lately shewn
Of this bright Kind, I gratefully must own;
Oblig'd in Praise and Thanks for Good receiv'd,
T' employ that Life, (next Heaven) your Skill retriev'd;
Apollo, radiant Patron of the Nine,
Your Parent, with whose Arts improv'd you shine,
Must graciously excuse this Action done;
If publishing, what true Desert has won,
My grateful Duty now prefers the Son;

Whose sacred Judgment timely did prevail,
 When all that he inspir'd me with did fail,
 You from whose learned Store, who wants, may find
 True Med'cines, both for Body and for Mind;
 And what do's total Merit comprehend,
 A wise Instructor in a generous Friend,
 Great *Esculapius*, thus you are to me,
 Who shew'd, by Proof, your Godlike Quality,
 And do'd Life-saving Art without a Fee.
 Like th' good *Samaritan* in Parable,
 Greatly fatigu'd your self to make me well;
 And for Reward of all your Pains and Care,
 Would take no Payment but your Patient's Prayer.
 Thus always may we prove a noble Mind,
 The Virtuous only seek Returns in kind;
 With others worldly Profit has Regard,
 With you the doing Good is the Reward:
 Whose Candor helps your poor complaining Friends,
 Whilst Heaven is only left to make Amends.
 May then th' Eternal on your Head decree
 Large Blessings, as a full Return for me;
 To Time's last Date may you Content receive,
 Which to insure, may your dear Consort live;
 The pious Partner of your happy Days,
 Whose Wife-like Virtues soar beyond all Praise;
 Be blest with you, to Years beyond your Hope,
 And taste Life's Cordial to the latest Drop,
 In perfect Marriage-Bliss which here below
 To the vile World you so divinely shew:
 Whilst happy I, by Heaven reliev'd some time,
 And your indulgent Care, and Art sublime;
 To the extremest Height your Fame shall raise,
 And in most tuneful Lyrick sing your Praise.





HEALTH

To his GRACE the
DUKE of WHARTON,
AND
Upon Brimmer-Hall in the Gar-
den at Winchendon.



F Gardens most rare, when the Court will compare
They extol glorious Kensington,
But with Thoughts serene,
In Bucks County have been;
And must Praise lofty Winchendon.

All Riders agree
Forty Miles you may see
O'er the Hills flow'ry, great and small,
And when finish'd your Look,
Go and wait on the Duke,
You'll be Welcome to Brimmer-Hall.

Oh! let me adore
What I ne'er saw before,
A Garden so heavenly made;
As if I had been
And old Adam had been
Whom his Maker had learnt the Trade
If the Lab'rinth you'll choose,
Your selves you will lose.

370 *A HEALTH to the Duke of Wharton.*

The *Meander* your Thoughts will pall;
But with Roving about
If the Door you find out
You'll be happy at *Brimmer-Hall*.

III.

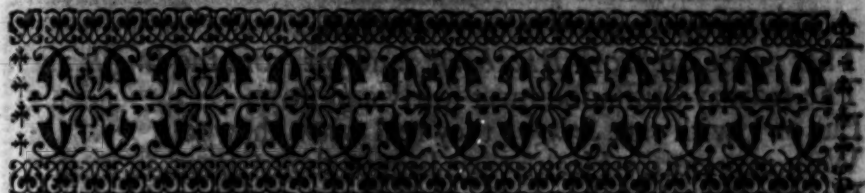
Some Walks there are found
When a Trumpet did found
The clear Echoes would doubled be,
The *Trillo's* so sweet,
That when Art did repeat,
You'd have thought there were two or three:
Some Nymphs did appear
(When the *Dutchess* was there,
Might have grac'd a Celestial Ball;
Who had bless'd some few Hours
'Mongst the Plants and the Flowers,
And return'd from sweet *Brimmer-Hall*.

IV.

Now 'mongst jolly Days
That the Summer do's raise,
E'er the Winter pulls down its Pride,
The Duke there will Treat
Roving *Hill*—*h* the Great,
And some more of King *George's* side;
Now will he avoid
Sprightly *D*—*r* or *Fl*—*d*,
When his Grace orders that Regale:
Who, whene'er they refrain
Teazing sweet *Mistress Jane*,
Drink her Health at dear *Brimmer-Hall*.

V.

And now 'tis proclaim'd,
Since a Health there is nam'd,
Great Duke *Wharton's* can do no Wrong;
In whom you shall meet
Valu'd Learning and Wit,
And this *Brimmer* concludes my Song.
Let *Winchendon* rise,
Let the *Dutchess's* Eyes,
As they're Sweet, to Decay ne'er fall;
Let the Gardens be blest,
In all *Britain* the best,
Whilst including dear *Brimmer-Hall*.



On the Incomparable

STRONG BEER

KNOLL in KENT

I.V



Y. Muse already has given Content
In praising the Gentry and Yeomen of *Kent*,
And now good Natur'd, no smart Story tells
Of odious fat *Belly* and her Tribe at the *Wells*,
But to Strong Beer my Verse I must raise,
That do's the Gentry and Yeomen so please;

Penshurst, the Moat, ne'er can rouze up my Soul,
But the Fountain that charms me now springs at sweet *Knoll*.

II.

There's *Adams*, hoping to pleasure his Town,
Declares the best *French Wine* is sold at the *Crown*;
And well it may be, for he takes good Rates,
And so do's my jolly sleek Friend at the *Cats*;
But to strong Beer my Praises must come,
Leave them to *Ising-glass*, *Egg-whites* and *Stum*,
Beer fine as *Burgundy* lifts high my Soul,
When * *Jourdain* perks up for the Honour of *Knoll*.

III.

The hardy Tenants in ev'ry fat Soil,
That come off from *Buckhurst*, and off from the *Broyle*;
The frowzy Stiffhood meet softly and slow,
But oh! with rare *Strings*, they reel when they go;
With my Lord's Health they Liquor their Chops,
He gives good Malt, my sweet Lady good Hops;
This makes such Beer, that all Wine must controul
When Bumpers are fill'd for the Glory of *Knoll*.

IV.

Knoll most famous in *Kent* still appears,
Were Manions survey'd for a thousand long Years;
In whose Dome mighty Monarchs might dwell,
Where five hundred Rooms are, as * *Boswell* can tell;
But they like Trifles meanly do shew,
Unless you reckon the Palace below;
Where spritely Hogheads with Strong Beer will fall,
Give Horns all around for the Honour of *Knoll*.

V.

Praise to the Empire where Jourdain do's Iway,
And raise my Lord's Triumph on every Birth-day
Like God *Bacchus* he briskly do's stand
To drink my Lord's Health, with a Flute in his Hand;
Gentry and Yeomen all take it round,
Some leap and dance, and some bend to the Ground;
Lord *Buckhurst*, the Lady's Healths, cherish each Soul,
When Conscience is clear'd for the Glory of *Knoll*.

* Groom of the Chambers.

IV.



But his downy wings are ready standing
Where the Great is crown'd
And the Pleasures go round
To the King, **THE** best in Town,
The Fleet or Army's Action.

Happy Country Gentleman,
*A SONG, made to a Division up-
on a Ground.*



Tubborn Church Division,
Folly and Ambition,
Shew with great Derision
Poor England's sad Condition.

II.

Princes leave their Stations
By strange Abdications,
New ones come to ease us,
Yet no one e'er can please us.

III.

Happy's the Man then that runs the Great,
That pleases himself in a rural Seat,
With Ease and Content in a sweet Retreat,
Abhors all Jars and Faction.

IV.

In his small Dominion
 Vents no false Opinion,
 Nor deserts the true
 For the *Papist* or *Socinian*.

V.

But sits down with his Friends around,
 Where the Glass is crown'd,
 And the Healths go round
 To the King, the Queen, the best in Town,
 The Fleet or Army's Action.

VI.

Argues still with Reason,
 Speaks nor hears no Treason;
 Nor arraigns the Sense
 Of five hundred Heads to please one.

VII.

Plaintiffs or Defendants
 Ne'er get his Attendants,
 He wishes well to all
 That are in *Whitehall*,
 But he loves no Court Dependence.

VIII.

Books admires when witty,
 Good Musick and a Ditty;
 And takes a Spouse
 To adorn his House
 That's rich, and kind, and pretty.

IX.

Merry, merry, merrily discards all Sorrow,
 Warily do's never, never lend nor borrow;
 Generously entertains his Friend to Day,
 And is the same to Morrow.

The Scotch Bridegroom.

A New Scotch Song.

I.



N this Rosie Day,
E'er the Sun shon bright and gay,
One like *Aurora* Ise gang to wed;
Cawd Storms blow no more,
Gentle Yarrow waft me o'er,
Then Ise soon Store the Marriage Bed.

Chloe, kind and killing

Bonny is, and willing;

Willy too, gud Faith, to her mun constant prove.

Ah! never, never Mother

Coupled two together,

Who have sworn, whilst Time do last, to live and love.

Who have sworn, &c.

Willy, *Willy's* witty,

Chloe, *Chloe's* pretty;

Aw the Beauties of the World can ne'er his Faith remove.

Aw never, never Mother

Coupled two together,

Who have sworn, whilst Time do last, to live and Love.

Who have sworn, &c.

II.

'Tis a wily thing,

Thousands, Thousands take the Ring,

Who with Freedom pursue their Leagues;

One proves Tory high,

T'other high Kirk do's defie,

She'll what's Reform'd try

Amongst the Whigs.

Chloe

A New Scotch Song.

Cbloe that way guided,
Is from me divided;
Yet whate'er our Tongues do say our Hearts will join.
My lovely, lovely Cbloe,
O'er a Dish of Bobea,
Soon I'll make to leave her Sect, and join with mine.
Cbloe, Cbloe's white,
Will, Will's pretty;
Awe the Beauty's of the kind can ne'er his Faith remove.
Oh! never, never Mother
Coupled two together,
Who have sworn, whilst I live do's last, to live and love.
Who have sworn, &c.



Cbloe

Plagues of the Town and City Trade,

A New SONG in Two Movements.

The Words sung by a Country Gentleman to his Wife.

Made to a New Minuet, and a Country Dance.



ET the dull Town pretend to their silly Vanity,
And wear Ideots Caps in City Affairs,
I'll Plato take, and manage my frail Humanity,
Thus make still my Head much wiser than theirs.

Lotteries, I'll stifle,
For who'd seek a Trifle,

Where five is to one to send up a Prize?

And tho' few may win it,

Yet Thousands are in it

Who find themselves Asses, and far from Wise.

If e'er I traffick I'll shew Veracity,

And Men for my Dealing honest shall call,

I'll choose no Brokers, nor hear their bold Audacity,

That plague ye with Lyes when Stocks rise and fall.

Stock-Jobbers Folly,

Cry up the 'Change Alley,

That banters the Kingdom, as all agree;

For tho' Gain's endearing,

Yet nothing's appearing,

And this Plot now tricks us about the South-Sea

III.

Brevis, since Trade deep Cunning advances,
Like those Abroad, in new Methods join;
Get some rare *Scot*, as now there in *France* is,
That taking Gold can vend Paper Coin;

Let foreign Nations
Prize thy loud Relations,
The grand *Mississippi* shews now the way,
Till too long repeated,
When all find they are cheated,
Th' Regent must fight those he ne'er can pay.

Second MOVEMENT.

Then *Chloris*, we'll leave off this Harry,
And into the Country will go;
We'll ogle each blooming gay Cherry,
And hear the fine Oxen low;
Each Day we'll like Thrushes be merry,
Each Night too we'll prove our Flame,
Our Joys shall flow till Cocks do crow,
And when Love exceeding
With Turns makes thee Breeding,
My Dear never blush for Shame.

We'll bring in our frolicksome Neighbours,
Fine Dances we'll cause to be made,
Smug Clowns with their Pipes and their Tabers,
Shall make it a new Masquerade.
The Farmers will come from their Labours,
And tho' there no *Caesar* be,
Nor *Domine*'s made, sweet Flowers we'll spread,
And frisk in our Glory,
Without Whig or Tory,
And all be as great as he.



HISTORICAL REMARKS

On late foreign Occurrences, and
the sudden Fate of the late King
of SWEDEN.

I.



Europe will now great Monarchs need,
The King of *Spain* o'ertakes the *Swede*;
The *Grande*s too are all agreed
To stint their bold *Bravado*.
Stan—p, who would have endear'd their King,
Hurry'd away as upon the Wing,
And left the brave *English* Admiral *Bing*
To rout their strong *Armado*.

II.

Britain's Hopes then to advance,
War we proclaim, and so do's *France*;
On him our League discountenanc'd,
The Alliance great disdain'd;
Some private News declare he's Dead,
And leaves off Warring, as late the *Swede*;
Castile then will timely be happy made,
Priest *Alberoni* reigning.

III. Well

III.

Well may the hot Pretender Rave,
 He never could such a Madman have,
 The Swede his Kingdoms lost regave,
 And bade him hope for reigning.
 Late too in Norway he made some Sport,
 Charging the Danes thro' the Mire and Dirt,
 Not giving a Season to shift his Shirt,
 Or let his Boots have cleaning.

IV. HISTORICKL REMARKS

At Fredricksal, with martial Might,
 The Fortress besieg'd he makes us fight,
 Regal'd the Trenches every Night,
 Tho' Danes with Fury brave us;
 But once when rambling madly there
 A Bullet came whistling thro' his Ear,
 And down then, like some poor Grenadier,
 Fell one would be Gustavus.





The Tender **LOVER**.

With **REMARKS** on our Affairs.

A New **SONG**

The Words made to a pretty Tune.

I.



LET *George* Regale *Hanover*,
Sway *Prussia's* bold Affairs ;
Let *Sweden's* Queen recover
Her Harms from *Russian* Bears :
Let *Poles* their Brains think clearest,
Let *Danes* in War grow great ;
We'll live and love my dearest,
In this our Sweet Retreat.

Let Gallies sail for Money,
Pretend to invade let Spain ;
Let Statesman *Alberoni*
Think *Stanhope* Plots in vain ;

Let

The Tender Lover.

Let our grand Expedition
 Press on some Overthrow,
 We'll Love without remission,
 Tho' Eastern Winds do blow.

III.

Great Crowns, when proud ones meet 'em,
 The best Extream do prove;
 Yet *Chloe* do's exceed 'em
 That Beauty gives with Love.
 Let *Spain* the Empire covet,
 Its Title Grand prefer,
 I reign much more above it,
 All Empire lies in her.

IV.

So when two Hero's hoping
 A Kingdom large to gain,
 With strong Batallions trooping
 Are fighting on the Plain,
 Two feather'd Lovers wooing
 In some near blooming Grove,
 Ne'er mind what they're a doing,
 But hourly sing and love.

F I N I S.

